

House in Rising Sun (C)



Am C Dm F .. Am C E
-- -- -- -- .. Am E Am

Am C Dm F .. Am C E

There is a house in New Orleans - they call the Rising Sun.

Am C Dm F AM E Am

& it's been the ruin of many a poor boy & God, I know I'm one.

Am C Dm F .. Am C E

My mother was a tailor, - she sewed my new blue jeans.

Am C Dm F AM E Am

My father was a gambling man, - down in New Orleans.

Am C Dm F .. Am C E

Now the only thing a gambler needs - is a suitcase & a trunk.

Am C Dm F AM E Am

And the only time he's satisfied - - is when he's on a drunk.

Am C Dm F .. Am C E

Oh mother, - **tell your children** - not to do what I have done.

Am C Dm F AM E Am

Spend your lives in sin and miser - in the House of the R. S.

Am C Dm F .. Am C E

Well I got one foot on the platform & one foot on the train.

Am C Dm F AM E Am

I'm goin back to New Orleans - to wear that ball and chain.

[v1]