

# Out Of Touch

[Lucinda Williams](#)

Once in a while we might pass on the street  
We nod and 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  
Other 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

We speak in the 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  
We are so out of touch, yeah  
La la la

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