

Roving Gambler

Don Lang & His Skiffle Group

I am a roving gambler, I've gambled down in town
Whenever I meet with a deck of cards I lay my money down
Lay my money down, lay my money down
I had not been in Washington not many more weeks than three
When I fell in love with a pretty little gal, she fell in love with me
Fell in love with me, fell in love with me
She took me in her parlor, she cooled me with her fan
She whispered low in her mother's ear, "I love that gambling man"
Love that gamblin' man, love that gamblin' man
"Daughter, oh dear daughter, how can you treat me so?
To leave your dear old mother, and with a gambler go?"
With a gambler go, with a gambler go
I've gambled down in Washington; I've gambled over in Spain
I'm goin' down to Georgia to gamble my last game
Gamble my last game, gamble my last game
"Oh mother, oh dear mother, you know I love you well
But the love I have for this gambling man, no human tongue can tell"
No human tongue can tell, no human tongue can tell
"I hear that train a-coming, coming 'round the curve
A-whistling and a-blowing straining every nerve"
Strainin' every nerve, strainin' every nerve
"Mother, oh dear mother, I'll tell you if I can
If you ever see me comin' back, I'll be with the gambling man
Be with the gambling man
Be with the gambling man"
I am a roving gambler, I've gambled down in town
Whenever I meet with a deck of cards I lay my money down
Lay my money down, lay my money down

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written by TRAVIS, MERLE

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