

Bobby Bare

"The Gambler (Bobby Bare & The Cowboys)"

Visit "[The Gambler \(Bobby Bare & The Cowboys\)](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

On the 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 window at the darkness
Till boredom overtook us and he commenced to speak
He said son I made a life out of readin' people's faces
And knowin' what the 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
And for a taste of your whiskey I would give you some
advice
So I handed him my bottle and he drank down my last
swallow
Then he'd bummed a cigarette then he bummed a light
And the night got deathly quiet and his face lost all
expression
He said if you gonna play the game boy you gotta learn
to play it right
Now you gotta know when to hold know when to fold
Know when to walk away know when to run
And you never count your money when you're sittin' at
the table
There'll be time enough for countin' when the dealin' is
done
[guitar]
He said every gambler knows that the secret to survival
Is knowin' what to throw away and knowin' what to keep
Cause every hand's a winner just like every hand's a
loser
And the best that you can hope for is to die in your
sleep
When he finished speaking he turned back toward the
window
Crushed out his cigarette faded off to sleep
Somewhere in the darkness the gambler he broke even
In his final words I found an ace that I could keep
You gotta know when to hold...
You gotta know when to hold...
There'll be time enough for countin' when the dealin' is
done

Visit [Bobby Bare](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.