Gimbel Norman "Killing Me Softly With His Song"

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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 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, emberrassed 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.

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 it as he knew me in all my dark despair

and then he looked right through me as if I wasn't there.

But he was there this stranger 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.

He was strumming there,

yea, he was singing my life.

Killing me softly with his song,

telling my whole life with his words,

killing me softly with his song.

- Norman Gimbel

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