

Em *Am*
 Strumming my pain with his fingers,
D *Gmaj7*
 Singing my life with his words.
Em *A7*
 Killing me softly with his song,
D *C*
 Killing me softly with his song;
Gmaj7 *Cmaj7*
 telling my whole life, with his words,
Fmaj7 *E7*
 Killing me softly with his song.

Am7 D
I heard he sang a good song,
Gmaj7 Cmaj7
I heard he had a style,
Am7 D Em Em7
And so I went to see him and listen for awhile.
Am7 D
And there he was this young boy
Gmaj7 B7
A stranger to my eyes.

Nak.

Am7 D
I felt all flushed with fever,
Gmaj7 Cmaj7
Embarassed by the crowd.
Am7 D
I felt he found my letters,
Em Em7
And read each one out loud.
Am7 D
I prayed that he would finish,
Gmaj7 B7
But he just kept right on.

Nak.

Am7 D
He sang as if he knew me,
Gmaj7 Cmaj7
In all my dark despair.
Am7 D
And then he looked right through me as if,
Em Em7
As if I wasn't there.
Am7 D
He just kept right on,
Gmaj7 B7
Singin' loud and strong.

