

## The 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 blue jeans.  
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 that he's satisfied  
Is when he's on a drunk.

Oh mother tell your children  
Not to do what I have done  
To spend your life in sin and misery  
In the House of the Rising Sun.

With one foot on the platform  
And the other foot on the train  
I'm going back to New Orleans  
To wear that ball and chain.

There is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun  
And it's been the ruin of many young poor boys.  
And god, I know I'm one.

