

The Killers, Losing Touch

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 I'm losing touch
Fill their heads with rumours 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 got conspired
I'm sure it was the consolation prize

I ain't in no hurry, you go run
And tell your friends I'm 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 roamin' vagabond, yeah

I heard you found a wishing well
In the city
Console me in my darkest hour (in my darkest hour)
And you throw me down

I ain't in no hurry, you go run
And tell your friends I'm losing touch
Fill your crown with rumours
Impending doom, it must be true

But you made your way back home
You sold your soul, like a roamin' vagabond

And all that now you got lost, but you made your way back home
You went and sold your soul, an allegiance dead and gone (and gone)

I'm losing touch