

Poker Face

[Dave Potts](#)

We were sitting at a table at a little caf
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 caf,
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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