

House of the rising sun - the Animals

Am C D F Am C E E

Am C D F
There is a house in New Orleans,
Am C E E
They call the Rising Sun
Am C D F
And It's been the ruin of many a poor boy
Am E Am C D F Am E Am E
And God, I know, I'm one

Am C D F
My mother was a tailor
She sewed my new blue jeans
My father was a gambling man
Down in New Orleans

And the only things a gambler needs
Is a suitcase and a trunk
And the only time he's satisfied
Is when he's all a-drunk

I've got one foot on the platform
The other foot on the train
I'm going back to New Orleans
To wear the ball and chain

So mothers, tell your children
Not to do what I have done
Spend your life in sin and misery
In the house of the Rising Sun

Endurtakið fyrsta vers.