

# Killing Me Softly

Al B. Sure!

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  
And 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  
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