

House of the Rising sun

Am C Dm F
There is a house in New Orleans
Am C E E7
They call the rising sun
Am C Dm F
It has been a ruin of many poor girl
Am E E7 Am
and me oh Good I'm one

2. My mother is a tailor,
She sews those new blue jeans,
My sweetheart is a drunkard Lord,
Drinks down in New Orleans.

3. Well, the only thing a drunkard needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk
And the only time he's satisfied
Is when he's on a drunk.

4. Hell fill his glasses to the brim
And he passes them around.
And the only pleasure that he gets out of life
Is a-ho-boing from town to town.

5. Go teil my baby sister
Never to do what I have done
But shun that house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun.

6. Well, it's one foot on the platform
And the other on the train,
I'm going back to New Orleans
To wear that ball and chain.

7. I'm going back to New Orleans
My time is almost done
I'm going there to spend my days
Beneath that Rising Sun.