

## **Toby Keith**

# **"Losing My Touch"**

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Reservations for one tonight  
I'll be eating by myself again  
At the quiet little corner spot  
Where we used to hang with all our friends

And I'll ease down to the local pub  
Climb up on the tallest stool  
Holding court with my common sense  
Outwitting all these common fools

I've got good taste for blended whiskey  
I can see my way around this bar  
I can hear the sound of a vintage jukebox  
And smell the smoke of a hand-rolled cigar  
I cant read your mind  
Baby i can sense this much  
When it comes to your love  
I feel like I'm losing my touch

You're not buying this anymore

My lies have come up short again  
You haven't said it's over yer  
Oh but i can feel a bitter wind  
And after giving me your better years  
And hoping for the very best  
Closing time is drawing near  
As i sit alone with all teh rest

I've got good taste for blended whiskey  
I can see my way around this bar  
I can hear the sound of a vintage jukebox  
And smell the smoke of a hand-rolled cigar  
I cant read your mind  
Baby i can sense this much  
When it comes to your love  
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When it comes to your love  
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