

The Gambler
Kenny Rogers

[Intro] **D G D G**

D
On a warm summer s evenin
G D
on a train bound for nowhere
G D
I met up with the gambler
G A
we were both too tired to sleep
D
So we took turns a starin
G D
out the window at the darkness
G D
til boredom overtook us
A D
and he began to speak

D
He said, Son, I ve made my life
G D
out of readin people s faces
G D
and knowin what their cards were
G A
by the way they held their eyes
D
And if you don t mind my sayin
G D
I can see you re out of aces
G D
For a taste of your whiskey
A D
I ll give you some advice

D
So I handed him my bottle
G D
and he drank down my last swallow

Then he bummed a cigarette
G A
and asked me for a light
D
And the night got deathly quiet,
G D

and his face lost all expression

G

D

Said, If you re gonna play the game, boy

A

D

ya gotta learn to play it right

D

You got to know when to hold em

G

D

know when to fold em

G

D

know when to walk away

G

A

and know when to run

D

You never count your money

G

D

when you re sittin at the table

G

D

There ll be time enough for countin

A

D

when the dealin s done

D

Every gambler knows

G

D

that the secret to survivin

G

D

is knowin what to throw away

G

A

and knowing what to keep

D

Cause every hand s a winner

G

D

and every hand s a loser

G

D

and the best that you can hope for

A

D

is to die in your sleep

D

And when he d finished speakin

G

D

he turned back towards the window

G

D

crushed out his cigarette

G

A

and faded off to sleep

D

And somewhere in the darkness

G

D

the gambler, he broke even

G

D

But in his final words I found

A

D

an ace that I could keep