

Fugees - With His Song

Tipo de gaita: Diatônica
Tom: **C**

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 -6-7
a stranger to my eyes,

Chorus

7 7 7 7 5 6 6 -5

Strumming my pain with his fingers

-7 -7 -7 -7 6 -4 5
Singing my life with his words.

5 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--

Acordes

