

# Bananarama, The Sound Of Silence

Hello darkness, my old friend,  
I've come to talk with you again,  
Because a vision softly creeping,  
Left its seeds while I was sleeping,  
And the vision that was planted in my brain  
Still remains  
Within the sound of silence.  
In restless dreams I walked alone  
Narrow streets of cobblestone,  
Neath the halo of a street lamp,  
I turned my collar to the cold and damp  
When my eyes were stabbed by the flash of  
A neon light  
That split the night  
And touched the sound of silence.  
And in the naked light I saw  
Ten thousand people, maybe more.  
People talking without speaking,  
People hearing without listening,  
People writing songs that voices never share  
And no one dared  
Disturb the sound of silence.  
Fools said I, you do not know  
Silence like a cancer grows.  
Hear my words that I might teach you,  
Take my arms that I might reach you.  
But my words like silent raindrops fell,  
And echoed  
In the wells of silence  
And the people bowed and prayed  
To the neon God they made.  
And the sign flashed out its warning,  
In the words that it was forming.  
And the signs said, the words of the prophets  
Are written on the subway walls  
And tenement halls.  
And whispered in the sounds of silence.