

Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass

"Killing Me Softly"

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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
Oh, 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 the God despair
And then she looked right through me
As if I wasn't there
And she just kept on singing
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

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
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