

House of the Rising Sun

Tracy Chapman

There is a house in new orleans
They call the rising sun
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy
And God I know I'm one

My mother was a tailor
She sewed my new bluejeans
My father was a gamblin' man
Down in new orleans

Now the only thing a gambler needs
Is a suitcase and trunk
And the only time he's satisfied
Is when he's on 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 rising sun

Well, I 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 rising sun
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy
And God I know I'm one