**Killing Me Softly**

*Roberta Flack*

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  
But he just came to 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

*Songwriters: Norman GImbel / Charles Fox*

*Killing Me Softly lyrics © Sony/ATV Music Publishing LLC, Warner/Chappell Music, Inc*