

THE GAMBLER

(by Don Schlitz, 1976)

Intro: C C C C

On a warm summer's evening, 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
The boredom over-took us, he began to speak

He said, "Son, I've made a life Out of readin' people's faces
Knowin' what the cards were By the way they held their eyes
So if you don't mind me sayin' I can see you're out of aces
For a taste of your whiskey I'll give you some ad-vice"

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

CHORUS:

<--NO CHORDS--> You've got to know when to hold 'em Know when to fold 'em
Know when to walk away, 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 sur-vivin'
Is knowin' what to throw away And knowin' what to keep

C C F C
 'Cause every hand's a winner And every hand's a loser
 F C G7 C C
 And the best that you can hope for Is to die in your sleep"

C↓ (single strum) F↓(single strum) C↓(single strum)
 And when he finished speakin' He turned back toward the window
 F↓(single strum) C↓(single strum) ,,C↓(single strum) G7↓(single strum)
 Crushed out his cigarette And faded off to sleep
 C↓(single strum) F↓(single strum) C↓(single strum)
 And somewhere in the darkness The gambler he broke even
 F↓(single strum) C↓(single strum) G7↓(single strum) C↓(single strum)
 And in his final words I found an ace that I could keep

CHORUS.

AMAZING GRACE *(John Newton, 1779)*

(3 beats to the bar)

C C C C
 C C F C
 Amazing Grace, how sweet the sound,
 C C G7 G7
 That saved a wretch like me,
 C C F C
 I once was lost but now am found,
 C G7 C C
 Was blind, but now, I see.
 C C F C
 T'was Grace that taught... my heart to fear.
 C C G7 G7
 And Grace, my fears re-lieved.
 C C F C
 How precious did that Grace a-pppear...
 C G7 F F G7 C (4 slow single strums)
 the hour I first be-lieved.

