## War, House Of The Rising Sun

There is a house in New Orleans
They call the rising sun
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy
And god, I know I'm one

My mother was a tailor She sewed my new blue jeans My father was a gambling man Down in New Orleans

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

Oh, Mother tell your children Not to do what I have done Spend your life in sin and misery In the house of the rising sun

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

Well, there is a house in New Orleans They call the rising sun And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy And god, I know I'm one