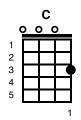
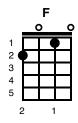
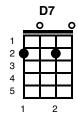
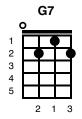
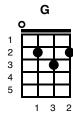
Recorded by Kenny Rogers











On a warm summer's evenin' 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'

'Til boredom overtook us, and he began to speak

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

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

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

CHORUS:
Tacet C F C
You got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em F
C F C F C
You never count your money when you're sittin' at the table F C G7 C C
There'll be time enough for countin' when the dealin's done
C F C
Ev'ry gambler knows that the secret to survivin' F C D7 G7
is knowin' what to throw away and knowing what to keep C F C
'Cause ev'ry hand's a winner and ev'ry hand's a loser F C G7 C C
And the best that you can hope for is to die in your sleep"
C F C
And when he'd finished speakin', he turned back towards the windov F C D7 G7
crushed out his cigarette and faded off to sleep
And somewhere in the darkness the gambler, he broke even G7 C C
But in his final words I found an ace that I could keep
Chawra
Chorus: Tacet C F C
You gotta know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em F
Know when to walk away and know when to run C F C F C
You never count your money when you're sittin at the table F C G7 C
There'll be time enough for counting when the dealin's done

F C G7 C/ F/C/

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