

Intro:

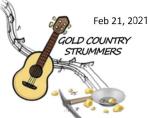
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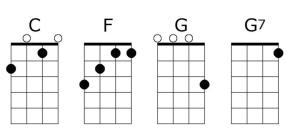
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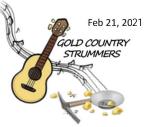
The Gambler



С On a warm summer's eve on a train bound for nowhere I met up with the gambler we were both too tired to sleep out the window at the darkness So we took turns a-starin' and he began to speak Till boredom over-took us, He said, "Son, I've made a life out of readin' people's faces G7 And knowin' what the cards were by the way they held their eyes So if you don't mind me sayin' I can see you're out of aces For a taste of your whiskey I'll give you some ad-vice" So I handed him my bottle and he drank down my last swallow Then he bummed a cigarette and asked me for a light And the night got deathly quiet and his face lost all ex-pression Said, "If you're gonna play the game, boy you gotta learn to play it right Chorus: You got to know when to hold 'em know when to fold 'em Know when to walk away and know when to run You never count your money when you're sittin' at the table when the dealin's done There'll be time e-nough for countin'



The Gambler (pg 2)



D Every gambler knows that the secret to sur-vivin' D A7 Is knowin' what to throw away and knowin' what to keep D G D G D 'Cause every hand's a winner and every hand's a loser G D A D A D And the best that you can hope for is to die in your sleep And when he finished speakin' he turned back toward the window D Crushed out his cigarette and faded off to sleep n.c. DJ A^7 DJ And somewhere in the darkness the gambler he broke even GJ DJ A J A DJ But in his final words I found an ace that I could keep

<Chorus>: (note key change)

Clap:

Baritone

You've got to know when to hold 'em know when to fold 'em Know when to walk away and know when to run You never count your money when you're sittin' at the table There'll be time e-nough for countin' when the dealin's done

