

# 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.