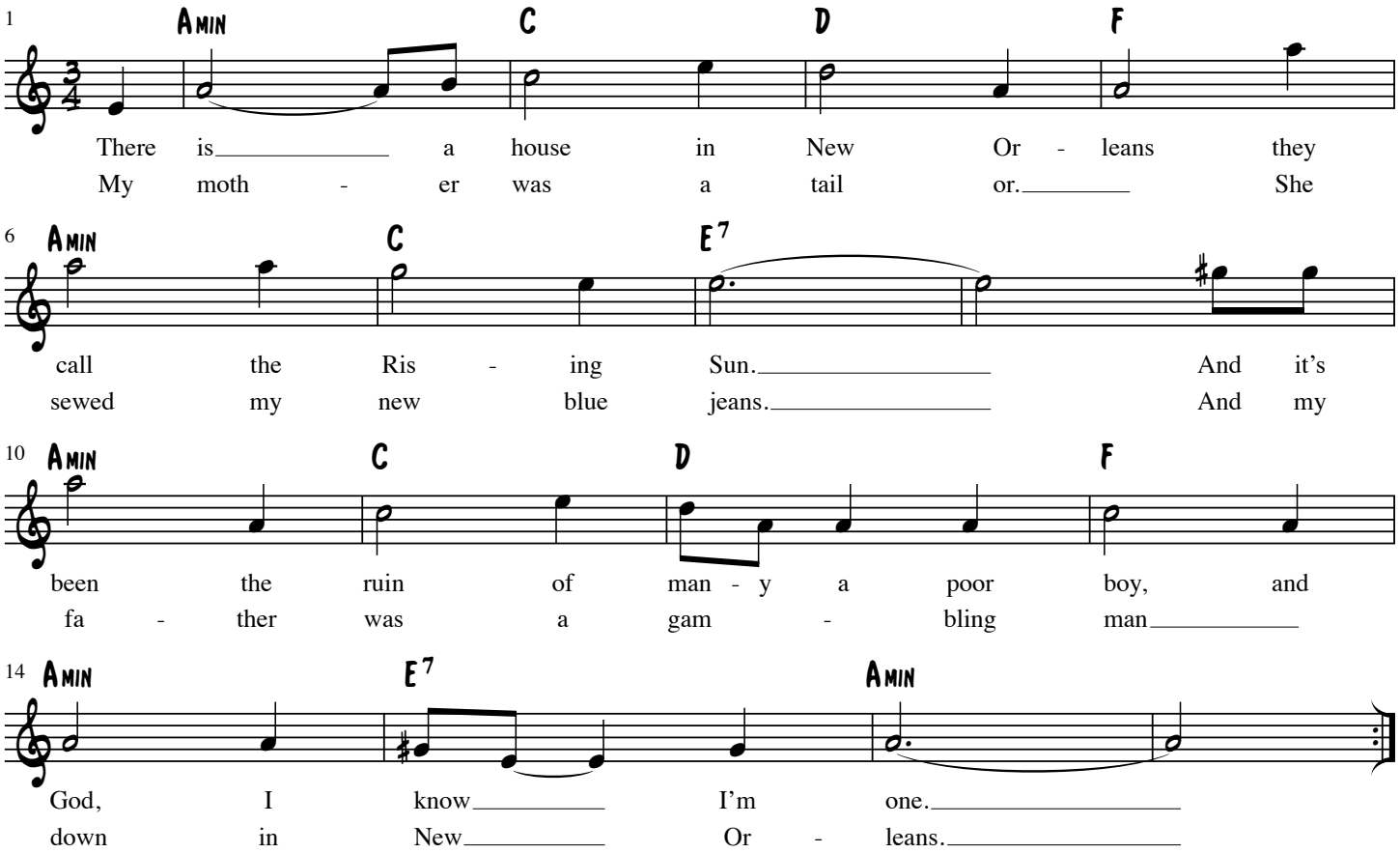
House of the Rising Sun

American Folk Song



Now the only thing a gambler needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk.
And the only time he's satisfied
Is when he's on a drunk.

Oh, mother, tell your children
Not to do the things I've done.
Spend your lives in sin and misery
In the House of the Rising Sun.

Well I got one foot on the platform,
The other foot on the train.
I'm going back to New Orleans
To wear that ball and chain.

There is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun.
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy,
And God, I know, I'm one.