

Roberta Flack - Killing me softly

Tom: C

(estribilho)

Strumming my pain with his fingers
 Singing my life with his words
 Killing me softly with his song
 Killing me softly with his song
 Telling my whole life with his words
 Killing me softly, with his song

I heard he sang the good song
 I heard he had a style
 And so I came to see him,
 and listen for a while
 And there he was this young boy
 a stranger to my eyes.

(estribilho)

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.

(estribilho)

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

(estribilho)

Acordes

