

# House of the Rising Sun

## Santa Esmeralda

There is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Risin' Sun  
k! bl jfe?! bcbdb  
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?! bcbdbWell, 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?! bcbdbThere is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Risin' Sun  
k! bl jfe?! bcbdb  
It's been the ruin of many poor girl  
And God, I know I'm a-one

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