

Frank Sinatra

"Killing Me Softly"

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Frank Sinatra- Killing Me Softly

I heard she sang a good song, I heard she had a style.
And so I came to see her and listen for a while.
And there she was this young girl, a stranger to my
eyes.

Strumming my pain with her fingers,
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.

Strumming my pain with her fingers,
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

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 THE STRANGER, singing clear and
strong.

Strumming my pain with her fingers,
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

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