

# House of the Rising Sun

**Roxy Perry**

There is a house in New Orleans, baby  
And it's called the Rising Sun  
So it's been the ruin of many poor girls  
Oh, Lord, Lord, I know I'm one

My mother was a tailor  
She sewed my new bluejeans  
You know my father was just a gamblin' man  
Way down, down in New Orleans

And the only things a gambler needs  
Is a suitcase and a trunk  
And the only time you'll be satisfied  
Oh, is when, when he's all drunk

I got one foot on, on that platform  
And the other is on that train  
You know I'm going back, back to New Orleans, baby  
I got to wear, wear that ball and chain

So, mother, mother, mother, mother tell your children  
Don't you, don't you do what I have done  
You've got to spend your life away from that misery  
Of the house, house of the Rising Sun

There is a house in New Orleans  
And it's called the Rising Sun

Lyrics Submitted by TGMDev

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>