

House of the Rising Sun

Unknown

Dm F G Bb Dm F A A
There is a house in New Orleans they call the Rising Sun

Dm F G Bb Dm A Dm A
It's been the ruin of many a poor soul and Lord, I know, I'm one

Dm F G Bb Dm F A A
If I had listened to what my mama said, I'd a been at home today

Dm F G Bb Dm A Dm A
Being so young and foolish, poor boy, let a rambler lead me astray

Dm F G Bb Dm F A A
My mother was a tailor, she sewed my new blue jeans

Dm F G Bb Dm A Dm A
My father was a gamblin' man, way down in New Orleans

Dm F G Bb Dm F A A
The only thing a gambler needs is a suitcase and a trunk

Dm F G Bb Dm A Dm A
And the only time that he's satisfied is when he's on a drunk

Dm F G Bb Dm F A A
Oh mothers tell your children not to do what I have done

Dm F G Bb Dm A Dm A
But to shun that house in New Orleans they call the Rising Sun

Dm F G Bb Dm F A A
I've got one foot on the platform and the other on the train

Dm F G Bb Dm A Dm A
I'm going back to New Orleans to wear that ball and chain

Dm F G Bb Dm F A A
I'm going back to New Orleans, my race is almost run

Dm F G Bb Dm A Dm A
I'm going back to spend the rest of my life beneath that Rising Sun

<Repeat 1st verse>

