

Kenny Rogers "The Gambler"

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On a warm summer's evenin' on a train bound for
nowhere
I met up with the gambler, we were both too tired to
sleep
So we took turns a starin' out the window at the
darkness
'Til boredom overtook us and he began to speak

He said, "Son, I've made a life, out of readin' people's
faces
And knowin' what their 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"

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 dealing's
done

Every gambler knows that the secret to survivin'
Is knowin' what to throw away and knowing 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 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

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