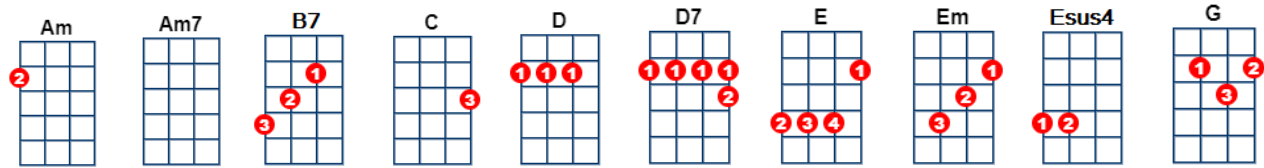


Killing Me Softly - Roberta Flack



[Em] Strummin' my pain with his [Am] fingers,
[D7] Singin' my life with his [G] words,
[G] Killing me softly with [A] his song,
Killing me [D] softly, with [C] his song,
Telling my [G] whole life with [C] his words,
Killing me [Esus4] softly, with his [E] song . . .

[Am7] I heard he [D] sang a good song, [G] I heard he [C] had a style,
[Am7] And so I [D] came to see him, to [Em] listen for a while . . .
[Am7] And there he [D7] was this young boy, [G] a stranger [B7] to my eyes . . .

[Em] Strummin' my pain with his [Am] fingers,
[D7] Singin' my life with his [G] words,
[G] Killing me softly with [A] his song,
Killing me [D] softly, with [C] his song,
Telling my [G] whole life with [C] his words,
Killing me [Esus4] softly, with his [E] song . . .

[Am7] I felt all [D] flushed with fever, [G] embarrassed by [C] the crowd,
[Am7] I felt he [D] found my letters, and read [Em] each one aloud . . .
[Am7] I prayed that he [D7] would finish, [G] but he just [B7] kept right on . . .

[Em] Strummin' my pain with his [Am] fingers,
[D7] Singin' my life with his [G] words,
[G] Killing me softly with [A] his song,
Killing me [D] softly, with [C] his song,
Telling my [G] whole life with [C] his words,
Killing me [Esus4] softly, with his [E] song . . .

[Am7] He sang as [D] if he knew me, [G] in all my [C] dark despair,
[Am7] Then he [D] looked right through me, as if I [Em] wasn't there . . .
[Am7] And he just, [D7] kept on singing, [G] singing clear [B7] and strong . . .

[Em] Strummin' my pain with his [Am] fingers,
[D7] Singin' my life with his [G] words,
[G] Killing me softly with [A] his song,
Killing me [D] softly, with [C] his song,
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