

Doors

"House Of The Rising Sun"

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There is a house in New Orleans
They call the Risin' 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 blue jeans.
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 out on a drunk

Oh, Mother, tell your children
Not to do what I have done.
Spend your lives in sin and misery
In the house of the risin' sun.

Well, I've got one foot on the platform.
the other foot on the train.
I'm goin' back to New Orleans
To wear that ball and chain.

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

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