

# Rising Sun Blues

## Clarence Ashley & Doc Watson

There is a house down in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun  
And it's been the ruin of a many poor boy  
And me, oh God, for oneThen fill the glasses to the brim  
Let the drinks go merrily around  
And we'll drink to the health of a rounder poor boy  
Who goes from town to townThe only thing that a rounder needs  
Is a suitcase and a trunk  
And the only time he's satisfied  
Is when he's on a drunkNow boys, don't believe what a girl tells you  
Though her eyes be blue or brown  
Unless she's on some scaffold high  
Saying, "Boys, I can't come down"Go tell my youngest brother  
Not to do the things I've done  
But to shun that house down in New Orleans  
They call the Rising SunI'm going back, back to New Orleans  
For my race is nearly run  
Gonna spend the rest of my wicked life  
Beneath that Rising Sun

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