

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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