House of the Rising Sun

Santa Esmeralda

There is a house in New Orleans
They call the Risin' Sun
k! bl jfe?! bcbbdb
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy
And God, I Know I'm a-oneMy mother was a tailor
She sewed my new blue jeans
My father was a gambler man,
Down in New OrleansNow the only thing a gambler needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk
And the only time he's satisfied
Is when he's on a drunkHe fills his glasses up to the brim
And he'll pass the cards around
And the only pleasure he gets out of life
Is ramblin' from town to townOh mother tell your children
Not to do what I have done
Spend their lives in sin and misery
In the House of Risin' Sun
k! bl jfe?! bcbbdbWell, it's one foot on the platform
And the other foot on the train
I'm goin' back to New Orleans
To wear that ball and chainI'm a-goin' back to New Orleans
My race is almost run
I'm goin' back to end my life
Down in the Risin' Sun
k! bl jfe?! bcbbdbThere is a house in New Orleans
They call the Risin' Sun
k! bl jfe?! bcbbdb
It's been the ruin of many poor girl
And God, I know I'm a-one

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