

House of the Rising Sun

Brand New Sin

There is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun
And it's been the ruin of many poor boy
And God I know I'm oneMy mother was a tailor
She sewed my new blue jeans
My father was a gamblin' man
Down in New OrleansNow the only thing a gambler needs
Is a suitcase and trunk
And the only time he's satisfied
Is when he's on a drunkOh mother tell your children
Not to do what I have done
Spend your lives in sin and misery
In the House Of The Rising Sun

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