

## **Bobby Bare**

### **"The Gambler"**

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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

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