

House of the Rising Sun

Am C D F Am C E
There is a house in New Or-leans, they call the Rising Sun
Am C D F Am E Am
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy and God, I know I'm one.

C D F Am E Am E

Am C D F Am C E
My mother was a tai-lor; she sowed my new blue jeans;
Am C D F Am E Am
My father was a gambling man, down in New Or-leans.

C D F Am E Am E

Am C D F Am C E
And the only things a gambler needs, is a suitcase and a trunk;
Am C D F Am E Am
And the only time he's satis-fied, is when he's on a drunk.

C D F Am E Am E

Am C D F Am C E
Oh mothers, tell your child-ren, not to do what I have done;
Am C D F Am E Am
Spend your life in sin and mise-ry, in the house of the Rising Sun.

C D F Am E Am E

Am C D F Am C E
I've got one foot on the plat-form, the other on the train.
Am C D F Am E Am
I'm going back to New Or-leans to wear that ball and chain.

C D F Am E Am E

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C D F Am E Am E

Am C