

## House of the Rising Sun

### The Trashmen

There is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun  
And it's been the ruin of many poor boys  
By God I know I'm one  
Yes my mother, she was a tailor  
She sewed my new blue jeans  
And my father, he was a gamblin' man yes he was  
Down in New Orleans  
Now the only thing a gambler needs  
Is a suitcase and a trunk  
And the only thing that'll keep him satisfied  
Is when he's on a drunk

Oh mother, please tell your children  
Not to do what I have done  
Just your life in pain and misery  
In the House of the Rising Sun  
Well, I got one foot on the platform  
The other foot on the train  
I'm goin' back to New Orleans  
To wear my ball and chain  
Yes, there is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun  
And it's been the ruin of many poor boys  
By God I know I'm one