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