

## Lies

Stan Rogers

IV-74

At <u>last</u> the kids are gone now for the <u>day</u>	G D/F#
She <u>reaches</u> for the <u>coffee</u> , as the <u>school</u> bus pulls <u>away</u>	E <sub>m</sub> C G D/F#
<u>Another</u> day to tend the house and <u>plan</u>	G D/F#
For <u>Friday</u> at the <u>legion</u> when she's <u>dancing</u> with her <u>man</u>	E <sub>m</sub> C G D/F#
<u>Sure</u> was a bitter winter	G
But <u>Friday</u> will be fine	D/F#
And <u>maybe</u> last year's Easter dress will <u>serve</u> her one more time	E <sub>m</sub> C
She'd <u>pass</u> for twenty-nine but for her <u>eyes</u>	G D/F#
But <u>winter</u> lines are <u>telling</u> wicked <u>lies</u>	A <sub>m</sub> D/F# G

**Chorus:**

All <u>lies</u>	A <sub>m</sub> -G/B-C-D-C
All those <u>lines</u> are telling <u>wicked lies</u>	G A <sub>m</sub> D/F#
<u>Lies</u> , all <u>lies</u>	[A <sub>m</sub> -G/B-C] D C
Too <u>many</u> lines there in that face	G
Too <u>many</u> to erase or to <u>disguise</u>	A C
They <u>must</u> be telling <u>lies</u>	D/F# G - D A <sub>m</sub> G/B C D C

Is <u>this</u> the face that won for her the <u>man</u>	G D/F#
Whose <u>amazed</u> and clumsy <u>fingers</u> put that <u>ring</u> upon her <u>hand</u> ?	E <sub>m</sub> C G D/F#
No <u>need</u> to search that mirror for the <u>years</u>	G D/F#
The <u>menace</u> in their <u>message</u> shouts <u>across</u> the blur of <u>tears</u>	E <sub>m</sub> C G D/F#
So <u>this</u> is Beauty's finish! Like <u>Rodin's</u> "Belle Heaulmière"	G D/F#
The <u>pretty</u> maiden <u>trapped</u> inside the <u>ranch</u> wife's toil and <u>care</u>	E <sub>m</sub> C G D/F#
<u>Well</u> , after seven kids, that's no <u>surprise</u>	G D/F#
But <u>why</u> cannot her <u>mirror</u> tell her <u>lies</u>	A <sub>m</sub> D/F# G

**Chorus**

<u>Then</u> she shakes off the bitter web she <u>wove</u> ,	G D/F#
and <u>turns</u> to set the <u>mirror</u> , gently, <u>face</u> down by the <u>stove</u>	E <sub>m</sub> C G D/F#
<u>She</u> gathers up her apron in her <u>hand</u> ,	G D/F#
<u>Pours</u> a cup of <u>coffee</u> , drips <u>Carnation</u> from the <u>can</u>	E <sub>m</sub> C G D/F#
and thinks ahead to Friday, 'cause Friday will be <u>fine</u> !	G D/F#
She'll <u>look</u> up in that <u>weathered</u> face that <u>loves</u> hers, line for <u>line</u> ,	E <sub>m</sub> C G D/F#
To <u>see</u> that maiden shining in his <u>eyes</u>	G D/F#
And <u>laugh</u> at how her <u>mirror</u> tells her <u>lies</u>	A <sub>m</sub> D/F# G

**Chorus x2**