

The Killers

"Losing Touch"

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"Losing Touch"

Console me in my darkest hour
Convince me that the truth is always grey
Caress me in your velvet chair
Conceal me from the ghosts you cast away

I'm in no hurry
You go run and tell your friends I'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
I'm sure it dawns a consolation prize

I'm 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 went and sold your soul
Like a Roman vagabond, yeah

I heard you from the wishing well in the city
Console me in my darkest hour
Then you throw me down

I'm in no hurry
You go run and tell your friends I'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 Roman vagabond
And about how you got lost,
But you made your way back home
An allegiance dead and gone

I'm losing touch

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