

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