The house of the rising sun



- 2. My mother was a tailor
 She sewed my new blue jeans
 My father was a gamblin' man
 Down in New Orleans
- 3. Now the only thing a gambler needs

Is a suitcase and trunk
And the only time he's satisfied
Is when he's on a drunk

- 4. Oh mother, tell your children
 Not to do what I have done
 Spend your lives in sin and misery
 In the House of the Rising Sun
- 5. Well, I got one foot on the platformThe other foot on the trainI'm goin' back to New OrleansTo wear that ball and chain

[1.säkeistö]