The Gambler

Don Schulitz
Arr. by Shelia Lee

On a warm summer's evening on a
"Son/I've made a life out of

train bound for nowhere, I met up with the
read/in' people's faces and know/in' what their
gambler, we were both too tired to sleep. So we took turns a
cards were by the way they held their eyes. And/if you don't mind my

star - in', out the window at the darkness 'til/a
say - in'. I can see you're out of aces. for/a

boredom over took us and he began to speak. He said, taste of your

whiskey. I'll give you some advice." So I handed him my

bot- tle and he drank down my last swallow. Then he bummed a cig-a-rette and
The Gambler

"Ev'ry gambler knows that the secret to surviv'ing is knowin' what to throw away and knowin' what to keep. 'Cause ev'ry hand's a win-ner and ev'ry hand's a los-er and the best that you can hop for is to die in your sleep."

And when he'd finished speak'in', he turned back toward the win-dow, crushed out his cig-a rette and fad-ed off to sleep. And some-where in the dark-ness the gam-bler he broke e-ven

But in his fi-nal words, I found an ace that I could keep.

Chorus
Chorus