



## The Gambler

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  
speak

He 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  
And 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, ya  
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  
dealin'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  
But in his final words, I found an ace that I  
could keep

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