The Gambler
Recorded by Kenny Rogers

C **F** **D7** **G7** **G**
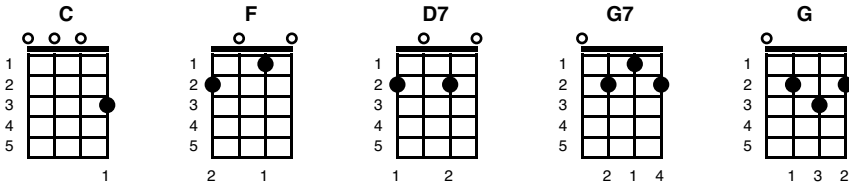
Count 1234. 1234

INTRO C ////   C ////

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      C
On a  warm summer's evenin'
      F              C
On a  train bound for  nowhere,
  F                  C
I  met up with the  gambler
         D7              G7
We were  both too tired to  sleep
      C
So  we took turns a starin'
         F              C
Out the  window at the  darkness
      F              C
'Til  boredom overtook us
         G              C      C
And  he began to  speak
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         C
He said,  "Son, I've made a life
         F                C
Out of  readin' people's  faces,
      F                  C
And  knowin' what their  cards were
         D7                G7
By the  way they held their  eyes
         C
And if  you don't mind my sayin'
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       F                C
I can  see you're out of  aces
        F           C
For a  taste of your  whiskey
    G            C        C
I'll  give you some  advice."


      C
So I  handed him my bottle
          F                    C
And he  drank down my last  swallow
F                  C
Then he bummed a  cigarette
       D7            G7
And  asked me for a  light
          C
And the  night got deathly quiet
          F            C
And his  face lost all expression, said
        F              C
"If you're  gonna play the  game, boy,
        G              C   C
Ya gotta  learn to play it  right
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CHORUS:
```
Tacet      C
You got to  know when to hold 'em
F                  C
   know when to     fold 'em
F                   C
   Know when to      walk away and
D7                 G7
   know when to     run
           C    F    C
You never  count  your  money
               F         C
When you're  sittin' at the  table
                 F        C
There'll be time enough for  countin'
```

G7   C   C
  When the dealin's   done

C
Ev'ry gambler knows
          F   C
That the secret to survivin'
   F   C
is knowin' what to throw away
      D7   G7
And knowing what to keep
        C
'Cause ev'ry hand's a winner
     F   C
And ev'ry hand's a loser
       F   C
And the best that you can hope for
     G7   C   C
Is to die in your sleep"

     C
And when he'd finished speakin'
   F   C
He turned back towards the window
F   C
crushed out his cigarette and
D7   G7
Faded off to sleep
     C
And somewhere in the darkness
    F   C
The gambler, he broke even
    F   C
But in his final words I found
    G7   C   C
An ace that I could keep

Chorus:

Tacet   C
You gotta know when to hold 'em
F   C
   Know when to   fold 'em
F   C
   Know when to   walk away and
D7   G7
  Know when to   run
            C   F   C
You never count your money
             F   C
when you're sittin at the table
              F   C
There'll be time enough for countin
G7   C
   When the dealin's   done
              F   C
There'll be time enough for countin
G7   C /   F / C /
   When the dealin's   done