

# 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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