

The house of the rising sun (Traditional)

am C D F
There is a house in New Orleans

am C E
They call the Rising Sun

am C D F
It has been the ruin of many poor boy

am E am
And me oh Lord I'm one

am C D F am C E
My mother is a tailor she sews those new blue jeans

am C D F am E am
My father is a gambling man drinks down in New Orleans

am C D F am C E
The only thing a gambler need is a suitcase and a trunk

am C D F am E am
And the only time he is satisfied is when he's all a-drunk

am C D F am C E
Go tell, go tell, my baby sister never do like I have done

am C D F am E am
To shun that house in New Orleans they call the Rising Sun

am C D F am C E
Well, I've one foot on the platform the other on the train

am C D F am E am
I'm going back to New Orleans to wear that ball and chain

am C D F am C E
I'm going back to New Orleans my race is almost done

am C D F am E am
I'm going back to spend my life beneath the Rising Sun