

# House Of The Rising Sun

## The Everly Brothers

There is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Risin' Sun  
And it's been the 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 a 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 risin' sun.

Well, I've got one foot on the platform.  
the other foot on the train.  
I'm goin' back to New Orleans  
To wear that ball and chain.

Well, there is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Risin' Sun  
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy.  
And God, I know I'm one.

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