

House Of The Rising Sun

Shawn Mullins

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

My mother was a tailor She sewed these new blue jeans
My sweetheart was a gambler, Lord, way down in New Orleans
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

He filled his glasses up to the brim and he passed the cards around
And the only pleasure he gets out of life is ramblin' from town to town

Go and tell my baby sister, not to do what I have done
Go and shun that house down in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun

Now it's one foot on the platform and the other foot on the train
Now I'm goin' back to New Orleans to wear that ball and chain
Now I'm going back to New Orleans my race is almost run
I'm goin' back to spend my life beneath the Rising Sun

There is a house down in New Orleans they call the Rising Sun
It's been the ruin of many a poor girl and me, oh God, I'm one