

Bob Dylan

"Rambling, Gambling Willie"

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Come around you rovin' gamblers and a story I will tell
About the greatest gambler, you all should know him
well
His name was Will O' Conley and he gambled all his life
He's had twenty-seven children, yet he's never had a
wife

And it's ride, Willie, ride
Roll, Willie, roll
Wherever you are gamblin' now
Nobody knows

Well, he gambled in the White House and in the
railroad yards
Wherever there was people, there was Willie and his
cards
He had the reputation as the gamblingest man around
Wives would keep their husbands home when Willie
came to town

And it's ride, Willie, ride
Roll, Willie, roll
Wherever you are gamblin' now
Nobody knows

Sailin' down the Mississippi to a town called New
Orleans
They're still talkin' about their card game on that
Jackson River Queen
"I've come to win some money," Gamblin' Willie says
When the game finally ended up the whole darn boat
was his

And it's ride, Willie, ride
Roll, Willie, roll
Wherever you are gamblin' now
Nobody really knows

Up in the rocky mountains in a town called Cripple
Creek
There was an all-night poker game, lasted about a
week

Nine hundred miners had laid their money down
When Willie finally left the room, he owned the whole
darn town

And it's ride, Willie, ride
Roll, Willie, roll
Wherever you are gamblin' now
Nobody knows

But Willie had a heart of gold and this I know is true
He supported all his children and all their mothers too
He wore no rings or fancy things like other gamblers
wore
He spread his money far and wide to help the sick and
the poor

And it's ride, Willie, ride
Roll, Willie, roll
Wherever you are gamblin' now
Nobody knows

When you played your cards with Willie, you never
really knew
Whether he was bluffin' or whether he was true
He won a fortune from a man who folded in his chair
The man, he left a diamond flush, Willie didn't even
have a pair

And it's ride, Willie, ride
Roll, Willie, roll
Wherever you are gamblin' now
Nobody knows

It was late one evenin' during a poker game
A man lost all his money, he said, "Willie was to blame"
He shot poor Willie through the head, which was a
tragic fate
When Willie's cards fell on the floor, they were aces
backed with eights

And it's ride, Willie, ride
Roll, Willie, roll
Wherever you are gamblin' now
Nobody knows

So all you ramblin' gamblers, wherever you might be
The moral of this story is very plain to see
Make your money while you can, before you have to
stop
For when you pull that dead man's hand, your gamblin'
days are up

And it's ride, Willie, ride
Roll, Willie, roll
Wherever you are gamblin' now
Nobody really knows

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