

Losing Touch

The Killers

1. Console me in my darkest hour,
convince me that the truth is always grey.
Caress me in your velvet chair,
conceal me from the ghost you cast away.

R: I ain't in no hurry, you go run and tell your
friends I'm losing touch.
Fill their heads with rumours of impending doom
it must be true.

2. Console me in my darkest hour,
and tell me that you always hear my cries.
I wonder what you got conspired,
I'm sure it dawns a consolation prize.

R2: I ain't in no hurry, you go run and tell your
friends I'm losing touch.
Fill the night with stories, the legend grows,
of how you got lost, but you made your way back home.
You sold your soul, like a roaming vagabond, yeah!

I heard you found a wishing well, in the city.
Console me in my darkest hour (in my darkest hour) and you throw me down.

R3: I ain't in no hurry, you go run and tell your
friends I'm losing touch.
Fill your crown with rumours.
Impending doom it must be true.

But you made your way back home.
You sold your soul, like a roaming vagabond.
And about how you got lost, but you made your way back home.
You went and sold your soul, an allegiance dead and gone.
I'm losing touch.