



The House of the Rising Sun

244

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 trunk
And the only time he's satisfied,
Is when he's on a drunk

----- Organ Solo -----

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