House Of The Rising Sun

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      Am            E7       Am
There is a house in New Orle ans,
              G      Am
They call the Rising Sun.
    D                Am7       Am6
Has been the ruin of many poor girls,
    Am     E7        Am
And me, oh Lord, I'm one.
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My mother she's a tailor,
She sews those new blue jeans,
My husband he's a gambling man,
Drinks down in New Orleans.

My husband he's a gambler,
He goes from town to town,
The only time he's satisfied is when
He drinks his liquor down.

Go tell my baby sister,
Never do like I have done,
Shun that house in New Orleans,
They call the Rising Sun.

One foot on the platform,
The other's on the train,
I'm going down to New Orleans,
To wear that ball and chain.

Going back to New Orleans,
My race is almost run,
I'm going to spend the rest of my life,
Beneath that Rising Sun.