

The Fugees, 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

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
stranger to my eyes

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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

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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 x3