

House of the Rising Sun

Alt-J

There is a house in New Orleans
They call the Rising Sun
And it's been the ruin of many poor souls
And lord, my father is the one

My mother, she's a tailor
She sews those blue blue jeans
Keep my gambling father drunk
Deep down in New Orleans

It's a happy, happy, happy, happy, fun day, day

Like a bird flying over forest fire
My father feels the heat beneath his wings
And in debt he yields for another tower
Where he gambles and drunk he still drinks

My mother hides from pleasure
Sees the father on her knees
Left it in the arms of God
Away from New Orleans

Happy, happy, happy, happy, fun day, day
Happy, happy, happy, happy, fun day, day