

Woody Guthrie

"The Rising Sun Blues"

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There is a house
In New Orleans
You call the Rising Sun
Its been the ruin of many a poor soul
And me, oh god, I'm one

If I'd listened what mama said
I'd be at home today
Being so young and foolish, poor girl
Let a gambler lead me astray

My mother she's a tailor
Sews those new blue jeans
My sweetheart he's a drunkard, Lord God
He drinks down in New Orleans

He fills his glasses to the brim
Passes them around
The only pleasure that he gets out of life
Is a going from town to town

The only thing a drunkard needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk
The only time that he's half satisfied
Is when he's all a drunk

Go and tell my baby sister
Never do like I have done
Shun that house down in New Orleans
That they call the Rising Sun

Its one foot on the platform
One foot on the train
I'm going back down to New Orleans
To wear my ball and my chain

My life is almost over
My race is almost run
Going back down to New Orleans
To that house of the Rising Sun

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