KILLING ME SOFTLY by Roberta Flack – Acoustic Version

Strumming my pain wit	h his fingers,			
Singing my life with his	words,			
Killing me softly with his song,				
Killing me softly with hi	s song,			
Telling my whole life wi	th his words,			
Killing me softly with his song.		listened –	sang – was – came - had	
I heard he a	good song, I heard h	e a	style,	
And so I to	see him and	for a while.		
And there he this young boy, a stranger to my eyes,				
Strumming my pain wit	h his fingers,			
Singing my life with his	words,			
Killing me softly with th	is song,			
Killing me softly with th	is song,			
Telling my whole life wi	th his words,			
Killing me softly with his song.			Read – found – prayed - kept	
I felt all flushed with fev	ver, embarrassed by t	the crowd,		
I felt he my letters and each one out loud.				
I that he wo	ould finish, but he just	tr	ight on	
Strumming my pain wit	h his fingers,			
Singing my life with his	words,			
Killing me softly with hi	s song,			
Killing me softly with hi	s song,			
Telling my whole life wi	th his words,			
Killing me softly with his song				
Strum: Tingirdatmak	Flushed: yüzü kızarr	nış Emba ı	rassed: Utanmış	

