

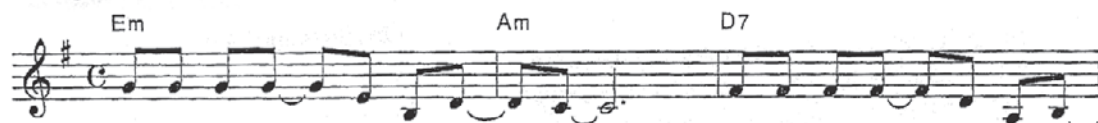
# Killing Me Softly

Interpret: Roberta Flack

Text: Norman Gimbel

Musik: Charles Fox

Originaltonart: Fm



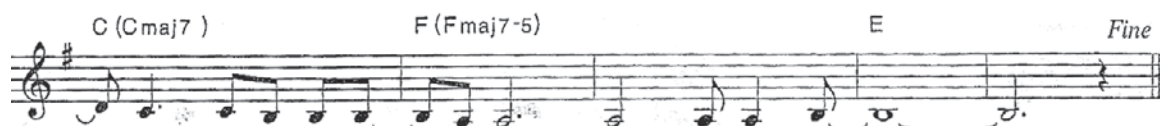
Ref.: Strum-ming my pain with his fin - gers— sing-ing my life— with his words—



— Kill - ing me soft - ly with his— song, kill - ing me soft -



- ly— with his— song. Tell - ing my whole— life— with his—



— words. Kill - ing me soft - ly— with his song.—



1. I heard he sang—



— a good— song,— I heard he had a style.— And so I came—



— to see— him— and lis - ten for a while.— And there— he was—



— this young— boy— a stran - ger to— my eyes.—

2. 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.  
Ref.: Strumming my pain...

3. 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.  
And he just kept on singing, singing clear and strong.  
Ref.: Strumming my pain...

**Form:**   
Arr. mp3