

Killing Me Softly

Al B. Sure!

I heard she sang a good song
I heard she had a style
And so I came to see her
To listen for a while

And there she was
This young girl
A stranger to my eyes

Strumming my pain
With her fingers
She was singing
My life with her words
Killing me softly
With her song
Killing me softly
With her song
Telling my whole life
With her words
Killing me softly
With her song

I felt all flushed with fever
Embarrassed by the crowd
I felt she found my letters
And read each one out loud

I prayed that she would finish
But she just kept right on

Hoo, ooh...

She sang as if
She knew me, yeah
In all my dark despair
And then she looked
Right through me
As if I wasn't there

But she just kept
On singing strong
Singing clear and

Strumming my pain
With her fingers
She was singing
My life with her words
(She was, she was)

Killing me softly
With her song
Killing me softly
With her song
Telling my whole life

With her words
Killing me softly

With her song