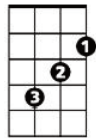


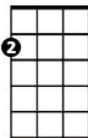
# Killing me softly with his song

Roberta Flack

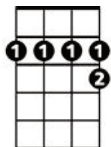
Em



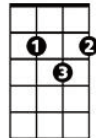
Am



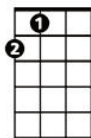
D7



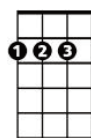
G



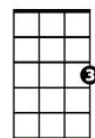
A



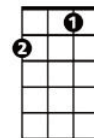
D



C



F



Em

Strumming my pain with his fingers, singing my life with his words

Em

A

D

C

Killing me softly with his song, killing me softly with his song

G

C

F

F

E

Telling my whole life with his words, killing me softly with his song

Am7

D

G

C

I heard he sang a good song, I heard he had a style

Am7

D

Em

And so I came to see him, and listen for a while

Am7

D7

G

B

And there he was this young boy, a stranger to my eyes

Em

Am

D7

G

Strumming my pain with his fingers, singing my life with his words

Em

A

D

C

Killing me softly with his song, killing me softly with his song

G

C

F

F

E

Telling my whole life with his words, killing me softly with his song

Am7

D

G

C

I felt all flushed with fever, embarrassed by the crowd

Am7

D

Em

I felt he found my letters, and read each one out loud

Am7

D7

G

B

I prayed that he would finish, but he just kept right on

Em

Am

D7

G

Strumming my pain with his fingers, singing my life with his words

Em

A

D

C

Killing me softly with his song, killing me softly with his song

G

C

F

F

E

Telling my whole life with his words, killing me softly with his song

Am7

D

G

C

He sang as if he knew me, and all my dark despair

Am7

D

Em

And then he looked right through me, as if I wasn't there

Am7

D7

G

B

And he just kept on singing, singing clear and strong

Em

Am

D7

G

Strumming my pain with his fingers, singing my life with his words

Em

A

D

C

Killing me softly with his song, killing me softly with his song

G

C

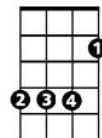
F

F

E

Telling my whole life with his words, killing me softly with his song

E



Am7



B

