

Losing Touch

The Killers

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 Im 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
Im sure it dons a consolation prize I ain't in no hurry
You go run and tell your
friends Im 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 Im 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 Im losing touch

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