

The 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 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

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

Dm	F	G	Bb	Dm	F	A	(A7)
Dm	F	G	Bb	Dm	A	Dm	A

