

Wardance, House Of The Rising Sun

There is a house in New Orleans
They call the rising sun
And it's been the ruin for many poor boys
And me, oh God, I'm one

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

My mother was a tailor
She sewed my new blue jeans
My father was a gambling man
Down in New Orleans

One foot on the platform
The other 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 for many poor boys
And me, oh God, I'm one

I'm going back to New Orleans
My race is almost run
I'm going back to end my life
In the house of the rising sun