

S+A: 1. 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.

Alle: Refrain: Strumming my pain with his fingers,

singing my live with his words,

||: killing me softly with his song :||

telling my whole life with his words,

killing me softly – with his song.

T+B: doo

S+A: 2. I felt all flushed with fever, embarrassed by the crowd,

I felt he found my letters **Alle:** and read each one out loud.

I prayed that he would finish **Alle:** but he just kept right on.

Alle: Refrain: Strumming my pain with his fingers,
singing my live with his words,
||: killing me softly with his song :||
telling my whole life with his words,
killing me softly – with his song.

STB: doo

Alt: 3. He sang as if he knew me, in all my dark despair.

And then he looked right through me **Alle:** as if I wasn't there.

But he was there, this stranger **Alle:** singing clear and strong.

Wdh. Refrain