

Lucinda Williams "Out Of Touch"

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Written by Lucinda Williams

Once in awhile we might pass on the street
We nod 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
Our 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
La la la la
We speak in 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
La La La
La la la la

From Lucinda Williams "Essence"
Lost Highway Records 2001
Warner - Tamerlane Publishing/Lucy Jones Music

Tony Garnier bass
Bo Ramsey guitar
Charlie Sexton guitar
David Mansfield violin/viola
Jim Keltner drums
Organ Reese Wyans
Lucinda acoustic guitar

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