

## **Fugees - With His Song**

Tipo de gaita: Diatônica

5 -5 6 -6 6 -4 6 I heard he sang a good song,

-6 6 -5 5 -5 4 I heard he had a style.

5 -5 6 -6 6 -6 -7 And so I came to see him

-7 7 -7 -6 6 -6 to listen for a while.

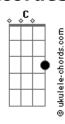
7 -6 -5 5 -4 5 -5 And there he was, this young boy,

6 6 6 6 6 6 -6-7 a stranger to my eyes,

Chorus

7 7 7 7 5 6 6 -5

## **Acordes**



Strumming my pain with his fingers

 $^{\rm -7}$   $^{\rm -7}$   $^{\rm -7}$   $^{\rm -7}$   $^{\rm -6}$   $^{\rm -4}$   $^{\rm 5}$  Singing my life with his words.

5 5 5 6 7 -7 -6 Killing me softly with his song,

-8 -8 -8 7 -7 6 -7 -6 Killing me softly with his song,

-6 -6 -6 -6 6 4 6 -5 Telling my whole life with his words.

-5 -5 -5 5 -4 -4 -4 5 Killing me softly with his song.

Verse 2

I felt all flused 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. ---to chorus--