

Roberta Flack

"Killing Me Softly"

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Strumming my pain with his fingers (one time)
Singing my life with his words (two times)
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
And so I came to see him, and listen for a while
And there he was, this young bwoy, a stranger to my
eyes
(repeat chorus)
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
(rpt chorus)
Oh, oh, oh... La, la, la, la...
(rpt chorus)

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