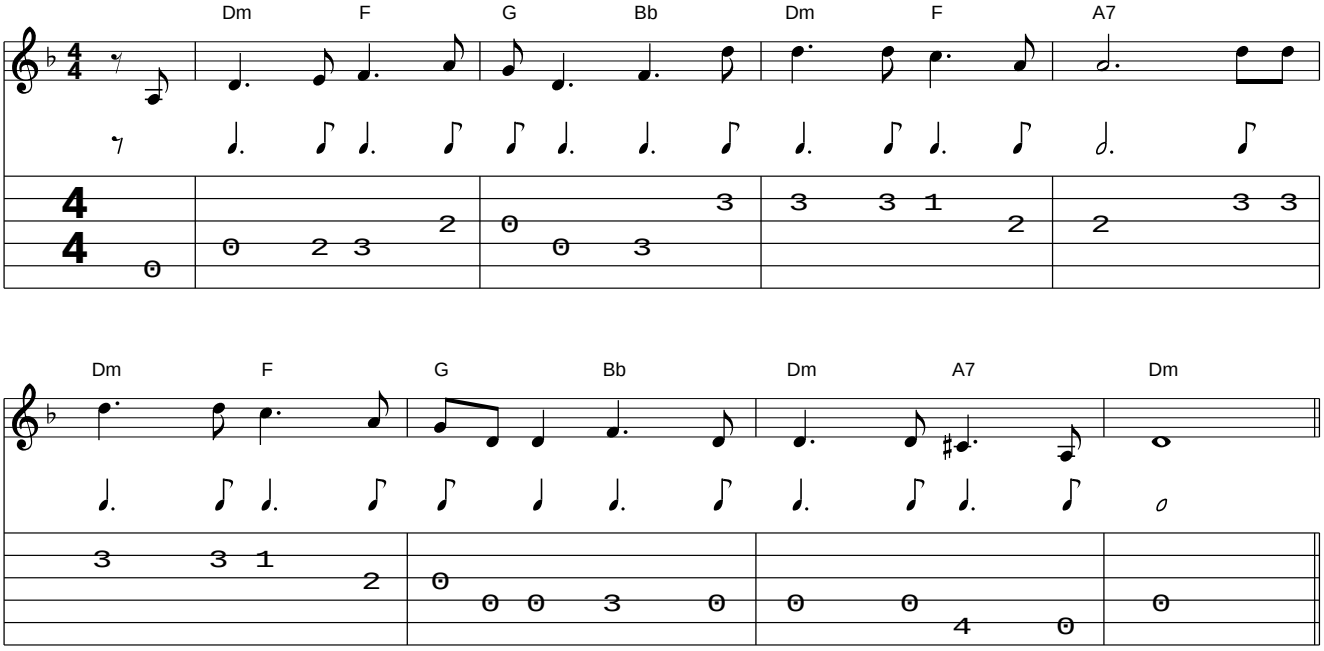House of the Rising Sun

www.traditionalmusic.co.uk .



There is a house in New Orleans,
they call The Rising Sun.
And it's been the ruin of many a poor girl,
And me, oh God, was one.

If I had listened to what mama said
I'd be at home today,
but being so young and foolish a poor girl
let a gambler lead me astray

My mother is a tailor,
She sews those new blue jeans,
my sweet heart is a drunkard, Lord
down in New Orleans.

The only thing a drunkard needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk,
And the only time he's satisfied
Is when he's on a drunk.

He'll fill his glasses to the brim,
he passes them around,
and the only pleasure he gets out of life
is bumming from town to town.

Go tell my baby sister,
never do like i haave done
to shun tat house in Nes Orleans
they call The Rising Sun.

It’s one foot on the platform,
and the other one on the train.
I’m going back to New Orleans
To wear that ball and chain.

I’m going back to New Orleans
my race is almost run.
I’m going back to spend my life
beneath The Rising Sun.