The House of the Rising Sun

intro Ami C D F Ami E Ami E

AmiCDFThere is a house in New OrleansAmiCEThey call the Rising SunAmiCDFAnd it's been the ruin of many a poor boyAmiEAmiAnd God I know I'm one

AmiCDFMy mother was a tailorAmiCESewed my new blue jeansAmiCDFMy father was gamblin' manAmiEAmiDown in New Orleans

AmiCDFNow the only thing a gambler needsAmiCEIs a suitcase and a trunkAmiCDFAnd the only time he'll be satisfiedAmiEAmiIs when he's all a-drunk

guitar solo

Oh mother, tell your children Not to do what I have done Spend your lives in sin and misery In the house of the Rising Sun

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

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

The Animals