

Susan Boyle

"Killing Me Softly"

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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

oooooo

I heard he sang a good song
I heard he had a style
And so I came to see him and listen for awhile
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

I felt all flushed with fever
Embarrassed by the crowd
I felt he found my letters and read each one out loud
I pray that he would finish
But he just kept right on

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

He sang as if he knew me
In all my dark despair
And then he looked right through me as if I was not

there
And he just kept on singing,
Singing clear and strong

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

oooooo
la la la la la la
oooooo
la la laaaaa.
la la la laaaaa

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

He was strumming my pain
Yeah he was singing my life
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

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