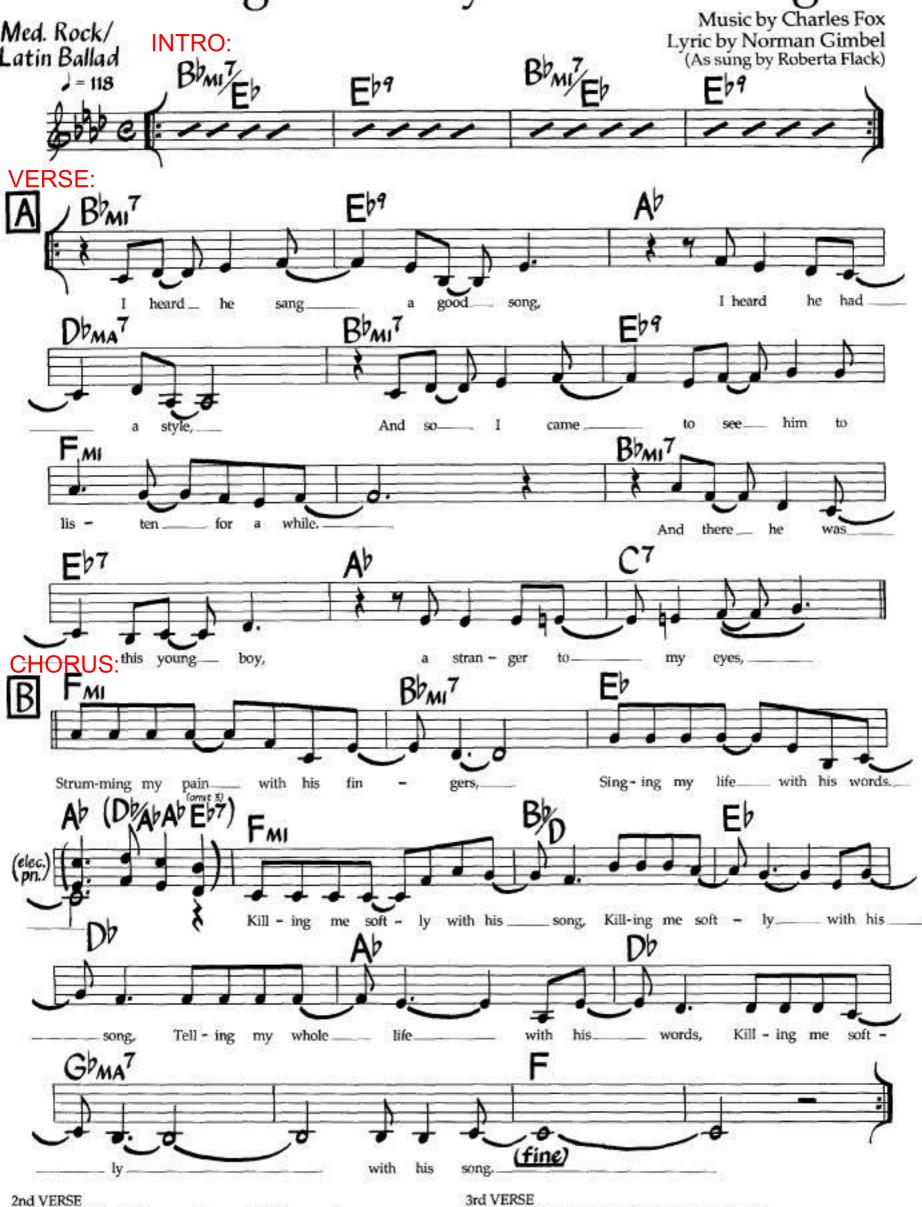
Killing Me Softly With His Song



2nd VERSE

I felt all flushed with fever, embarassed bythe crowd,

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

He sang as if he knew me, in all my dark despair.

And then he looked right through me as if I wasn't there. I prayed that he would finish but he just kept right on. (Strumming, etc.) But he was there this stranger singing clear and strong. (Strumming, etc.)