

The Real House of the Rising Sun

Waylon Jennings

There is a place down in New Orleans
That they call the Rising Sun
And it's been the ruin for many a poor girl
And my true love was one

She had filled her glass up to the brim
And there for all to see
She danced, she sang the whole night through
For other fools like me

Ah, well, I still remember
I was her only one
Now dreams of love lie buried
Down in the Rising Sun

With one foot on a platform
And the other foot on a train
I'm going back to New Orleans
To wear that ball and chain

Go tell her baby sister
Not to do the things she's done
But shun that house down in New Orleans
That they call the Rising Sun