

House Of The Rising Sun

Miriam Makeba

There is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun
And it's been the ruin of many a poor girl,
And me, oh Lord is 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 gambler lead me astray

My mother is a taylor
She sews those new blue jeans
My sweetheart is a drunkard, Lord
Down in New Orleans

The only thing a drunkard needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk
The only time he's satisfied
Is when he's on a drunk

He'll fill his glasses to the brim
He passes them around
And the only pleasure he gets out of life
Is bumming from town to town

Go tell my baby sister,
Never do what I have done
To shun that house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun

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

I'm goin' back to New Orleans
My race is almost run
I'm goin' back to spend my life
Beneath that Rising Sun