**CHORUS:** 

Em

Am

**D7** 

G

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.

Esus4

Killing me softly, with his song.

Am7 D

I heard he sang the good song.

I heard he had a style.

Am7 D

And so I came to see him,

Em

and listen for a while.

Am7

D7

And there he was a young boy

a stranger to my eyes.

## **CHORUS**

Am7 D

I felt all flushed with fever

embarrassed by the crowd.

Am7 D

I felt he found my letters

Em

and read each one out loud.

Am7

D7

I prayed that he would finish

B7

but he just kept right on.

## **CHORUS**

Am7

D He sang as if he knew me

in all my dark despair.

And then he looked right through me

Em

as if I wasn't there.

Am7

D7

And he just kept on singing

G

**B7** 

singing clear and strong

## **CHORUS**