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The Gambler – Kenny Rogers

Tempo: NA

Strumming Pattern: DD, DUDU

Note: I ACCIDENTALLY left the last verse out. I'm sorry about that. I chorded it out
for you though.

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

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

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

CHORUS:

        (E)                     A           E
You got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em,
A        E          A          B
know when to walk away and know when to run.
         E                         A           E
You never count your money when you're sittin' at the table.
              A        E      B              E
There'll be time enough for countin' when the dealin's done.

(KEY CHANGE!)

F                           Bb              F
Ev'ry gambler knows that the secret to survivin'
   Bb          F        Bb                C
is knowin' what to throw away and knowing what to keep.
      F                      Bb          F
'Cause ev'ry hand's a winner and ev'ry hand's a loser,
      Bb              F           C         F
and the best that you can hope for is to die in your sleep."

CHORUS:
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         (F)                            Bb              F
You got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em,
Bb            F              Bb            C
know when to walk away and know when to run.
               F                    Bb              F
You never count your money when you're sittin' at the table.
            Bb           F      C              F
There'll be time enough for countin' when the dealin's done.

(omitted verse SHOULD go here)
            Bb           F      C               F
There'll be time enough for countin' when the dealin's done.


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**Omitted Verse:**
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    F   Bb   F
And when he'd finished speakin', he turned back towards the window,
   Bb   F   Bb   C
crushed out his cigarette and faded off to sleep.
      F   Bb   F
And somewhere in the darkness the gambler, he broke even.
    Bb   F   C   F
But in his final words I found an ace that I could keep

(then you can just play the chorus to end – we never change to the original key)
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