

Hank Thompson, Roving Gambler

I am a roving gambler I've gambled all around
Whenever I meet with the deck of cards I lay my money down
I lay my money down I lay my money down

I had not been in Dallas many more weeks than three
Till I fell in love with a pretty little girl she fell in love with me
Fell in love with me fell in love with me

She took me in her parlor she cooled me with her fan
And she whispered low in mother's ear I love this gambling man
I love this gambling man I love this gambling man

Oh daughter oh dear daughter how could you treat me so
And leave your dear old mother and with the gambler go
Qith the gambler go with the gambler go

Oh mother oh dear mother you know I love you well
But the love I have for the gambling man no human tongue can tell
No human tongue can tell no human tongue can tell

[guitar]

I've left that gal in Dallas I wound up in Maine
I'ce met up with a gambling man we got in a poker game
Got in a poker game got in a poker game

He put his money in the pot and dealt the cards around
I saw him get a jack on the bottom of the pack so I shot tham gambler down
Shot tham gambler down shot tham gambler down

Well now I'm down in prison I got a number for my name
The warden said as he locked the door you gambled your last game
Gambled your last game gambled your last game
Gambled your last game gambled your last game