House of the Rising Sun  
*Traditional*

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

2. My mother was a tailor,  
   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 ever 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'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.

   *repeat verse 1.*