

# 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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