

Marianne Faithfull, The House Of The Rising Sun

There is a house in new orleans,
They call it the risin' sun
And it's been the ruin
Of many poor girl,
And me, oh god, I'm one.

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If I had listened
To what my mother said
I'd've been at home today.

But I was young and foolish, oh god,
Let a rambler lead me astray.

Go tell my baby sister
Don't do what I have done.
Go shun that house in new orleans
They call the risin' sun.

Well, I'm going back to new orleans,
My race is almost run.
I'm going back to spend my life
In the house of the risin' sun.