

Killing Me Softly

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

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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

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He sang as if he knew me, and 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

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Ohooohh
Laahh laah
ooohhh ooh
laaaaaaaaaah

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