

House of the Rising Sun

Walls of Jericho

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

My mother was a tailor,
She sewed my new bluejeans,
My father was a gamblin man,
Down in New Orleans.

Now the only thing a gambler needs,
Is a suitcase and trunk,
And the only time he's satisfied,
Is when he's on a drunk.

Oh mother tell your children,
Not to do what I have done:
To spend your lifes in sin and misery,
In the house of the Rising Sun.

Well i 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.

Well, there is a house in New Orleans,
They call the Rising Sun,
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy,
And god I know I'm one