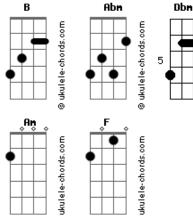
The Killers - Losing Touch

Tom: B Е Ab Gb But you made your way back home F B Gb Ab You sold your soul, like a roaming vagabond Abm Console me in my darkest hour Dbm Abm Convince that the truth is always gray I heard you found a wishing well Abm Dbm Caress me in your velvet chair In the city Dbm Abm Conceal me from the ghost you cast away Console me in my darkest hour (in my darkest hour) Dbm F В Gb And you throw me down I'm in no hurry, you go run Abm Е E. B Gb And tell your friends I'm losing touch I'm in no hurry, you go run В Gb Abm F And tell your friends I'm losing touch Fill their heads with rumors of impending doom Abm В It must be true Fill your crown with rumors Gb Abm Impending doom, it must be true Abm Console me in my darkest hour B Gb Ab Е Gb Dbm And tell me that you'll always hear my cries But you made your way back home B Gb Ab E Gb Abm You sold your soul, like a roaming vagabond I wonder what you got conspired F Dbm B Gb Ab Gb I'm sure it was the consolation prize And all that now you got lost, but you made your way back home B Gb Ab E Gb You went and sold your soul, an allegiance dead and gone F В Gb B Gb Ab E Gb B Gb Ab E Gb I'm in no hurry, you go run I'm losing touch F Abm And tell your friends I'm losing touch - - / / - -В Gb Fill the night with stories, the legend grows Não é exatamente como o Dave toca Eu só sei que na parte do "of how you got lost" ele toca C G

B Gb Of how you got lost

Acordes



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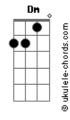
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