

House of the Risin' Sun

Bob Dylan

There is a house down in New Orleans they call the rising sun
And it's been the ruin of many a poor girl and me, oh God, I'm one
My mother was a tailor, she
sowed these new blue jeans
My sweetheart was a gambler, Lord, down in New Orleans
Now the only thing a gambler needs
is a suitcase and a trunk
And the only time when he's satisfied is when he's on a drunk
He fills his glasses up to the brim
and he'll pass the cards around
And the only pleasure he gets out of life is rambling from town to town
Oh tell my baby sister
not to do what I have done
But shun that house in New Orleans they call the rising sun
Well 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
I'm going back to New Orleans, my
race is almost run
I'm going back to end my life down in the rising sun
There is a house in New Orleans they call the rising sun
And it's been the ruin of many a poor girl and me, oh God, I'm one

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