

The Animals, 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 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 on a drunk.

Oh mother tell your children
Not to do what I have done,
To spend your life in sin and misery
In the House of the Rising Sun.

With one foot on the platform
And the other foot on the train,
I'm going back to New Orleans
To wear that ball and chain.

There is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun,
And it's been the ruin of many young poor boys.
And god, I know I'm one.