

# Fugees - Killing Me Softly

Tom: G

<sup>G</sup> <sup>Em</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>D7</sup>  
 Strumming my pain with his fingers. Singing my life with his words.  
<sup>Em</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 Killing me softly with his song. Killing me softly with his song.

<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 Telling my whole life with his words.

<sup>E</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
 Killing me softly, with his song.

<sup>Am7</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 I heard he sang the good song.

<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 I heard he had a style.

<sup>Am7</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 And so I came to see him,

<sup>Em</sup>  
 and listen for a while.

<sup>Am7</sup> <sup>D7</sup>  
 And there he was a young boy

<sup>G</sup> <sup>B7</sup>  
 a stranger to my eyes.

<sup>Em</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>D7</sup>  
 Strumming my pain with his fingers. Singing my life with his words.

<sup>Em</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 Killing me softly with his song. Killing me softly with his song.

<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 Telling my whole life with his words.

<sup>E</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
 Killing me softly, with his song.

<sup>Am7</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 I felt all flushed with fever

<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 embarrassed by the crowd.

<sup>Am7</sup> <sup>D</sup>

I felt he found my letters  
<sup>Em</sup>  
 and read each one out loud.

<sup>Am7</sup> <sup>D7</sup>  
 I prayed that he would finish

<sup>G</sup> <sup>B7</sup>  
 but he just kept right on.

<sup>Em</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 Strumming my pain with his fingers. Singing my life with his words.

<sup>Em</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 Killing me softly with his song. Killing me softly with his song.

<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 Telling my whole life with his words.

<sup>E</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
 Killing me softly, with his song.

<sup>Am7</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 He sang as if knew me

<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 in all my dark despair.

<sup>Am7</sup> <sup>D</sup>  
 And then he looked right through me

<sup>Em</sup>  
 as if I wasn't there.

<sup>G</sup> <sup>Am7</sup> <sup>D7</sup>  
 And he just kept on singing

<sup>G</sup> <sup>B7</sup>  
 singing clear and strong

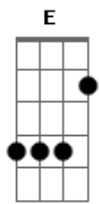
<sup>Em</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>D7</sup> <sup>G</sup>  
 Strumming my pain with his fingers. Singing my life with his words.

<sup>Em</sup> <sup>Am</sup> <sup>D</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 Killing me softly with his song. Killing me softly with his song.

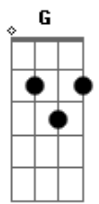
<sup>G</sup> <sup>C</sup>  
 Telling my whole life with his words.

<sup>E</sup> <sup>E</sup>  
 Killing me softly, with his song.

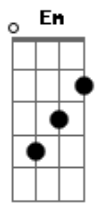
## Acordes



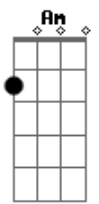
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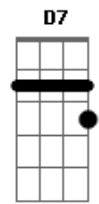
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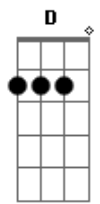
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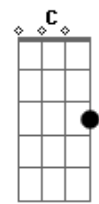
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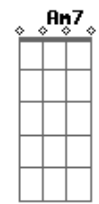
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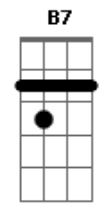
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