## killing me softly – Aretha Franklin

Strumming my pain with my fingers, singing my life with his words.

En A/ct D C

Killing me softly with his song, killing me softly with his song.

G C Fmaj 1 /2 E

Telling my whole life with his words, Killing me softly, with his song.

Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G

I heard he sang the good song, I heard he had a style.

Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> Em %And so I came to see him, and listen for a while.

Am<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup> G B<sup>7</sup>

And there he was a young boy, a stranger to my eyes.

Strumming my pain with my fingers, singing my life with his words.

En A/c# D C

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 felt all flushed with fever, embarrassed by the crowd.

Am7

I felt he found my letters, and read each one out loud.

Am7

I prayed that he would finish, but he just kept right on.

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 Fn/s<sup>1</sup> 7.

Telling my whole life with his words, Killing me softly, with his song.

He sang as it	of knew me, in	n all my dark	despair.			
And then he	D7	E	m	sn't there.		
And he just l	07 kept on singi		B7 lear and s	trong		
				,		
	Em Killing me		th my fing  A/c#  nis song,	killing me so	oftly with his	s song.
En oh_oh En G	Ant	D7	6		*	
En	Alc#	D	C			
G	C	Fmaja	1/.	E		

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