

# 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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