Rolling Stones, Losing My Touch

(Jagger/Richards)

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