

Killing Me Softly with Her Song

Johnny Mathis

Strummin' my pain with her fingers,
Singin' 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 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

Strummin' my pain with her fingers,
Singin' 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 aloud
I prayed that she would finish,
But she just kept right on

Strummin' my pain with her fingers,
Singin' 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

She sang as if she knew me,
In all my dark despair,
And then she looked right through me,
As if I wasn't there
But she was there this stranger,
Singing clear and strong

Strummin' my pain with her fingers,
Singin' 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

Killing me softly, with her song