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## **Sinead Oconnor** "The 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 manys a poor boy, And God, I know I'm one.

My mother was a tailores She sewed my new blue jeans An' 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 down and drunk.

So mothers tell, tell your children Not to do what I have done Not to spend their lives in sin and misery In the House of the Rising sun.

I've got one foot on the platform And another one on the train. I'm going home 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 manys a poor boy, And God. I know I'm one.

Poor, poor boy Poor, poor boy

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