Gambler  
key: G, artist: Kenny Rogers, writer: Don Schlitz

https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=oe3bXVNZOfc

On a [G] warm summer's evenin' on a [C] train bound for [G] nowhere,  
I met up with the gambler; we were both too tired to [D7] sleep.  
So [G] we took turns a starin' out the [C] window at the [G] darkness  

He said, [G] "Son, I've made a life out of [C] readin' people's [G] faces,  
and knowin' what their cards were by the way they held their [D7] eyes.  
And if [G] you don't mind my sayin', I can [C] see you're out of [G] aces.  

So I [G] handed him my bottle  
and he [C] drank down my last [G] swallow.  
Then he bummed a cigarette and asked me for a [D7] light.  
And the [G] night got deathly quiet,  
and his [C] face lost all ex[G]pression.  
Said, "If you're [C] gonna play the [G] game, boy,  

You got to [G] know when to hold 'em, [C] know when to [G] fold 'em,  

[G] Ev'ry gambler knows that the [C] secret to surviv[G]ivin'  
is knowin' what to throw away and knowing what to [D7] keep.  
'Cause [G] ev'ry hand's a winner and [C] ev'ry hand's a [G] loser,  

And [G] when he'd finished speakin', he [C] turned back towards the [G] window  
crushed out his cigarette and faded off to [D7] sleep.  

You got to [G] know when to hold 'em, [C] know when to [G] fold 'em,  