

# The Gambler

Kenny Rogers (1978)

Orig. D# / William: Bb = Capo3 "G"  
4/4 country rythm



1.

On a **Bb** WARM summer's **Bb** evenin'... on a **Eb** TRAIN bound for **Bb** nowhere,  
I **Bb** MET up with the **Bb** GAMBLER... we were **Bb** BOTH too tired to **F7** SLEEP,  
so **Bb** WE took turns a--starin'... out the **Eb** WINDOW at the **Bb** darkness  
'til **Eb** boredom over--took us... and **F7** HE began to **Bb** speak...

2. (Bass in)

He said, **Bb** "SON, I've made a **Bb** life... out of **Eb** readin' people's **Bb** faces,  
and **Bb** knowin' what their **Bb** CARDS were... by the **Bb** way they held their **F7** eyes,  
and if **Bb** YOU don't-mind-my--sayin'... I can **Eb** SEE you're out of **Bb** aces,  
for a **Eb** TASTE of your **Bb** whiskey... I'll **F7** GIVE you some ad--vice."

3. (strumming starts)

So I **Bb** HANDED him my **Bb** bottle... and he **Eb** DRANK down my last **Bb** swallow,  
**Bb** THEN he bummed a **Bb** cigarette... and **Bb** ASKED me for a **F7** light,  
and the **Bb** NIGHT got deathly **Bb** quiet... and his **Eb** FACE lost all **Bb** ex--pression,  
said-"If-you're **Eb** GONNA play the **Bb** game, boy... ya-gotta--**F7**LEARN to play it **Bb** right...

Chorus

You got to **Bb** know when to **Bb** hold 'em... **Eb** know when to **Bb** fold 'em,  
**Eb** know when to **Bb** walk away and... **Bb** know when to **F7** run,  
you **Bb** never count your **Bb** money... when you're **Eb** sittin' at the **Bb** table,  
there'll be **Bb** TIME enough for **Bb** countin'... **F7** when the dealin's **Bb** done!

**Bb** x x x x **Bb** x x x x (transp.+1)

4.

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

5.

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

**Chorus**

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

**Chorus - no chords:**

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