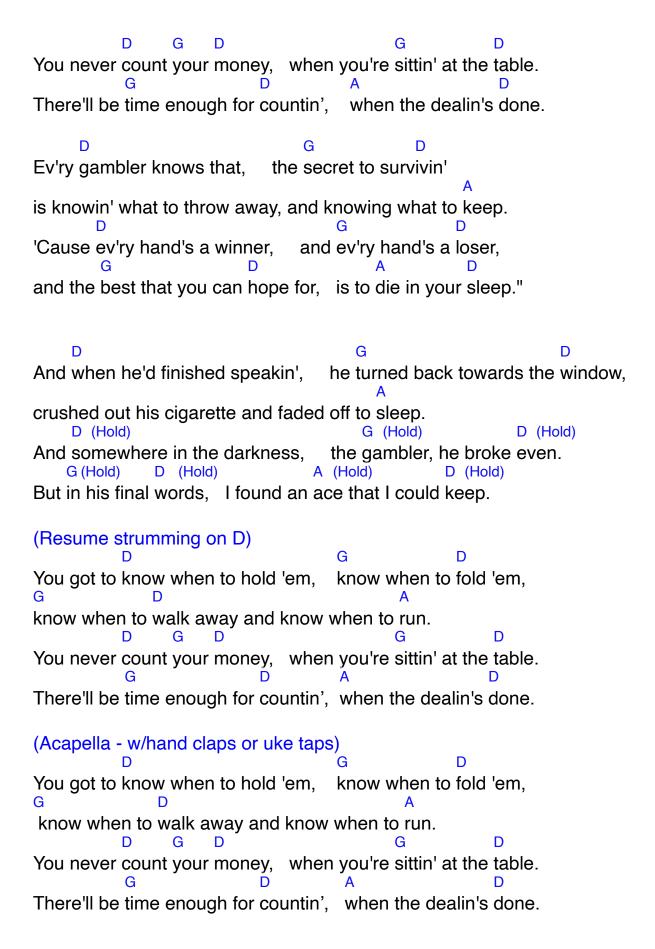
The Gambler

Kenny Rogers

(Intro Finger Picking) 1111 1111 1111 1111 (Finger Picking) on a train bound for nowhere, On a warm summer's evenin', I met up with the gambler; we were both too tired to sleep. So we took turns a starin', out the window at the darkness 'til boredom over took us, and he began to speak. (Single Strums) He said, "Son, I've made a life, out of readin' people's faces, and knowin' what their cards were by the way they held their eyes. And if you don't mind my sayin', I can see you're out of aces. For a taste of your whiskey, I'll give you some advice." (Begin Strumming on D) 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 expression. Said, "If you're gonna play the game, boy, ya gotta learn to play it right. You got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em,

know when to walk away and know when to run.



(Strumming)
D
G
D
You got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em,
G
D
Know when to walk away and know when to run.
D
G
D
You never count your money, when you're sittin' at the table.
G
D
There'll be time enough for countin', when the dealin's done.