

HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN

Em G A C Em G B7
THERE IS A HOUSE IN NEW ORLEANS THEY CALL THE RISING SUN.
Em G A C Em B7 Em G
IT HAS BEEN THE RUIN OF MANY A POOR GIRL, AND I, OH LORD, WAS ONE.

Em G A C Em G B7
IF I HAD LISTENED TO WHAT MAMA SAID, I'D A-BEEN AT HOME TODAY.
Em G A C Em B7 Em G
BEING SO YOUNG AND FOOLISH, POOR GIRL, LET A GAMBLER LEAD ME ASTRAY.

Em G A C Em G B7
MY MOTHER, SHE'S A TAILOR; SHE SELLS THOSE NEW BLUE JEANS.
Em G A C Em B7 Em G
MY SWEETHEART, HE'S A DRUNKARD, LORD, DRINKS DOWN IN NEW ORLEANS.

Em G A C Em G B7
THE ONLY THING A DRUNKARD NEEDS IS A SUITCASE AND A TRUNK.
Em G A C Em B7 Em G
THE ONLY TIME HE'S SATISFIED IS WHEN HE'S ON A DRUNK.

Em G A C Em G B7
GO TELL MY BABY SISTER, NEVER DO LIKE I HAVE DONE.
Em G A C Em B7 Em G
TO SHUN THAT HOUSE IN NEW ORLEANS THEY CALL THE RISING SUN.

Em G A C Em G B7
ONE FOOT IS ON THE PLATFORM, AND THE OTHER ONE ON THE TRAIN.
Em G A C Em B7 Em G
I'M GOING BACK TO NEW ORLEANS TO WEAR THAT BALL AND CHAIN.

Em G A C Em G B7
I'M GOING BACK TO NEW ORLEANS, MY RACE IS ALMOST RUN.
Em G A C Em B7 Em G
GOING BACK TO END MY LIFE BENEATH THE RISING SUN.

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Shalom
Spike and Jamie