

The House of the Rising Sun

Jacquie Lee

There is a house in New Orleans
They call the rising sun
And it's been a ruin of many a poor boy And God I know I'm one
My mother was a tailor
She sewed my new blue jeans
And my daddy was a gambling man Way down in New Orleans
Hey now the only thing a gambler needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk
And the only time he's satisfied
Is when he's on a drunk
Oh mother oh mother oh mother
Tell your children
Not to do what I have done
Spend your life in sin and misery In the house of the rising sun
Well I've got one foot on the platform
And the other on the train
Yeah I'm going 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 a ruin of many a poor boy
And God I know I'm one

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