

# House of The Rising Sun

Bob Dylan

There is a house in New Orleans  
they call the Risin' Sun  
and it's been a ruin of many poor girls  
and she's alone she's one.

My mother she was a tailor  
she sewed the new blue jeans  
her husband was a gamblin' man  
drift out in New Orleans.

Her husband was a gambler  
he coursed from town to town  
his only time beein' satisfied  
when he was drinkin' Black and White.

Oh tell you baby-sitter  
never do like she have done  
shone like house in New Orleans  
they call the Risin' Sun.

One feet on the platform  
and other on the train  
she's goin' down to New Orleans  
to wear that ball and chain.

Goin' back goin' back to New Orleans  
goin' back where she have done  
she goes to spend the rest of the love  
beneath the Risin' Sun.

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and it's been a ruin of many poor girls  
and she's alone she's one.