

Lauryn Hill, Killing Me Softly

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
Hi, yo yea yea. now this is wyclef refugee
el boogie up in here (doo dooo doo doo)
one time one time one time
hey yo L you know the lyrics!
I heard he sang a 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
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 felt all flushed with fever, embarrassed by the crowd
I felt he found my letters, and read each one aloud
I prayed that he would finish, but he just kept right on
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
WHaaaooooo aooooo whoaoaoao
lalalalalaLALALALALALA ohohoh laaaaaa
LAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA
Strumming my pain with his fingers
(yes he was) 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
strummin my pain. yeyeyeyeye