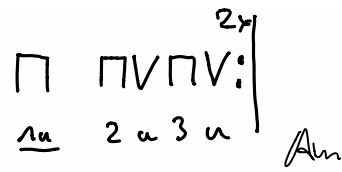


House of the Rising Sun

The Animals



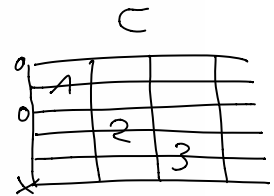
Am C D F Am E Am E7

There is a house in New Or-leans, They call the Rising Sun
 And it's been the ruin of many a po' men, And me, Oh God, I'm one.

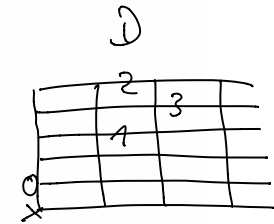


Am C D F Am E Am E

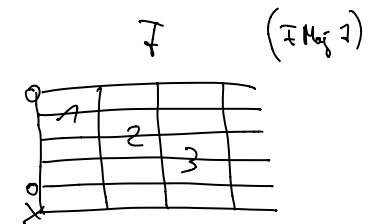
My mother was a tailor, She sewed my new blue jeans
 My sweetheart was a gambler lord, down in New Orleans.



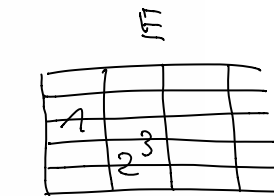
Now the only thing a gambler needs, Is a suitcase and a trunk
 And the only time he's satis-fied, Is when he's on a drunk.



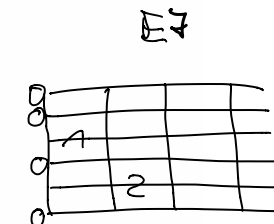
He fills his glass up to the brim, And he'll pass the cards a-round
 And the only pleasure he gets outa life, Is ramblin from town to town.



Go tell my baby sister, , Not to do what I have done
 But to shun that house in New Or-leans, They call the Rising Sun.



Well it's one foot on the platform, . . .and the other foot on the train
 I'm goin' back to New Or-leans, to wear that ball and chain



Well I'm goin' back to New Or-leans, my race is almost run
 I'm goin' back to end my life, down in the Rising Sun

There is a house in New Or-leans, they call the Rising Sun
 And it's been the ruin of many a po' girl, and me, Oh God, I'm one.