

Folk & Traditional Song Lyrics

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The Gambler (3)

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On a warm summer's evening
On a train bound for nowhere
I met up with a gambler
We were both too tired to sleep.
So we took turns a' starin'
Out the window at the darkness
The boredom overtook us
And he began to speak.

He said, ``Son, I've made a life
Out of readin' people's faces
An' knowin' what the cards were
By the way they held their eyes.
So 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."
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,
You gotta learn to play it right!"

Cho: You gotta 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.

"Every gambler knows
That the secret to survivin'
Is knowin' what to throw away
Knowin' what to keep.
'Cause every hand's a winner
And every hand's a loser
And the best that you can hope for

Is to die in your sleep."

And when he'd finished speakin'
He turned back toward the window
Crushed out his cigarette
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.

JY