

House Of The Rising Sun

There is a house way down 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

Mother was a tailor, yeah, yeah
Sewed my Levi jeans
My father was a gamblin' man, yeah, yeah
Down, way down in New Orleans

Now the only thing a gamblin' man ever needs
Is a suitcase, Lord, and a trunk
And the only time a fool like him is satisfied
Is when he's all stone cold drunk

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