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 songI 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 songI 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 onStrumming 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 strongStrumming 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 songStrumming 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
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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