

House Of The Rising Sun

Am C D F Am E Am E

Am C D F
There is a house in New Orleans

Am C E E
They call the Rising Sun

Am C D F
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy

Am E Am C D F Am E Am E
And God I know I'm one

Am C D F
My mother was a tailor

Sewed my new blue jeans

My father was a gamblin' man

Down in New Orleans

Now the only things a gambler needs

Is a suitcase and a trunk

And the only time he'll be satisfied

Is when he's on a drunk

Now mothers

Tell your children

Not to do what I have done

And spend your life in sin and misery

In the house of the Rising Sun

Well I've 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 (Repeat Verse 1)

"The House Of The Rising Sun: words and music by some long dead blues warrior

The Animals