

Artist Development - Spring Term 2020

Mamita Gurung - Killing Me Softly (The Fugees)



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 and listen for a while
And there he was this young boy, a stranger to my eyes

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 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 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 ~~~**

Whoa's
La-la-la's
Whoa, La, whoa
La-ah-ah-ah-ah
La-A-a-A-a-A-ah

(melody - Strumming my pain with his fingers)
yes, he was singing
(melody - Singing my life with his words)
Killing me softly with his song

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Killing me softly with his song
Telling my whole life with his words
Killing me softly **with his song** ~~~

(Strumming my pain) Yeeaah
(Singing my life with his words) Yeeaah
(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**