

|Am C |D F |Am E |Am E

|Am C |D F |Am C |E
There is a house in New Orleans they call the risin' sun

|Am C |D F |Am E |Am E
And it's been the ruin of many-a poor boy and God I know I'm one

|Am C |D F |Am C |E
My *mo~ther* was a tailor she *sew~ed* my new blue jeans

|Am C |D F |Am E |Am E
My *fa~ther* was a gamblin' man down in New Orleans

|Am C |D F |Am C |E
Now the *on~ly* thing a gambler needs is a *suit~case* and a trunk

|Am C |D F |Am E |Am E
And the *on~ly* time he's satis-fied is when he's on a drunk

|Am C |D F |Am C |E
Oh mothers tell your children not to do what I have done

|Am C |D F |Am E |Am E
Spend~ your lives in sin and misery in the house of the rising sun

|Am C |D F |Am C |E
Well I got *one~* foot on the platform the *o~ther* foot on the train

|Am C |D F |Am E |Am E
I'm *go~in'* back to New Orleans to wear that ball and chain

|Am C |D F |Am C |E
Well there *is~* a house in New Orleans they *call~* the risin' sun

|Am C |D F |Am E |Am C
And it's *been~* the ruin of many-a poor boy and God I know I'm one

|D F |Am E |Am E |Am (1-strum)