

Keith Richards, Losing My Touch

Ain't it funny how things happen
Just as we think we've got it all straight
Everything seems to be moving forward
But instead we just sit around and wait

Seems things are in a lockdown
Nervous looks all around
Everyone is speaking in whispers
No one wants to make a sound

I'm losing my touch, yeah
Losing my touch
Losing my touch baby, way too much
Baby, get me out of here
It should be clear

Keep an eye on on your front door, baby
I'll be slipping in round the back
I just need a little, a little cab fare
And then I'll let you hit the sack

'Cause I'm losing my touch
Losing my touch
Yes I'm losing my touch way too much
Baby, get me out of here
It should be clear, yes

I ain't going to keep it long, baby
But just long, long enough
I've got to pick up my passports
And I've got to get my stuff

'Cause I'm losing my touch
Just losing my touch, baby, baby, baby
I'm losing my touch way, way too much
Baby, get me out of here
Well it must be clear

Losing my touch
Yes I'm losing my touch
Yes I'm losing my touch way too much
Baby get me out of here