Killing Me Softly With His Song

Shirley Bassey

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 songI heard he sang a good song, I heard he had a style.
And so I came to see him to listen for a while.
And there he was this young boy, a stranger to my eyes.I felt all flushed with fever, embarrassed by the crowd,
I felt he found my letters and read each one out loud.
I prayed that he would finish but he just kept right on.He sang as if he knew me in all my dark despair
and then he looked right through me as if I wasn't there.
But he just came to singing, singing clear and strong.

Songwriters
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