

# House Of The Rising Sun

Brand New Sin

There is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun  
And it's been the ruin of many 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