

House of the Rising Sun

Peter, Paul and Mary

There is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun
It's been the ruin of many poor girls
And me, oh God, am one

If you had listened to what your momma said
You'd be at home today
But I was young and foolish, oh Lord
You let a gambler lead you astray

Go tell my baby sister
Don't do as I have done
But shun that house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun

I'm going back to New Orleans
Your race is almost run
I'm going back to lay my head
Beneath that rising sun

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

You poor girl, you are one