

House of the Rising Sun

The Be Good Tanyas

Oh there is a house in New Orleans.
They call the Rising Sun.
It's been the ruin of many young poor girls
And God I know I'm one.

My mother, she was a tailor, yeah yeah
She sewed my new blue jeans
My father, he was a gamblin man
Down in New Orleans.

I got one foot on the platform, yeah
The other foot on the train
I'm going back to New Orleans
To wear that ball and chain

Oh mother please tell your children, oh yeah
Not to do what I have done
Go and spend their lives in sin and misery
In the house of the Rising Sun.

Now the only thing a gambler needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk
And the only time he will be satisfied
Is when he's all drunk.

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