

House of the rising sun

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 blue jeans
My father was a gambling man
Down in New Orleans

Now the only thing a gambler needs is a suitcase and a trunk
And the only time he is satisfied
Is when he's on a 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

I got one foot on the platform, the other on the train
And I'm going back to New Orleans
To wear that ball and chain

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