

The Gambler

(GUITAR AND VOX)

E

A

E

On a warm summer's evenin' on a train bound for nowhere,

B

I met up with the gambler; we were both too tired to sleep.

E

A

E

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

A

E

B

E

'til boredom overtook us, and he began to speak.

(BUILD)

E

A

E

He said, "Son, I've made a life out of readin' people's faces,

B

and knowin' what their cards were by the way they held their eyes.

E

A

E

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

A

E

B

E

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

(FULL BAND)

E

A

E

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

B

Then he bummed a cigarette and asked me for a light.

E

A

E

And the night got deathly quiet, and his face lost all expression.

A

E

B

E

Said, "If you're gonna play the game, boy, ya gotta learn to play it right.

E

A

E

You got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em,

A E

B

know when to walk away and know when to run.

E

A

E

You never count your money when you're sittin' at the table.

E

A

E

B

E

There'll be time enough for countin' when the dealin's done.

MOD

F Bb F
Ev'ry gambler knows that the secret to survivin'
C
is knowin' what to throw away and knowing what to keep.
F Bb F
'Cause ev'ry hand's a winner and ev'ry hand's a loser,
Bb F C F
and the best that you can hope for is to die in your sleep."

F Bb F
So when he'd finished speakin', he turned back towards the window,
C
crushed out his cigarette and faded off to sleep.
F Bb F
And somewhere in the darkness the gambler, he broke even.
Bb F C F
But in his final words I found an ace that I could keep.

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

CHORUS (breakdown)

CHORUS