

Tori Amos

"Killing Me Softly (live)"

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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...

I heard he sang a good song, I heard he had a style.
So I came to see him to 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...
I felt all flushed with fever, embarrassed by the crowd.
I felt he found my letters and read each one a-loud.
I prayed that he would finish, but he just kept right on,
Kept right on, kept right on,
And on, and on, and on, and on, and on, and on, and
on, and on, and on.
Singing my life with his words, yes he, killing me softly
with his song,
Killing me, he... he explained 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 wasn't
there.
He was there this stranger singing clear and strong...
HEY MY BOY, na na, na na na, na na...

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