

# 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

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>