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

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

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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