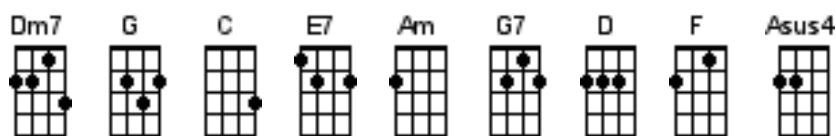


# Killing Me Softly. 1973. Roberta Flack.



4/4 time, 1, 2, 1 2 3 4 Intro: [Dm7] [G] [C] [E7]

**CHORUS** [Am] Strumming my pain with his [Dm] fingers  
[G7] Singing my life with his [C] words  
[Am] Killing me softly with [D] his song  
Killing me [G] softly with [F] his song  
Telling my [C] whole life with [F] his words  
Killing me [Asus4] softly [Asus4] \_\_ with his [A] song [A]

[Dm7] \_\_ I heard he [G] sang a good song  
[C] \_\_ - I heard he [F] had a style  
[Dm7] \_\_ - And so I [G] came to see him and  
[Am] listen for a whil-[Am]-ile  
[Dm7] \_\_ And there he [G] was this young boy  
[C] \_\_ - A stranger [E7] to my ey-eyes

**CHORUS** [Am] Strumming my pain with his [Dm] fingers etc.

[Dm7] \_\_ - I felt all [G] flushed with fever  
[C] \_\_ - Embarrassed [F] by the crowd  
[Dm] \_\_ I felt he [G7] found my letters  
And [Am] read each one out lou-[Am]-oud  
[Dm] \_\_ I prayed that [G7] he would finish  
[C] \_\_ But he just [E7] kept right o-on

**CHORUS** [Am] Strumming my pain with his [Dm] fingers etc.

[Dm] \_\_ He sang as [G7] if he knew me  
[C] \_\_ - In all my [F] dark despair  
[Dm] \_\_ - And then he [G7] looked right through me  
As [Am] if I wasn't there-[Am]-ere  
[Dm] \_\_ And he just [G7] kept on singing  
[C] \_\_ Singing [E7] clear and stro-ong

[Am] Strumming my pain with his [Dm] fingers  
[G7] Singing my life with his [C] words  
[Am] Killing me softly with [D] his song  
Killing me [G] softly with [F] his song  
Telling my [C] whole life with [F] his words  
Killing me [Asus4] softly [Asus4] \_\_ with his [A] song [A]