

Killing me softly – Frank Sinatra

I heard she sang a good song,
I heard she had a style
And so I came to see her
And listen for a while
And there she was this young girl,
A stranger to my eyes
Strumming my pain with her fingers,
Singing my life with her words,
Killing me softly with her song,
Killing me softly with her song,
Telling my whole life with her words,
Killing me softly with her song
I felt all flushed with fever,
Embarrassed by the crowd,
I felt she found my letters
And read each one out loud
I prayed that she would finish
But she just kept right on
Strumming my pain with her fingers,
Singing my life with her words,
Killing me softly with her song,
Killing me softly with her song,
Telling my whole life with her words,
Killing me softly with her song
She sang as if he knew me
In all my dark despair
And then she looked right through me
As if I wasn't there
But she was there like a stranger,
Singing clear and strong
Strumming my pain with her fingers,
Singing my life with her words,
Killing me softly with her song,
Killing me softly with her song,
Telling my whole life with her words,

Killing me softly with her song,
Killing me softly with her song



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych