

/ Am C D F / Am E Am E /

There **is** ... a **house** in **New Or-leans**

They **call** the **Rising Sun** ...

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 - / 1st / Am E / Am C D F Am E Am E /

My mother was a tailor

She sewed my new blue jeans

My father was a gamblin' man

Down in New Orleans

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

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

Well, I 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

First Verse