

# 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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