Risin' Sun Blues

Doc Watson

There is a house down in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun
And it's been the ruin of a many poor boy
And me, oh God, I'm one

Go tell my youngest brother for me
Not to do the things I've done
But to shun that house down in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun

Oh, well, the only thing that a rounder needs
Is a suitcase or a trunk
And the only time he's satisfied
Is when he's on a drunk

So fill up your glasses to the brim
Let the drinks flow merrily 'round
And we'll drink to the health of a rounder poor boy
Who goes from town to town

Now, boys, don't believe what a bad girl tells you
Though her eyes be blue or brown
Unless she's on some scaffold high
Sayin', "Boys, I can't come down"

They'll take me back down to New Orleans
To face the crimes I've done
And they'll tie me to a ball and chain
Until my race is run

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