

Strumming my pain with his fingers  
Singing my life with his words  
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 heard he sang a good song,  
I heard he had a style.  
And so I came to see him  
to listen for a while.  
And there he was this young boy,  
a stranger to my eyes.

Strumming ...

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.

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