## The Gambler

## **Kenny Rogers**

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 speakHe 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 doneEvery 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 sleepAnd 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 keepYou got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em

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