

Out of Touch

Lucinda Williams

Once in a while we might pass on the street
We nod and we smile and we shuffle our feet
Making small talk, standing face to face
Hands in our pockets 'cause we feel so out of place

Other paths may cross again in some crowded bar
We feel a little lost 'cause we've drifted away so far
Hoping to find the right words to say
We joke a little and then go on our way

We are so out of touch, yeah
We are so out of touch, yeah
La la la

We speak in the past tense and talk about the weather
Half broken sentences we try to piece together
I ask about an old friend that we both used to know
You said, "You heard he took his life about five years ago"

We may pass each other on the interstate
We honk and cross over to the other lane
Everybody's going somewhere, everybody's inside
Hundreds of cars, hundreds of private lives

We are so out of touch, yeah
We are so out of touch, yeah
La la la