

Puriti**"Killin' Me Softly With His Song - C Thuy Huong"**

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Bã³p nãit sá»©c sá»'ng em bá±ng tiáºng ca
Bã³p nãit sá»©c sá»'ng em qua Ä'ía»fu nháºic
Bá±ng lá»i dá»u dã ng anh giáºt em, giáºt cháºt
trãii tim em
Bá±ng tiáºng ca ru em trong u mÃª, vÃ xÃ³t xa
nháºm máºt vá»i ná»—i Ä'au
Ngá»t lá»m dáºi

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

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

Ngá»"i nghe anh hãit thiãn tãnh ca
Ngá»i nhÆ° Ä'áºt trá»i giao hã²a
VÃ tai nghe tháºy má»™ t rá»ng Ä¼m vang khãºc
hãit dãng Ä'á»i ta
Cá» cã¼y muã'n loáºi Ä'ía»u hã¼n hoan
NhÆ°ng riãng em tÆ°á»Ýng nhÆ° anh...

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nháºm máºt vá»i ná»—i Ä'au
Ngá»t lá»m dáºi

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 (kept right on)

Singing my life with his words
Killing me softly with his song
Killing me softly with his song
... with his song

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