Killing Me Softly With His Song

Roberta Flack

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
I 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
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
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
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
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
And he just kept on singing, singing clear and strong
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
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
He was strumming my pain, yeah, he was singing my life
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

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