

House of the Rising Sun

Odetta

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

If I had listened like momma said
I would not be here today
But being so young and foolish, oh god
That a gambler lead me astray

My mother she is a tailor
She sewed those new blue jeans
My sweetheart, he's a drunker
Drinks down in New Orleans

Go tell my baby sister
Never do like I have done
To shun that house in New Orleans
That they call, the Rising Sun

One foot's on the platform
And the other's on the train
I'm going back to New Orleans
To wear that ball and chain

I'm going back to New Orleans
My race is almost run
I'm going back to spend my life
Beneath that Rising Sun

There is a house in New Orleans