

# Toby Keith, Losing My Touch

Reservations for one tonight  
Ill be eating by myself again  
At that quiet little corner spot  
Where we used to hang with all our friends

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

[Chorus:]  
Ive 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 Im losing my touch

Youre not buying this anymore  
My lies have come up short again  
You havent said its 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

[Chorus]  
When it comes to your love  
I feel like Im losing my touch

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