

[Verse]

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**.

[Verse 2]

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**."

[Verse 3]

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."

[Chorus]

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**.

**G**

**D**

**A7**

**D**

There'll be **time** enough for **countin'** when the dealin's **done.**