

House Of The Rising Sun

Claude King

There is a house in New Orleans they call the Rising Sun
And it's been the ruin of many poor boys and Lord I know I'm on
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My mother she was a taylor she sowed my new blue jeans
My father he was a gambler way down in New Orleans
The only thing a gambler needs is a suitcase and a trunk
And the only time he'll be satisfied is when he's all a drunk
There is a house in New Orleans

Poor mother go tell all your children not to do what I have don
e
Spend your life in sin and misery in a house of the Rising Sun
Well I got one foot on the black farm the other foot on a train
I'm goin' back to New Orleans wear that ball and chain
There is a house in New Orleans
Yes Lord I know I'm on