

## House Of The Rising Sun

There is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun  
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy  
And God I know I'm one

My mother was a tailor  
She sewed my new bluejeans  
My father was a gamblin' man  
Down in New Orleans

Now the only thing a gambler needs  
Is a suitcase and a trunk  
And the only time he's satisfied  
Is when, he's all, a drunk

Oh mother, tell your children  
Not to do what I have done  
Spend your lives in sin and misery  
In the House of the Rising Sun

Well, I got one foot on the platform  
The other foot on the train  
I'm goin' back to New Orleans  
To wear that ball and chain

Well, there is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun  
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy  
And God I know I'm one