

Rising Sun Blues

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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