

House of the Rising Sun

Joan Baez

There is a house in New Orleans
They call the rising sun
And it's been the ruin for many a poor girl
And me, oh God, oh, one

If I had listened to what my mother said
I'd have been at home today
But I was young and foolish, oh, God,
Let a rambler lead me astray

Go, tell my baby sister
Don't do what I have done
But shun that house in New Orleans
They call the risin' sun

I'm going back to New Orleans
My race is almost run
I'm going back to spend my life
Beneath the risin' sun