

# House Of The Rising Sun

Eric Burdon

There is a house down in New Orleans  
They call the Risin' Sun  
And it's been the ruin of many a poor girl  
And me, oh god, Im a one

My mother was a tailor  
She sewed these new blue jeans  
My sweetheart was a gambler, Lord  
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 fills his glasses up to the brim  
And hell pass the cards around  
And the only pleasure he gets out of life  
Is ramblin from town to town

Oh tell my baby sister  
Not to do what I have done  
But shun that house in New Orleans  
They call the Risin' Sun

Well, it's one foot on the platform  
And the other foot on the train  
Im goin back to New Orleans  
To wear that ball and chain

Im a goin back to New Orleans  
My race is almost run  
Im goin back to end my life  
Down in the Risin' Sun

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They call the Risin' Sun  
Its been the ruin of many poor girl  
And me, oh god, Im a one