

House of the Rising Sun

Adolescents

There is a house in New Orleans
They call, 'The Rising Sun'
And it's been a ruin of many a poor boy
And God I know, I'm one
My mother was a tailor
She sewed my new blue jeans
My father was a gamblin' man
Down in New Orleans
Now the only thing a gambler needs
Is a suitcase and trunk
And the only time that he's satisfied
Is when he's on a drunk
Oh, 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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