

# House Of The Rising Sun

Adolescents

There is a house down in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun,  
It's been the ruin of many a poor girl,  
And me, oh god I'm one.

My mother was a tailor.  
She sewed those new blue jeans.  
My father was a gamblin' man.  
Down in New Orleans.

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

He fills his glasses up to the brim,  
And push those cards around.  
The only pleasure he gets out of life  
Is rambling from town to town.

Now tell my baby sister,  
Not to do what I have done.  
But shun that house in New Orleans,  
They call the Rising Sun.

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

I'm going back to New Orleans  
The aged-old soul have run  
I'm going back to end my life,  
Down in the Rising Sun.

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