

HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

Am C D F
There is a house in New Orleans

Am C E
They call the Rising Sun

Am C D F
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy

Am E Am
My God I know I'm one

My mother was a tailor
She sewed my new blue jeans
My father was a gamblin' man
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 all drunk

Oh mother tell your children
Not to do what I have done
Spend your lives in sin and misery
In the House of the Rising Sun