

Killing me softly – Fugees

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, and listen for a while
And there he was, this young boy, 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'd 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

La-la-la, la, la, la
La-ah-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
Telling my whole life with his words (whole life, with his words)
Killing me softly with his song