

# House of the rising sun

Teljið: 1,2,3 1,2,3 fyrir hvern hljóð.

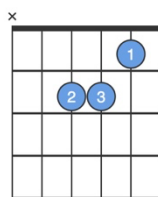
Am	C	D	F
Am	C	E	E
Am	C	D	F
Am	E	Am	E

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

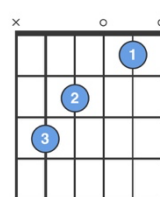
Am C D F  
 My mother was a tailor  
 Am C E  
 She sewed my new blue jeans  
 Am C D F  
 My father was a gambling man  
 Am E Am E  
 Down in New Orleans.

Now the only thing a gambler needs  
 Is a suitcase and a trunk  
 And the only time, he's satisfied,  
 Is when he's on a drunk

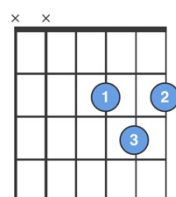
O, mother, tell your children  
 Not to do what I have done  
 Spend your lives in sin and misery  
 In the House of Rising Sun



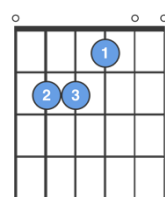
Am



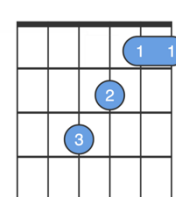
C



D



E



F