

House Of the Rising Sun

táborové písně

1. There is a house in New Orleans
they call the Rising Sun
and it's been a ruin of many a poor boy
and God I know I'm one.
2. My mother was a tailor
sewed my new blue jeans
my father was a gamblin' man
down in New Orleans.
3. Now the only thing a gambler needs
is suitcase and trunk
and the only time he's satisfied
is when he's on, a drunk.
4. Oh mother tell your children
not to do what I have done
spend yor lives in sin and misery
in the House of the Rising Sun.
5. Well, I've got one foot on the platform
the other foot on the train
I'm going back to New Orleans
to wear that ball and chain.
- 6.=1.