

Rising Sun

Roy Acuff

There is a house in New Orleans, they call the Rising Sun
It's been the ruin of many poor boy and me, oh, Lord poor one
Go to tell my youngest brother, not to do as I have done
Who shunned that house in New Orleans, they call the Rising Sun
Go, fill the glasses to the brim and let the drinks go marry ro
und
We'll drink to the half of a rounder, poor boy who goes from to
wn to town
The only thing a rounder needs is a suitcase and a trunk
The only time he is satisfied is when he's on a drunk
So shun that house in New Orleans, they call the Rising Sun
It's been the ruin of many poor boy and me, oh, Lord poor one