

Killing Me Softly With His Song

Dm G
I heard he sang a good song
C F
I heard he had a style
Dm G
And so I came to see him
Am
to listen for a while
Dm G
And there he was, this young boy
C E
a stranger to my eyes

Dm G
He sang as if he knew me
C F
In all my dark despair
Dm G
And then he looked right through me
Am
As if I wasn't there
Dm G
And he just kept on singing
C E
Singing clear and strong

Am Dm
Strumming my pain with his fingers
G C
Singing my life with his words
Am D
Killing me softly with his song Killing me
G F
softly with his song Telling my
C Dm
whole life with his words Killing me
Bb
softly with his
A
song

Strumming my pain with his fingers
Singing my life with his words
Killing me softly with his song
Killing me softly with his song
Telling my whole life with his words
Killing me softly, with his words
Killing me softly with his song

Dm G
I felt all flushed with fever
C F
embarrassed by the crowd
Dm G
I felt he'd found my letters
Am
and read each one out loud
I prayed that he would finish
but he just kept right on

Strumming my pain with his fingers
Singing my life with his words
Killing me softly with his song
Killing me softly with his song
Telling my whole life with his words
Killing me softly with his song