

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