

Losing My Touch

Toby Keith

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

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

I've 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 can't read your mind
Baby I can sense this much
When it comes to your love
I feel like I'm losing my touch

You're not buying this anymore
My lies have come up short again
You haven't said it's 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

When it comes to your love
I feel like I'm losing my touch