

# Killing Me Softly With His Song

Anne Murray

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  
Embarassed 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.

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.

But he was there a stranger  
Singing clear and loud  
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...