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.