

Sinead O' Connor, House Of The Rising Sun

There is a house in New Orleans,
they call The Rising Sun.
And it's been the ruin of manys a poor boy,
and God, I know I'm one.

My mother was a tailores
she sewed my new blue jeans
an' my father was a gamblin' man
down in New Orleans.

Now the only thing a gambler needs
is a suitcase and a trunk.
And the only time that he's satisfied
is when he's down and drunk.

So mothers tell, tell your children
not to do what I have done
not to spend their lives in sin and misery
in the House of the Rising sun.

I've got one foot on the platform
and another one on the train.
I'm going home to New Orleans
to wear that ball and chain.

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