

Rambling, Gambling Willie

Bob Dylan

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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