

The White Buffalo "House Of The Rising Son"

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There is a house in Charming Town
They call the Rising Son
It's been the ruin of many a poor girl
And me, Oh God, I'm one

If I listened to my mama
Lord I'd be home today
But I was young and foolish
And some rider led me astray

Go tell my baby sister
never do what I've done
To sell the house in Charming Town
They call the Rising Son

My Mother, she's a tailor
She sold my new blue jeans
My sweetheart he's a rambler
Lord he rides in old machines

Now the only thing a rambler needs
is a suitcase and a gun
the only time he's satisfied
is when he's on the run

He fills his chamber up with lead
and takes his pain to town
the only pleasure he gets out of life
is bringing another man down

He's got one hand on the throttle
the other on the breaks
he's riding back to Redwood
On his father's stake

And me I wait in Charming Town
To gain my love as one
I'm staying here to lend my life
Down in the Rising Son

I'm staying here to end my life
Down in the Rising Son

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