# House of the Rising Sun

## Jerry Reed

There is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun,
And it's been the ruin for many a poor boy,
And God, I know I'm one.My mother was a tailor,
Sewed my new blue jeans.
My father was a gambling' man
Down in New Orleans.Now, the only thing a gambler needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk,
And the only time he'll be satisfied
Is when he's all 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.Well, I've got one foot on the platform,
The other foot on the train.
I'm going back to New Orleans
To wear that ball and chain.Well, there is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun,
And it's been the ruin for many a poor boy,
And God, I know I'm one.

Songwriters
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