

# House Of The Rising Sun

Haley Reinhart

There is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun  
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy  
And God I know I'm one

My mother was a tailor  
Sewed my new blue jeans  
My father was gamblin' man  
Down in New Orleans

Now 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

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've got one foot on the platform  
The other foot on the train  
I'm going back to New Orleans  
To wear that ball and chain

Well there is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun  
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy  
And God I know I'm one