

House Of The Rising Sun

There is a house in New Orleans,
They call the rising sun.
It's been the ruin for many a poor girl, and me, oh Lord, I'm one.
My mother was a taylor, she sewed our new blue jeans,
My father was a gambling man, down in New Orleans.
If I had listened to what my mother said,
I'd have been at home today,
But I was young and foolish, oh, God, let a rambler lead me astray.
Oh Mothers, tell your children not to do what I have done,
To spend their lives in sin and misery
In the house of the rising sun.
I'm going back to New Orleans, my race is almost run,
I'm going back to spend my life beneath the rising sun.