

The House of the Rising Sun

Am C D F Am E7 Am E7

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 blue jeans

My father was a gamblin' man

Down in New Orleans

Now the only thing a gambler needs

Is a suitcase and a trunk

And the only time that he's satisfied

Is when he's on a run

Oh mother tell your children

Not to do what I have done

Spend your lives 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 goin' 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

