

## "The Gambler"

On a warm summer's evening  
On a train bound for nowhere  
I met up with a gambler  
We were both too tired to sleep  
So we took turns a-starin'  
Out the window at the darkness  
The boredom overtook us  
And he began to speak

He said, "Son, I've made a life  
Out of readin' people's faces  
And knowin' what the 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 done.

Every gambler knows  
That the secret to survivin'  
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  
And in his final words  
I found an ace that I could keep

