

Eric Burdon, House Of The Rising Sun

There is a house in New Orleans
They call the rising 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 gambling man
Down in New Orleans

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

Oh, Mother tell your children
Not to do what I have done
Spend your life in sin and misery
In the house of the rising sun

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

Well, there is a house in New Orleans
They call the rising sun
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy
And god, I know I'm one