

Nina Simone, House Of The Rising Sun

Traditional

There is a house in New Orleans
Call it the Rising Sun
And it's been the ruin
Of many a poor girl
And me, oh Lord, I'm one
If I'd listened what my mama said
Be at home today
Bein' so young
And foolish, my Lord
Let a gambler lead me astray
My mother was a tailor
Sews new blue jeans
My sweetheart's is a drunkard, Lord
Drinks down in New Orleans
Go tell my baby sister
Never do what I have done
Shun that house in New Orleans
They call it the Rising Sun
Goin' back to New Orleans
Race is almost run
Goin' back to spend my life
Beneath, beneath, beneath, oh Lord
Beneath, oh now
Beneath the rising, rising sun
Now, now
You come on bye