

House of the Rising Sun

Joan Baez

There is a house in New Orleans
they call the rising sun
and It's been the ruin for many a poor girl, and me, oh God, for one. If I had listened to what my
mother said
I'd have been at home today
but I was young and foolish, oh, God, let a rambler lead me astray.
Go tell my baby sister, don't do what I have done but shun that house in New Orleans
they call the Rising Sun.
I'm going back to New Orleans, my race is almost run
I'm going back to spend my life beneath that rising sun.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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