

House of the Rising Sun

Tim Hardin

There is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy
Me, oh God, I'm one
And me, oh God, I'm one

Oh, tell my baby sister
Don't do what I have done
Tell her to show me how down in New Orleans
They call it the Rising Sun
They call it the Rising Sun

My daddy was a tailor
He sews on them new bluejeans
And my mama, she was a drunkard, Lord
Drinkin' down in New Orleans
Drinkin' down in New Orleans

I'm going back to New Orleans
My race is almost run
I don't want to spend the rest of my live long days
Beneath the rising of the Sun
Beneath the rising Sun

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And me, oh God, I'm one
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