The Gambler
Kenny Rogers

Capo 1

Chords						
	132		**21 3**		**1 2**	
D	xx0232	G	320003	A7	x02020	

Strum Pattern
B B D d u
1 + 2 + 3 + 4 +

D (2) **G** **D**
On a warm summer's evenin' on a train bound for nowhere,
D (3) **A7**
I met up with the gambler; we were both too tired to sleep.
D (2) **G** **D**
So we took turns a starin' out the window at the darkness
G **D** **A7** **D**
'til boredom overtook us, and he began to speak.

D (2) **G** **D**
He said, "Son, I've made a life out of readin' people's faces,
D (3) **A7**
and knowin' what their cards were by the way they held their eyes.
D (2) **G** **D**
And if you don't mind my sayin', I can see you're out of aces.
G **D** **A7** **D (2)**
For a taste of your whiskey I'll give you some advice."

D **G** **D**
So I handed him my bottle and he drank down my last swallow.
D (3) **A7**
Then he bummed a cigarette and asked me for a light.
D (2) **G** **D**
And the night got deathly quiet, and his face lost all expression.
G **D** **A7** **D**
Said, "If you're gonna play the game, boy, ya gotta learn to play it right.

Chorus

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            D (2)                    G              D
You got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em,
 G                  D (2)                          A7
   Know when to walk away and know when to run.
           D (2)                              G          D
You never count your money when you're sittin' at the table.
            G                    D        A7                      D
There'll be time enough for countin'          when the dealin's done.
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D (2)                                G            D
    Ev'ry gambler knows that the secret to survivin'
    D (3)                                                    A7
is knowin' what to throw away and knowing what to keep.
         D (2)                          G              D
'Cause ev'ry hand's a winner and ev'ry hand's a loser,
          G                    D              A7          D
and the best that you can hope for is to die in your sleep.
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       D (2)                                G                          D
And when he'd finished speakin', he turned back towards the window,
D (3)                                          A7
    crushed out his cigarette and faded off to sleep.
       D (hold, 2)                        G (hold)            D (hold)
And somewhere in the darkness the gambler, he broke even.
      G (hold)   D (hold)            A7 (hold)         D (hold)
But in his final words I found an ace that I could keep.
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Chorus 3x