

# Killing Me Softly

Al B. Sure!

I heard she sang a good song  
I heard she had a style  
And so I came to see her  
To listen for a while

And there she was  
This young girl  
A stranger to my eyes

Strumming my pain  
With her fingers  
She was 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

Hoo, ooh...

She sang as if  
She knew me, yeah  
In all my dark despair  
And then she looked  
Right through me  
As if I wasn't there

But she just kept  
On singing strong  
Singing clear and

Strumming my pain  
With her fingers  
She was singing  
My life with her words  
(She was, she was)

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