

killing me softly - Aretha Franklin

intro Em Am⁷ D⁷ G
Strumming my pain with my fingers, singing my life with his words.
Em A/C# D C
Killing me softly with his song, killing me softly with his song.
G C Fmaj⁷ % E
Telling my whole life with his words, Killing me softly, with his song.
8 temps

Am⁷ D⁷ G C
I heard he sang the good song, I heard he had a style.
Am⁷ D⁷ Em %
And so I came to see him, and listen for a while.
Am⁷ D⁷ G B⁷
And there he was a young boy, a stranger to my eyes.

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Am⁷ D⁷ G C
I felt all flushed with fever, embarrassed by the crowd.
Am⁷ D⁷ Em %
I felt he found my letters, and read each one out loud.
Am⁷ D⁷ G B⁷
I prayed that he would finish, but he just kept right on.

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