

House of the Rising Sun

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

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

Am C D F Am C E
My mother was a tailor; she sewed my new blue jeans.

Am C D F Am E Am E
My father was a gambler, down in New Orleans.

Am C D F Am C E
The only thing a gambler needs is a suitcase and a trunk.

Am C D F Am E Am E
The only time he's satisfied is when he's stone cold drunk.

Am C D F Am C E
Dad fills his glasses to the brim, passes them around.

Am C D F Am E Am E
His only pleasure out of life, is bummin' from town to town.

Am C D F Am C E
If I had listened to mother, I'd be at home today.

Am C D F Am E Am E
A young and foolish boy I was, let a rambler lead me astray.

Am C D F Am C E
So, mothers: tell your children, not to do the things I've done.

Am C D F Am E Am E
Just shun that house in New Orleans they call the Rising Sun.

Am C D F Am C E
I got one foot on the platform, the other on the train.

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

Am C D F Am C E
I'm going back to New Orleans, my race is almost run.

Am C D F Am E Am E Am
To spend my days there beneath the House of the Rising Sun.