

# Killing Me Softly (With Her Song)

John Holt

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  
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, 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 ...  
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 wasn't 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 ...  
Oh, oh, oh oh oh, oh oh oh oh oh  
La la la la la la  
Oh oh oh oh oh oh  
La ah ah ah  
La ah ah ah  
Strummin my pain with his fingers  
Singin' my life with his words  
Killing me softly with his song  
Killing me softly with his song  
Tellin my whole life  
With his words killing me softly  
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 ...  
With his song ...