

Am C D F

There is a house in New Orleans,

Am C E7

They call the "Rising Sun",

Am C D F

It's been the ruin of many a poor girl, (boys?)

Am E Am E7

And God, I know, I'm one.

My mother was a tailor,

She sewed those new blue jeans,

my husband he's a gambling man,

(drinks) down in New Orleans.

My husband in a gambler,

He goes from town to town,

The only time, he's satisfied, is when

He drinks his liquor down.

Oh, mother, tell your children

Not to do what I have done -

Spend your lives in sin and misery

In the House of Rising Sun

One foot on the platform,

The other's on the train,

I'm going back to New Orleans,

to wear that ball and chain.

Going back to New Orleans,

My race is almost run,

I'm going to spend the rest of my life,

Beneath that "Rising Sun".