

## Killers "Losing Touch"

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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

I ain't in no hurry  
You go run and tell your  
friends IÃ,Â´m losing touch.  
Fill their heads with rumors of impending doom  
It must be true.

Console me in my darkest hour  
And tell me that you always hear my cries  
I wonder what you've got conspired  
IÃ,Â´m sure it dons a consolation prize

I ain't in no hurry  
You go run and tell your  
friends IÃ,Â´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  
Then you throw me down

I ain't in no hurry  
You go run and tell your  
friends IÃ,Â´m losing touch  
Fill your crown with rumors  
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

IÃ,Â´m losing touch

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