

Losing Touch

The Killers

E H F# Asmi E H F# F#
Asmi C# Asmi C#

Asmi

1. Console me in my darkest hour,
C#
convince me that the truth is always grey.
Asmi
Caress me in your velvet chair,
C#
conceal me from the ghost you cast away.

E H F#
R: I ain't in no hurry, you go run and tell your
Asmi F#
friends I'm losing touch.
E H F#
Fill their heads with rumours of impending doom
it must be true.
Asmi C#

2. 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 dawns a consolation prize.

E H F#
R2: I ain't in no hurry, you go run and tell your
Asmi F#
friends I'm losing touch.
E H F#
Fill the night with stories, the legend grows,
H F# C#mi Asmi E
of how you got lost, but you made your way back home.
H F# C#mi Asmi E
You sold your soul, like a roaming vagabond, yeah!

Asmi

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.

E H F#
R3: I ain't in no hurry, you go run and tell your
Asmi F#
friends I'm losing touch.
E H F#
Fill your crown with rumours.
F#7 E H F# Asmi
Impending doom it must be true.

E H F# F#

H F# C#mi Asmi E
But you made your way back home.
H F# C#mi Asmi E
You sold your soul, like a roaming vagabond.
H F# C#mi Asmi E

And about how you got lost, but you made your way back home.

H F# C#mi Asmi E

You went and sold your soul, an allegiance dead and gone.

I'm losing touch.

H F# C#mi Asmi E