

House Of The Rising Sun traditional

Am C D Fma7 Am E7 Am E7

Am C D Fma7
There is a house in New Orleans

Am C E E7
They call the Rising Sun

Am C D Fma7
And it's been the ruin of many a poor girl

Am E7 Am C D Fma7 Am E7 Am E7
And God, I know, I'm one

My mother, she's a tailor
She sews them new blue jeans
My daddy, he's a gamblin' man
Down in New Orleans

If I had listened to my mama
I'd be at home today
But I was young and foolish, oh Lord
Let a gambler take me astray

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

Gonna tell my baby sister
Not to do like I have done
But to shun that house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun

I'm going back to New Orleans,
My race is almost run
I'm going back to spend my days
Beneath the Rising Sun.

With one foot on the platform
An the other on the train
I'm going back to New Orleans
To wear the ball and chain

Oh, mother, tell your children
Not to do what I have done
Don't spend your life in mis'ry and sin
In the House of Rising Sun

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

