

Muse, House of the Rising Sun

There is a house in New Orleans,
They call the rising sun.
Well it's been the ruin of many a poor boy,
And God I know I'm one.

Oh mother, tell your children,
Not to do what I have done.
You spend your lives in sin and misery
In the house of the rising sun.

Well there is a house in New Orleans
They call the rising sun.
And it's been the ruin of many a poor boy,
And God I know I'm one.