

# 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