

# House of the Rising Sun

Nina Simone

There is a house in New Orleans  
Call it the Rising Sun  
And it's been the ruin  
Of many a poor girl  
And me, oh Lord, I'm one

If I'd listened what my mama said  
Be at home today  
Bein' so young  
And foolish, my Lord  
Let a gambler lead me astray

My mother was a tailor  
Sews new blue jeans  
My sweetheart's is a drunkard, Lord  
Drinks down in New Orleans

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

Goin' back to New Orleans  
Race is almost run  
Goin' back to spend my life  
Beneath, beneath, beneath, oh Lord  
Beneath, oh now  
Beneath the rising, rising sun  
Now, now

You come on bye