

The House Of Rising Sun

trad.

There is a house in New Orl - leans They call "The Ris - ing Sun"

It's been the ruin of ma-ny poor boy And me, oh Lord, I'm one

My mother was a tailor
She sew my new blue jeans
My father was a gambling man
Down in New Orleans.

And the only thing a gambler needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk
And the only time his satisfied
Is when he's on a drunk.

Oh, mother tell your children
Not to do what I have done
Spend your life sincere in misery
In the house of the Rising Sun

One foot on the platform
The other foot's on the train
I'm going back to New Orleans
To wear the ball and chain.