

Tracy Chapman, House Of The Rising Sun

There is a house, in New Orleans
they call the Rising Sun
Its been the ruins of many poor boys
and oh god, im one

My mother, shes a tailor
she sews us new blue jeans
My father, hes a gamblin' man
Down in New Orleans

The only thing a gambler needs
a suitcase and a trunk
The only time hes ever satisfied
is when hes on a drug

i got one foot on the platform
another foot on the train
im goin' back to New Orleans
to wear that ball & chain

Mothers, tell your children
dont do as i have done
Dont spend your life in sin and misery
in the house of the rising sun

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and oh god im one
and oh god im one
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