

# THE HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

Am C D F Am C E7  
There is a house in New Orleans they call the Rising Sun,

Am C D F Am E7 Am  
It's been the ruin of many a poor boy, and God I know I'm one.

Am C D F Am C E7  
My mother was a tailor, sewed my new blue jeans,

Am C D F Am E7 Am  
My father was a gambling man, down in New Orleans.

Am C D F Am C E7  
Now the only thing a gambler needs is a suit-case and a trunk,

Am C D F Am E7 Am  
And the only time he'll be satisfied, is when he's all a drunk

Am C D F Am C E7  
Oh, mother tell your children, not to do what I have done

Am C D F Am E7 Am  
Spend your lives in sin misery in the house of the Rising Sun

Am C D F Am C E7  
Well, I've got one foot on the platform, the other foot on the train,

Am C D F Am E7 Am  
I'm going back to New Orleans to wear that ball and chain

Am C D F Am C E7  
Well there is a house in New Orleans they call the Rising Sun,

Am C D F Am E7 Am-E7-Am  
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy, and God, I know I'm one.