

House of the Rising Sun-crd
Traditional
lyrics as sung by Woody Guthrie

There (Am)is a (C)house in (D)New Or(F)leans
They (Am)call the (C)Rising (E)Sun (E7)
Its (Am)been the (C)ruin of (D)many a poor (F)soul
And (Am)me, oh (E7)God, Im (Am)one (E7)

If I had listened what moma said:
Be at home today
Bein so young an foolish, poor girl
Let a gambler lead me astray

My mother, shes a tailor
Sows those new blue jeans
My sweetheart, hes a drunkard Lord
He drinks down in New Orleans

He fills his glasses to the brim
Passes them around
The only pleasure that he gits out of live
Is a hoboing from town to town

The only thing a drunkard needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk
The only time hes half satisfied
Is when hes on a drunk

Go and tell my baby sister
Never do like I have done
Shun that house down in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun

Got one foot on the platform
The others on the train
Im a-going back down to New Orleans
To wear my ball and chain

My life is almost over
My race is almost run
Goin back down to New Orleans
To that house of the Rising Sun