

Buck Owens, Roving Gambler

I am a roving gambler
I've gambled all around
Whenever I need my deck of cards
I lay my money down.
I lay my money down.
I lay my money down.

I had not been in Vegas
Any more days than three
When I fell in love with a pretty little girl
And she fell in love with me.
She fell in love with me.
She fell in love with me.

She took me in her parlor
Cooled me with her fan
Whispered low in mother's ear
I love that gambling man.
I love that gambling man.
Love that gambling man.

Now daughter, oh dear daughter
How come you treat me so
Would you leave your dear old mother
With that gambler go.
With that gambler go.
With that gambler go.

Well, now mama, oh dear mama
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.

Well, I've gambled down in Bakersfield
Gambled up in Maine
Now I came into Las Vegas
To gamble my last game.
Gamble my last game.
Gamble my last game.

Gamble my last game.
Gamble my last game...