

## The House of the Rising Sun

Am C D F Am C E  
Am C D F Am E Am

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  
And 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 gamblin' man, down in New Orleans.

Am C D F Am C E  
Now, the only thing a gambler needs is a suitcase and a trunk.  
Am C D F Am E Am E  
And the only time he's satisfied is when he's all a-drunk.

Am C D F Am C E  
Now, mother, tell your children not to do what I have done.  
Am C D F Am E Am E  
Spend your life in sin and misery in the House of the Rising Sun.

Am C D F Am C E  
I have one foot on the platform, the other foot 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  
If I had listened to what my Mama said, I'd a been at home today.  
Am C D F Am E Am E  
Being so young and foolish, poor boy, let a rambler lead me astray.

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  
I'm going back to spend the rest of my life beneath that 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  
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy and God, I know I'm one.

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