Killing Me Softly With His Song

Music by Charles Fox
Lyric by Norman Gimbel
(As sung by Roberta Flack)

[A] Bb\(_{mi7}\) E\(_b\) E\(_b\)  Bb\(_{mi7}\) Eb  E\(_b\)
I heard he sang a good song. I heard he had

Db\(_{MA7}\)  Bb\(_{mi7}\)  E\(_b\)
—— a style. And so I came to see him to

F\(_{mi}\)  E\(_b\)\(_7\)  Ab  C\(_7\)
lis - ten for a while. And there he was.

[B] F\(_{mi}\)  Bb\(_{mi7}\)  E\(_b\)
this young boy, a stran - ger to my eyes.

Strum - ming my pain with his fin - gers, Sing - ing my life with his words.

Ab\((D\(_{b}^{\#2}\) Ab Eb\(_7\))\)  F\(_{mi}\)
Kill - ing me soft - ly with his song. Kill - ing me soft - ly with his

Db\(_{MA7}\)  Ab\(_{D}\)  Db
song, Tell - ing my whole life with his words, Kill - ing me soft -

Gb\(_{MA7}\)  F
ly with his song. (fine)

2nd VERSE
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. (Strumming, etc.) But he was there this stranger singing clear and strong. (Strumming, etc.)

3rd VERSE
He sang as if he knew me, in all my dark despair.
And then he looked right through me as if I wasn’t there.

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