

Losing My Touch

[Toby Keith](#)

Reservations for one tonight
I'll be eating by myself again
At that quiet little corner spot
Where we used to hang with all our friends And I'll ease down to the local pub
And 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 can't 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 yet
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 the rest Well I 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 can't read your mind
Oh but I can sense this much
When it comes to your love
I feel like I'm losing my touch
When it comes to your love
I feel like I'm losing my touch

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