

# John Holt - Killing Me Softly

Tom: C

Strumming my pain with her fingers Dm  
 Singing my life with her words  
 Killing me softly with her song  
 Killing me softly with her song  
 Telling my whole life with her words  
 Killing me softly  
 With her song

I heard she sang a good song  
 I heard she had a style  
 And so i came to see her  
 And listen for a while  
 And there she was this young girl  
 A stranger to my eyes

Strumming my pain with her fingers  
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 With her song

I felt all flushed with fever  
 Embarrassed by the crowd  
 I felt she found my letters  
 And read each one out loud  
 I prayed that she would finish

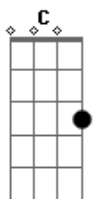
But she just kept right on  
 Strumming my pain with her fingers  
 Singing my life with her words  
 Killing me softly with her song  
 Killing me softly with her song  
 Telling my whole life with her words  
 Killing me softly  
 With her song

She sang as if she knew me  
 In all my dark despair  
 And then she looked right through me  
 As if i wasn't there  
 But she was there with a stranger  
 Singing clear and strong

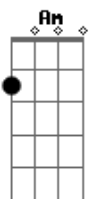
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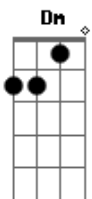
## Acordes



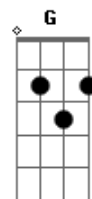
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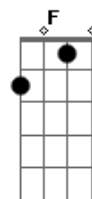
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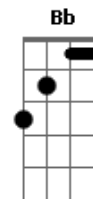
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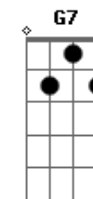
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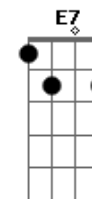
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