

House of the Rising Sun, by The Animals

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 drunk.

Oh, mother, tell your children not to do what I have done.

Don't spend your lives in sin and misery

In the house of the risin' sun.

Well, I've 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 Risin' Sun,

And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy,

And God, I know I'm one.