Sound of Silence.  Simon & Garfunkel.  1964

[Am] Hello darkness, my old [G] friend, I’ve come to talk to you again,
Because a [C] vision softly [F] is creeping,
Left its seeds while I [F] was sleeping,
And the [F] vision that was planted in my [C] brain, still remains,
Within the [G] sound of [Am] silence.

’Neath the [C] halo of [F] a street [C] lamp,
I turned my collar to the [F] cold and [C] damp,
When my [F] eyes were stabbed by the flash of a neon [C] light,
That split the [Am] night -
And touched the [G] sound of [Am] silence.

[Am] And in the naked light I [G] saw, ten thousand people, maybe more,
People [C] talking without speaking, people hearing without listening,
People writing [F] songs that voices never share,

[Am] Fools, said I, you do not [G] know, silence like a cancer [Am] grows,
Hear my [C] words, that I [F] might teach [C] you,
Take my arms that I [F] might reach [C] you,
But my [F] words like silent raindrops [C] fell - [Am]

[Am] And the people bowed and [G] prayed to the neon god they’d made.
And the [C] sign flashed out [F] its warning, in the words that it [F] was for[Am] ming.
And the sign said, the [F] words of the prophets are written in the subway [C] walls, and tenement [Am] halls,