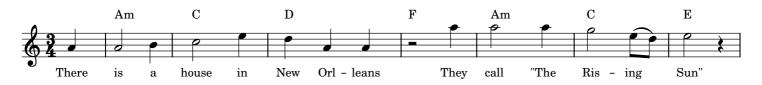
The House Of Rising Sun

trad.





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.