

House of the Rising Sun

Traditional

1. **There is a house in New Orleans,
They call the Rising Sun,
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy,
And G-d I know I'm one.**

2. **My mother was a tailor,
Sewed my new blue jeans,
My father was a gamblin' man,
Down in New Orleans.**

3. **Now the only thing a gambler needs,
Is a suitcase and trunk,
And the only time he's ever satisfied,
Is when he's on a drunk.**

4. **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.**

5. **Well, I've 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.**

repeat verse 1.