

Dave Potts "Poker Face"

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We were sitting at a table at a little café,
Cleaning our plates like some kind of a race
We finished our meal without making a sound
I glanced at him, he flagged the waitress down

She brought us our check and said will that be all
He said, yeah thanks, and sent her off with a nod
I'm sure she was thinking, I
don't know about those guys
But when she counted her tip, she had to smile

What I got from him is my stubborn side
and the tapping my fingers on the wheel when I drive
And the gift of keeping strangers an arms length away
Not knowing what I'm thinking behind my
poker face

When I'm stuck in a crowd at a party
somewhere
With people that I'm supposed to know
I don't do small talk, but I'll
shake your hand
You'll wonder about me, and I'll
consider us friends

What I got from him is my quiet side
And annoying everybody with how slow I can drive
And the habit of never calling anybody by name
So they're never quite sure if I know who
they are
As they try to read my poker face

If you see us out at some little café,
cleaning our plates like some kind of a race
And you can't figure out if we're
happy or mad
That's the way that we like it, me and my
dad

I tend to be a little bit cheap,
but I tip pretty well and I'm easy to please
And I like keeping strangers an arms length away
And I like keeping secrets behind my poker face

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