

House of the rising sun

Am C D F  
There is a house in New Orleans,  
Am C E7  
They call the "Rising Sun",  
Am C D F  
And It's been the ruin of many a poor boy  
Am E Am E7  
And God, I know, I'm one.

My mother was a tailor  
She sewed my new blue jeans  
My father was a gamblin' man  
Down in New Orleans

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

*[Solo]*

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

Well, 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