

The House of the Rising Sun

Nina Simone

There is a house in New Orleans
They call it the Rising Sun
And it's been the ruin of many a poor girl
And me, oh God, I'm one

If I had only listened of what my mama said
I'd be at home today
But bein' so young and foolish, my Lord
Let a gambler lead me astray

Now, my mother is a tailor
She sews those new blue jeans
And my sweetheart is a drunkard, Lord
Drinks down in New Orleans

Now the only thing a drunken man needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk
And the only time he's satisfied
Lord, is when he's on the drunk

Somebody go get my baby sister
Tell her to do, not to do what I have done
But shun that house in New Orleans
They call it the Rising Sun

Well, I'm goin' back to New Orleans
My race is almost run
Yes, I'm goin' back to spend my life
Beneath, beneath, the rising sun

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