

The house of rising sun

Traditional

Em G A C Em G B7

There is a house in New Or - leans, they call the ri - sing sun. It's

10 Em G A C Em B7 Em B7

been the ru-in of ma-ny a poor girl and me, oh Lord, was one.

2. If I had listened what Mamma said, I'd been at home today.
Being so young and foolish, poor boy, let a rambler lead me astray.

3. Go tell my baby sister never do like I have done.
To shun that house in New Orleans. They call the Rising Sun.

4. My mother she's a tailor; she sold those new blue jeans.
My sweetheart, he's a drunkard, Lord, drinks down in New Orleans.

5. The only thing a drunkard needs, is a suitcase and a trunk.
The only time he's satisfied, is when he's on a drunk.

6. Fills his glasses to the brim, passes them around.
Only pleasure he gets out of life, is hoboin' from town to town.

7. One foot is on the platform, and the other one on the train.
I'm going back to New Orleans, to wear that ball and chain.

8. Going back to New Orleans, my race is almost run.
Going back to spend the rest of my life, beneath that Rising Sun.