

# House Of The Rising Sun

Kalan Porter

There is a house in New Orleans.  
They call the Rising Sun.  
And it's been the ruin of many young poor boys  
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 a trunk  
And the only time that he's satisfied  
Is when he's all drunk.

Oh mother tell your children  
Not to do what I have done  
To spend their life in sin and misery  
In the house of the Rising Sun.

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

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And god I know I'm one.