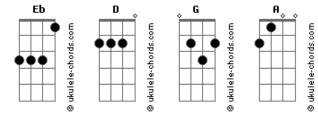
Kenny Rogers - The Gambler

Tom: Eb

(com acordes na forma de D) Capostraste na lª casa Intro: D G D G D On a warm summer's evenin' G D on a train bound for nowhere G D I met up with the gambler G we were both too tired to sleep D So we took turns a starin' D G out the window at the darkness G D 'til boredom overtook us A D and he began to speak D He said, "Son, I've made my life G D out of readin' people's faces G D and knowin' what their cards were G by the way they held their eyes D And if you don't mind my sayin' G I can see you're out of aces G D For a taste of your whiskey Δ D I'll give you some advice" D So I handed him my bottle п G and he drank down my last swallow Then he bummed a cigarette G A and asked me for a light D And the night got deathly quiet, G D and his face lost all expression D G Said, "If you're gonna play the game, boy

Acordes



ya gotta learn to play it right D You got to know when to hold 'em G D know when to fold 'em G D know when to walk away G and know when to run D You never count your money G D when you're sittin' at the table G D There'll be time enough for countin' D when the dealin's done Every gambler knows D G that the secret to survivin' G D is knowin' what to throw away G A and knowing what to keep D 'Cause every hand's a winner G D and every hand's a loser D and the best that you can hope for Α D is to die in your sleep" D And when he'd finished speakin' G he turned back towards the window D G crushed out his cigarette and faded off to sleep D And somewhere in the darkness G D the gambler, he broke even G D But in his final words I found Α D an ace that I could keep