

Bobby Bare, Gambler

On the warm summer's eve on a train bound for nowhere
I met up with a gambler we were both too tired to sleep
So we took turns starin' out window at the darkness
Till boredom overtook us and he commenced to speak
He said son I made a life out of readin' people's faces
And knowin' what the 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
And for a taste of your whiskey I would give you some advice
So I handed him my bottle and he drank down my last swallow
Then he'd bummed a cigarette and asked me for a light
And the night got deathly quiet and his face lost all expression
He said if you gonna play the game boy you gotta learn to play it right
you gotta know when to hold up know when to fold up
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
[guitar]
He said every gambler knows that the secret to survival
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 you can hope for is to die in your sleep
When he finished speaking he turned back to the window
Crushed out his cigarette and faded off to sleep
Somewhere in the darkness the gambler he broke even
In his final words I found an ace that I could keep
You gotta know when to hold...
You gotta know when to hold...
There'll be time enough for countin' when the dealin's done