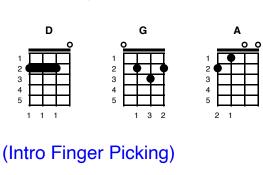
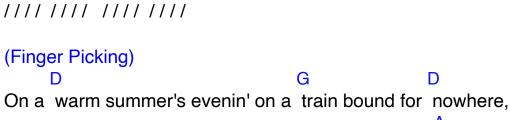
Kenny Rogers







I met up with the gambler; we were both too tired to sleep.  $\stackrel{\text{D}}{\text{D}}$ 

So we took turns a starin' out the window at the darkness G D A D

'til boredom over took us, and he began to speak.

## (Single Strums) D D G D He said, "Son, I've made a life out of readin' people's faces, D D A and knowin' what their cards were by the way they held their eyes. D D G D

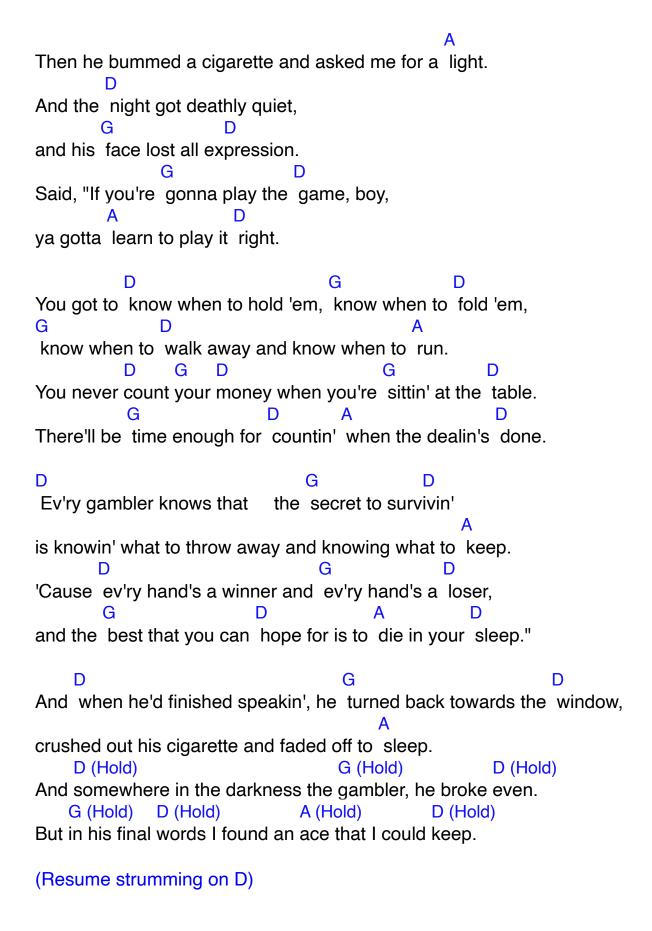
And if you don't mind my sayin', I can see you're out of aces.

G
D
A
D

For a taste of your whiskey I'll give you some advice."

## (Begin Strumming on D) D So I handed him my bottle

and he drank down my last swallow.



D G D
You got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em, G A
know when to walk away and know when to run.  D G D G D
You never count your money when you're sittin' at the table.  G D A D
There'll be time enough for countin' when the dealin's done.
(Acapella - w/hand claps or uke taps)
D G D
You got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em, G D A know when to walk away and know when to run.
D G D G D
You never count your money when you're sittin' at the table.  G D A D
There'll be time enough for countin' when the dealin's done.
(Strumming)
D G D
You got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em, G A
know when to walk away and know when to run.  D G D G D
You never count your money when you're sittin' at the table.  G  D  A  D(Hold)
There'll be time enough for countin' when the dealin's done.