

Heir Apparent "The Sound Of Silence"

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[Written by Paul Simon]

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[Heir Apparent arrangement by Terry Gorle 1987]

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 a 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 streetlamp
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 sign said, "The words of the prophets are
Written on the subway walls - and tenement halls"
And whispered in the sounds of silence
7. The Haunting

[Written by Mike Jackson, Steve Benito and Terry Gorle]

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[Richard Cheese Music -ASCAP]

Memory- go away
I grow weary from my running
Hiding for so long
I've lost my way

Morning light's reminders
Painting colors in my prison
Daylight brightens every shade of grey
The pain never ending, and now it's so cliché

Yesterdays are creaking doors
And noises in the nighttime
Feelings, only chains across the floor
Voices on the wind, softly moan
I hear them whisper
Mirrors mock the man I was before

My mind slowly fading
Like paper in the rain

The haunting, it still remains
The haunting, it still remains

Turning and burning in my bed
A never-ending ghost
That lives inside my head

Memory- go away
I grow weary from my running
Hiding for so long
I've lost my way

Yesterdays are creaking doors
And noises in the nighttime
Feelings, only chains across the floor
My mind keeps decaying
Like paper in the rain

The haunting, it still remains
The haunting, it still remains

Turning and burning in my bed
A never-ending ghost
That lives inside my head

Memories remain of the haunting
Can't stop the pain of the haunting:

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