

House of the Rising Sun - Animals

Into: Dm F G Bb Dm F A A7, Dm F G Bb Dm A7 Dm A7

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

F G Bb , Dm A7 , Dm A7

My Mother was a tailor

Sewed my new blue jeans.

My Father was a gambling man

Down in New Orleans

F G Bb Dm A7 Dm A7

Now the Only thing a gambler needs

Is a Suitcase and a trunk

and the Only time he be satisfied

Is When he's all a drunk

F G Bb Dm A7 Dm A7

Oh Mother tell your children

Not to do as I have done

Spend your life in sin and misery

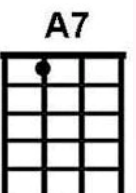
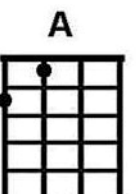
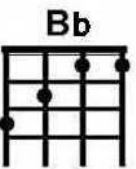
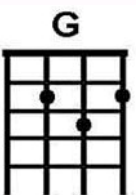
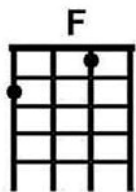
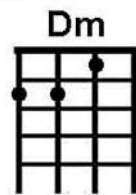
In the house of the Rising Sun,

With one foot on the platform

And the other foot on the train,

I'm going back to New Orleans

To wear that (slow) ball and chain.



F G Bb Dm A7 Dm A7