

# House of the Rising Sun

The Brothers Four

There is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun  
And it's been the ruin of many a poor girl,  
And me, oh Lord is one If I had listened to what my  
mother said  
I'd have been at home today,  
But I was young and foolish, Oh God  
Let a gambler lead me astray

My mother is a taylor  
She sews those new blue jeans  
My sweetheart is a drunkard, Lord  
Down in New Orleans

The only thing a drunkard needs  
Is a suitcase and a trunk  
The only time he's satisfied  
Is when he's on a drunk

He'll fill his glasses to the brim  
He passes them around  
And the only pleasure he gets out of life  
Is bumming from town to town Go tell my baby sister,  
Never do what I have done  
To shun that house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun

It's one foot on the platform  
And the other one on the train  
I'm going back to New Orleans  
To wear that ball and chain I'm goin' back to New  
Orleans  
My race is almost run  
I'm goin' back to spend my life  
Beneath that Rising Sun