House Of The Rising Sun

Cyndee Peters

There is a house in New Orleans,
they call the rising sun.
It`s been the ruin for many a poor girl, and me, oh Lord, I`m one.
My mother was a taylor, she sewed our new blue jeans,
my father was a gambling man, down in New Orleans.
If I had listened to what my mother said,
I`d have been at home today,
but I was young and foolish, oh, God, let a rambler lead me astray.
Oh Mothers, tell your children not to do what I have done,
to spend their lives in sin and misery

in the house of the rising sun.
I`m going back to New Orleans, my race is almost run,
I`m going back to spend my life beneath the rising sun.
(The Animals)

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