

# House of the Rising Sun

**Am C D7 F7 Am C E7**  
There is a house in New Orleans, they call the Rising Sun.

**Am C D7 F7 Am E7 Am**  
It's been the ruin of many a poor boy, and God, I know, I'm one.

**Am C D7 F7 Am C E7**  
My mother was a tailor; she sewed my new blue jeans.

**Am C D7 F7 Am E7 Am**  
My father was a boozer, down in New Orleans.

**Am C D7 F7 Am C E7**  
The only thing a boozer needs is a suitcase and a trunk.

**Am C D7 F7 Am E7 Am**  
The only time he's satisfied is when he's stone cold drunk.

**Am C D7 F7 Am C E7**  
Dad fills his glasses to the brim, passes them around.

**Am C D7 F7 Am E7 Am**  
His only pleasure out of life, is bummin' from town to town.

**Am C D7 F7 Am C E7**  
If I had listened to mother, I'd be at home today.

**Am C D7 F7 Am E7 Am**  
A young and foolish boy I was, let a rambler lead me astray.

**Am C D7 F7 Am C E7**  
So, mothers: tell your children, not to do the things I've done.

**Am C D7 F7 Am E7 Am**  
Just shun that house in New Orleans they call the Rising Sun.

**Am C D7 F7 Am C E7**  
With one foot on the platform, the other on the train.

**Am C D7 F7 Am E7 Am**  
I'm going back to New Orleans, to wear that ball and chain.

**Am C D7 F7 Am C E7**  
I'm going back to New Orleans, my race is almost run.

**Am C D7 F7 Am E7 Am**  
To spend my days there beneath the House of the Rising Sun.