

# Killing Me Softly with His Song

Shirley Bassey

Strumming my pain with his fingers  
Singing my life with his words  
miKilling 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  
To 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  
In all my dark despair  
And then he looked right through me  
As if I wasn't there  
But he just kept on singing  
Singing clear and strong

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