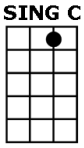
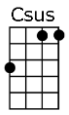
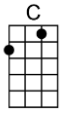


THE GAMBLER(BAR)-Don Schlitz

4/4 1…2…123 (without intro)

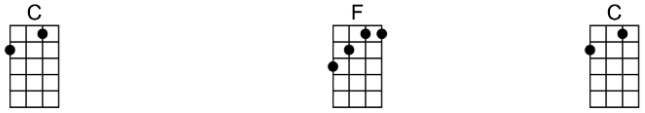
Intro:  **|**  **| (X2)**

On a warm summer's evenin', on a train bound for nowhere
He said, "Son, I've made a life out of readin' people's faces
So, I handed him my bottle, and he drank down my last swallow

I met up with a gambler, we were both too tired to sleep
And knowin' what their cards were, by the way they held their eyes
Then he bummed a cigarette, and asked me for a light

So we took turns a-starin' out the window, at the darkness
So if you don't mind my sayin', I can see you're out of aces
And the night got deathly quiet, and his face lost all ex-pression

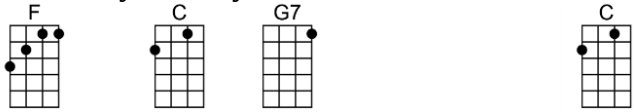
'Til boredom over - took us, and he began to speak (2nd verse)
For a taste of your whiskey, I'll give you some ad-vice." (3rd verse)
Said, "If you're gonna play the game, boy, you gotta learn to play it right."



You got to know when to hold 'em, know when to fold 'em

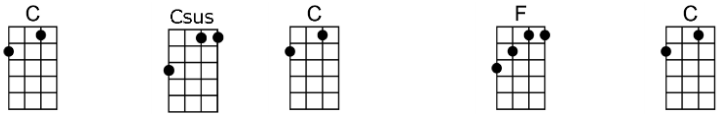
Know when to walk away, and know when to run

You never count your money, when you're sittin' at the table



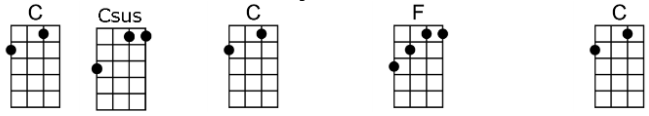
There'll be time e-nough for countin', when the dealin's done

p.2. The Gambler

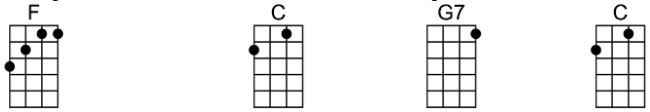


Every gambler knows that the secret to sur-vivin'

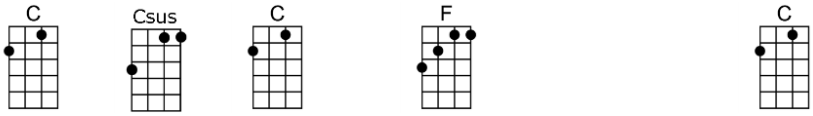
Is knowin' what to throw away, and knowin' what to keep



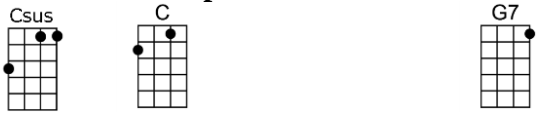
'Cause every hand's a winner, and every hand's a loser



And the best that you can hope for is to die in your sleep



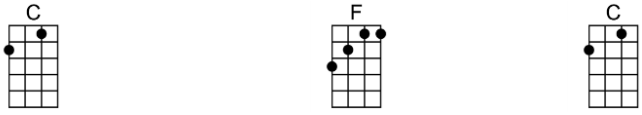
And when he finished speakin', he turned back toward the window



Crushed out his cigarette, and faded off to sleep

And somewhere in the darkness, the gambler, he broke even

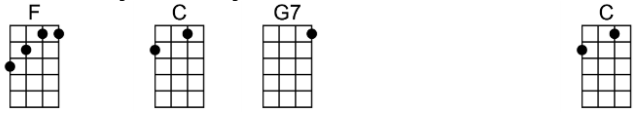
But in his final words, I found an ace that I could keep



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 e-nough for countin', when the dealin's done (repeat refrain X2)

THE GAMBLER-Don Schlitz

4/4 1…2…123 (without intro)

Intro: | Csus | C | (X2)

C Csus C F C
On a warm summer's evenin', on a train bound for nowhere

Csus C G7
I met up with a gambler, we were both too tired to sleep

C Csus C F C
So we took turns a-starin' out the window, at the darkness

F C G7 C
'Til boredom over-took us, and he began to speak

C Csus C F C
He said, "Son, I've made a life out of readin' people's faces

Csus C G7
And knowin' what their cards were, by the way they held their eyes

C Csus C F C
So if you don't mind my sayin', I can see you're out of aces

F C G7 C
For a taste of your whiskey, I'll give you some ad-vice."

C Csus C F C
So I handed him my bottle, and he drank down my last swallow

Csus C G7
Then he bummed a cigarette, and asked me for a light

C Csus C F C
And the night got deathly quiet, and his face lost all ex-pression

F C G7 C
Said, "If you're gonna play the game, boy, you gotta learn to play it right."

```
                C                          F                  C
You got to know when to hold 'em,      know when to fold 'em

F                    C                                G7
   Know when to walk away, and know when to run

                C     F     C                    F            C
You never count your money, when you're sittin' at the table

                        F           C       G7                      C
There'll be time e-nough for countin',      when the dealin's done


C          Csus       C                F            C
   Every gambler knows that the secret to sur-vivin'

            Csus       C                                G7
Is knowin' what to throw away, and knowin' what to keep

          C    Csus         C           F                C
'Cause every hand's a winner, and every hand's a loser

          F                    C            G7           C
And the best that you can hope for is to die in your sleep


       C        Csus      C             F                          C
And when he finished speakin', he turned back toward the window

         Csus        C                          G7
Crushed out his cigarette, and faded off to sleep

        C       Csus       C              F                  C
And somewhere in the darkness, the gambler, he broke even

     F              C                  G7                 C
But in his final words, I found an ace that I could keep


                C                          F                  C
You got to know when to hold 'em,      know when to fold 'em

F                    C                                G7
   Know when to walk away, and know when to run

                C     F     C                    F            C
You never count your money, when you're sittin' at the table

                        F           C       G7                      C
There'll be time e-nough for countin',      when the dealin's done  (repeat refrain  X2)
```