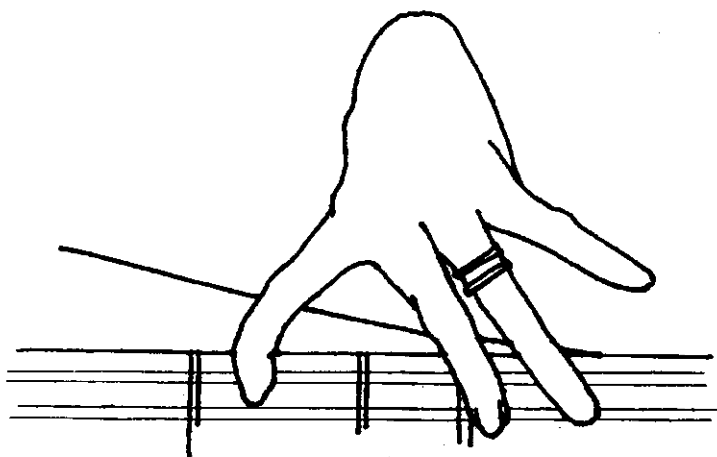


# POKERFACE SMILE

This song tells the story of Robert's ill-fated attempt to double the rent money during a long winter spent on the Washington coast. The scene was the back room of one of Aberdeen's many card rooms, the players were the truck drivers and loggers who could afford to double and redouble the stakes. All he brought home to the Lady Janette was a crumpled napkin and the words to this song.

This is basically a one-part tune. The chorus is played as a duplicate to the verse positions an octave higher (except for the final turn-around, which introduces alternate voicings to the chord as played in the A-part). Switching back and forth from strumming to flat-picking gives movement and variety to the song. It also gives rise to some pretty, double-flat-picking passages, especially toward the end. The separate articulation of the strings (cross-picking) gives the tune its unique movement. This is accomplished by strumming two down strokes, then individually picking up on the bass and melody strings, then down again with just one note of the treble string. The relatively slow-moving chord changes leave plenty of time for focusing on accurate intonation and getting the fingers to stretch. An interesting variation to the tune is to substitute the bass string for the treble in the chording. Just invert the tablature and you get a different voicing.





DM7 G

HO- PING TO FLY — BUT — KNOW-ING YOU'LL FALL,

0 2 4      0 3      0 0 0 0

2 4      3      3 2 1 3 2

A D<sup>9</sup> D

SITTING IN AT THE LO- CAL GAM-BLING HALL —

0 1 2      0 0 0 0

1 2      1 0 0

You ain't lost your money 'til you've lost it all,  
 And spent your reason on one last call,  
 Hoping to fly, but knowing you'll fall,  
 Sitting in at the local gambling hall.

Take a lot of notes to pay for that game.  
 Take a lot of music to make me sane.  
 Take a lot of miles of sunshine and rain,  
 'Til I'm back on the winning side again.

After you've played life's one last card,  
 The way down that road won't seem quite so far,  
 When you've turned your back on bright lights and bars,  
 And opened yourself to what you are.

## LYRICS

### CHORUS:

Child of Morning with tomorrow's eyes,  
 Child of Living nobodies' lies,  
 Child of Laughter with nothing to hide,  
 Child of Living the beauty inside.

And smoke-filled rooms hold nothing for you,  
 And no words reach you but those that ring true,  
 And you cry for the people with nothing to do,  
 But hope for an ace to pull them on through.

They're looking for something so high and so wild  
 That all they can see is cunning and guile.  
 They've no time to listen to the voice of the child  
 They've hidden behind their pokerface smile.

### CHORUS

Chorus  
DM<sup>7</sup>

CHILD OF MORN-ING				WHTO-MOR- ROWS EYES,			
I. 0	9	9	9	0	8	8	8
9	9	9	9	10	8	8	8 9 10
II. 0	9	12	11	0	8	10	0
9	9	7	7	8	8	8	8 9 10
7	7	8	9	8	8	8	8 7 8

DM<sup>7</sup>

CHILD OF LIV- ING				NO- BO- DIES LIES,			
0	9	9	9	0	8	8	8
9	9	9	9	10	8	10	8 9 10
II. 0	9	12	11	0	8	10	0 0 0
9	9	7	7	8	8	8	8 7 8
7	7	8	9	8	8	8	8 7 8

DM<sup>7</sup>

CHILD OF LAUGH- TER				WHN NO- THING TO HIDE,				
0	9	9	9	0	8	8	7	
9	9	9	9	10	8	10	9	
II. 0	9	12	11	0	8	10		
9	9	7	7	8	8	8		
7	7	8	9	8	8	8		

A<sup>7</sup>/D

GM<sup>7</sup>

A<sup>7</sup>/D D

CHILD OF LIV- ING THE				BEAU- TY IN- SIDE				. . . .			
0	6	6	6	0	6	5	0	6	5	0	0
8	8	8	8	8	7	7	8	7	7	7	7
0	6	6	6	0	6	5	0	6	5	0	0
8	8	8	8	8	7	7	8	7	7	7	7
0	6	6	6	0	6	5	0	6	5	0	0
8	8	8	8	8	7	7	8	7	7	7	7