House of the Rising Sun - The Animals

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

My mo-ther was a tailor,...She sewed my new blue jeans.
My father was a gamblin' man,...down in New Or-leans.

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

Oh, Mother, tell your children...not to do what I have done.
Spend your lives in sin and misery...in the house of the risin’ sun.
Well, I've got one foot on the platform, the other foot on the train.
I'm goin' back to New Orleans to wear that ball and chain.

Well, there is a house in New Orleans they call the Risin' Sun.
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy, and God, I know I'm one.