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 known 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

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