KILLING ME SOFTLY



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

1	he	a good song, I he	eard he	a style	
	And so I	to see him, to	for a wh	ile	
	And there he	re he, this young boy, a strange		r to my eyes	

Strumming my pain with his fingers (one time, one time)
Singing my life with his words (two times, 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 a	all flushed with fever,	by the crowd	
I felt he'd _	my letters and	each one	e out loud
	_ that he would finish, but h	e just	right on

Strumming my pain with his fingers (one time, one time)
Singing my life with his words (two times, 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
Yo, L-Boog, take me to the bridge
Woah

Woah-oah-ah-ah-ah uh, uh La-la-la, la, la, la

Woah, la Woah, la (ha, ha, ha, ha) La-ah-ah-ah

Strumming my pain with his fingers (yes, he was singing my life)

Singing my life with his words
Killing me softly with his song
Killing me softly with his song

