# 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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