

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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