



House of the Rising Sun (3/4 pimami)

Am C D F
 There is a house in New Orleans they
 Am C E7 Am C
 call "The Ris - in' Sun," And it's been the ruin of
 D F Am E7 Am E7
 Many a poor boy, and Lord I know I'm one

Am C D F Am C E7
 My mother was a tailor, sewed my new blue jeans.
 Am C D F Am E7 Am E7
 My father was a gamblin' man, down in New Orleans.

Am C D F Am C E7
 Now the only thing a gambler needs, is a suitcase and a trunk,
 Am C D F Am E7 Am E7
 And the only time he's satisfied is when he's on a drunk.

Am C D F Am C E7
 Go tell my baby sister, not to do the things I've done,
 Am C D F Am E7 Am E7
 To shun that house in New Orleans, they call "the Risin' Sun."

Am C D F Am C E7
 One foot on the platform, the other's on the train,
 Am C D F Am E7 Am
 I'm goin' back to New Orleans, to wear that ball and chain.