

Out Of Touch

I've got this feeling
I can't hold out for much longer
trying to find my way alone
I need a hand, a voice, a smile to make me stronger
to lead me safely to my home

And I say, yea
I'm out of touch
and I say, yea
I guess I'm out of touch
and with these acres all around
many miles to any town
my voice is just a sound that don't mean much
I'm out of touch

I've got this down
this knowing much, believing little
This faith in no one but myself
But, it hasn't earned me any joy, or precious little
It's never brought me any wealth

And I say, yea
I'm out of touch
and I say, yea
I guess I'm out of touch
and with these canyons all around
only echoes rebound
my head is sound but my heart still needs a crutch
I'm out of touch

I feel fine, I feel fine
with my head in command
and my heart ever blind
I feel fine
I feel fine

I've got this wealth of knowledge
baggage that I carry
on my back, I've hauled it like a stone
to this fork of touch or cynical abandonment
one is death and one is home

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