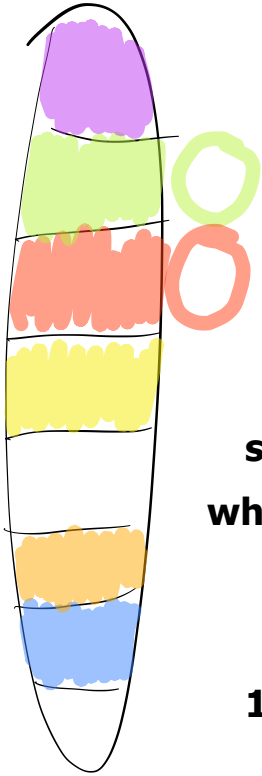


KILLING ME SOFTLY

Roberta Flack 1973
4/4 Tel in A-Dur



Strumming my pain with his fin - gers
singing my life with his words
killing me soft - ly with his song killing me
softly with his song, telling my
whole life with his words, killing me soft
ly with his so oooooong.

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 whi - le.
And there he was - this young boy
a stranger to my e-eyes.

Strumming my pain with his fingers....

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.

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

Strumming my pain....