

Roy Acuff, Rising Sun

There is a house in New Orleans they call the Rising Sun
It's been the ruin of many poor boy and me oh Lord poor one
Go to tell my youngest brother not to do as I have done
Who shuned that house in New Orleans they call the Rising Sun
[fiddle]

Go fill the glasses to the brim and let the drinks go marry around
We'll drink to the half of a rounder poor boy who goes from town to town
The only thing a rounder needs is a suitcase and a trunk
The only time he is satisfied is when he's on a drunk

[harmonica]

So shun that house in New Orleans they call the Rising Sun
It's been the ruin of many poor boy and me oh Lord poor one