

## House Of The Risin' Sun

Tim O'Brien

There is a house down in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun  
It's been the ruin of many a poor boy  
And God, I know I'm one

If I had listened to what my momma said  
I'd be back home today  
But I was young and foolish  
I let a gambler lead me astray

Now my mother, she's a tailor  
He sowed my new blue jeans  
My sweetheart is a drunkard, Lord God  
He drank down in New Orleans

Now the only thing a drunkard ever needs  
Is his suitcase and his trunk  
The only time he's ever satisfied  
Is when he's out all drunk

Well, he fills his glass

Up to the brown  
He passes in all around  
And the only pleasure he ever gets out alive  
Is ?? from town to town  
Go and tell my baby sister  
Not to do like I have done  
And spend her life in sin and misery  
In the house called the Rising Sun

I've got one foot on the platform  
Got the other on a train  
I'm going back down to New Orleans  
To wear that ol' ball and chain

Now my life is almost over  
I guess my race is nailed at once  
I'm-a going back to spend the rest of my days  
In the house called the Rising Sun