

Doors, The

"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.

In 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 trump

And the only time that he's satisfied

Is when he's all 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.

In God, I know I'm one

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