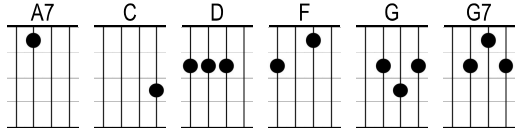


# The Gambler

Kenny Rogers



C F C F

On a C warm summer's | evenin', on a F train bound for C nowhere  
I | met up with the | gambler, we were | both too tired to G7 sleep  
So C we took turns a-|starin', out the F window at the C darkness  
Till F boredom over Ctook us, G and he began to C speak

He said C "Son I've made my | life, out of F readin' peoples' C faces  
And | knowin' what their | cards were, by the | way they held their G7 eyes  
So if C you don't mind my | sayin', I can F see you're out of C aces  
For a F taste of your C whiskey, I'll G give you some ad Cvice" |

So I C handed him my | bottle, and he F drank down my last C swallow  
| Then he bummed a | cigarette, and | asked me for a G7 light  
And the C night got deathly | quiet, and his F face lost all ex Cpression  
Said "if you're F gonna play the C game boy, ya gotta G learn to play it C right

You got to C know when to | hold 'em, F know when to C fold 'em  
F Know when to C walk away, | know when to G run  
You never C count your | money, when you're F sittin' at the C table  
There'll be F time enough for C countin', G when the dealin's C done | | |

Now, D ev'ry gambler | knows, that the G secret to sur Dvin'  
Is | knowin' what to | throw away, and | knowin' what to A7 keep  
'Cause D every hand's a | winner, and G every hand's a D loser  
And the G best that you can D hope for is to A7 die in your D sleep"

And D when he'd finished | speakin', he G turned back toward the D window  
| Crushed out his | cigarette, and | faded off to A7 sleep  
And D somewhere in the darkness, the G gambler he broke D even  
But G in his final D words I found an A7 ace that I could D keep

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G Know when to D walk away, | and know when to A7 run  
You never D count your | money, when you're G sittin' at the D table  
There'll be G time enough for D countin', A7 when the dealin's D done

## Clap Thru Chorus

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