

# Shawn Mullins, House Of The Rising Sun

There is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun  
It's been the ruin of many a poor girl  
Me, oh God, I'm one

My mother was a tailor  
She sewed these new bluejeans  
My sweetheart was a gambler  
Way down in New Orleans

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

He'd fill his glasses up to the brim  
And he'd pass the cards around  
And the only pleasure he gets out of life  
Is rambling from town to town

Go and tell my baby sister

Not to do what I have done  
Go and shun that house  
Down in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun

Well, I got one foot on the platform  
The other foot on the train  
I'm goin' back to New Orleans  
To wear that ball and chain

(guitar solo)

I'm going back to New Orleans  
My race is almost run  
I'm going back to spend my life  
Beneath the Rising Sun

There is a house down in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun  
And it's been the ruin of many a poor girl  
Me, oh God, I'm one