

Killing Me Softly

The 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.

[lauryn]

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 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

[clef]

Yo I-boogie, take it to the bridge

[lauryn]

(bust it)

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.

Strumming my pain with his finger, yeah
he was . . .