

# House of the Rising Sun

Peter, Paul and Mary

There is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun  
It's been the ruin of many poor girls  
And me, oh God, am one

If you had listened to what your momma said  
You'd be at home today  
But I was young and foolish, oh Lord  
You let a gambler lead you astray

Go tell my baby sister  
Don't do as I have done  
But shun that house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun

I'm going back to New Orleans  
Your race is almost run  
I'm going back to lay my head  
Beneath that rising sun

There is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun  
It's been the ruin of many poor girls  
And me, I'm one, oh God  
And me, oh God, am one

You poor girl, you are one