House Of The Risin' Sun

Bob Dylan

There is a house down in New Orleans
They call the Risin' Sun
And it's been the ruin of many a poor girl
And me, oh God, I'm a-one
My mother was a tailor
She sewed these new blue jeans
My sweetheart was a gambler, Lord
Down in New Orleans
Now the only thing a gambler needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk
And the only time he's satisfied
Is when he's on a drunk
He fills his glasses up to the brim
And hell pass the cards around
And the only pleasure he gets out of life
Is ramblin' from town to town

Oh tell my baby sister
Not to do what I have done
But shun that house in New Orleans
They call the Risin' Sun
Well, it's one foot on the platform
And the other foot on the train
I'm goin' back to New Orleans
To wear that ball and chain
I'm a-goin' back to New Orleans
My race is almost run
I'm goin' back to end my life
Down in the Risin' Sun
There is a house in New Orleans
They call the Risin' Sun
It's been the ruin of many poor girl
And me, oh God, I'm a-one

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