

# The Killers, Day & Age

Console me in my darkest hour  
Convince me that the truth is always grey  
Caress me in your velvet chair  
Conceal me from the ghosts you cast away  
I'm in no hurry  
You go run and tell your friends I'm losing touch.  
Fill their heads with rumors 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've got conspired  
I'm sure it dawns a consolation prize  
I'm 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 Roman vagabond, yeah  
I heard you from the wishing well in the city  
Console me in my darkest hour  
Then you throw me down  
I'm in no hurry  
You go run and tell your friends I'm losing touch  
Fill your crown with rumors  
Impending doom, it must be true  
But you made your way back home  
You sold your soul like a Roman vagabond  
And about how you got lost,  
But you made your way back home  
And the legions stand alone  
I'm losing touch