

# House of the Rising Sun

Shawn Mullins

There is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun  
It's been the ruin of many a poor girl  
Me, oh God I'm oneMy mother was a tailor  
She sold these new blue jeans  
My sweetheart was a gambler  
Way 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 filled his glasses up to the brim  
And he passed the cards around  
And the only pleasure he gets out of life  
Is ramblin' from town to townGo and tell my baby sister  
Not to do what I have done  
Go and shun that house that in New Orleans  
They call the Rising SunNow 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 chainNow I'm goin' back to New Orleans  
My race is almost run  
I'm goin' back to spend my life  
Beneath the Rising SunThere is a house down in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun  
It's been the ruin of many a poor girl  
And me, oh God I'm one

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