## Bachman - Turner Overdrive "House of the Rising Sun"

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There is a house in New Orleans. They call the Rising Sun. And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy And God I know I'm one.

My mother was a tailor She sewed my new bluejeans My father was a gamblin man Down in New Orleans.

Now the only thing a gambler needs Is a suitcase and a trunk And the only time that he's satisfied Is when he's all drunk.

Oh mother tell your children Not to do what I have done To spend their life in sin and misery In the house of the Rising Sun.

With one foot on the platform And the other foot on the train I'm going back to New Orleans To wear that ball and chain

There is a house in New Orleans They call the Rising Sun And it's been the ruin of many young poor boys And god I know I'm one.

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