

# House of the Rising Sun

James Durbin

Well, 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

Well my mother she was a tailor  
And she sewed my new blue jeans  
And my father he was a gamblin' man  
Living way down in New Orleans

Well the only thing every gambler needs  
Is a suitcase, suitcase and a trunk  
The only time ever see him satisfied  
It is when he's high on drunk

So mother, please tell all the children  
Not to do what I have done  
Please don't spend your lives in sin and misery  
Living in the House of the Rising Sun

I got one foot on the platform  
And I've got my other foot on the train  
Looks like I'm goin' back to New Orleans  
To sway that ball and chain

Well, there is a house in New Orleans  
They call it the Rising Sun  
It's been the ruin of so many a poor boy  
And God, well I know I'm one

Yes, there is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun