Dm  F  G  Bb  Dm  F
mother was a tailor, sewed my new blue jeans.

A7  Dm  F  G  Bb
My father was a gamblin' man, down in New Orleans.

Dm  A7  Dm  A7  Dm  F  G  Bb
Oh mother, tell your children not to do what I have done, spend your lives in

G  Bb  Dm  A7
sin and misery in the house of the rising sun.

Dm  F  G  Bb  Dm  A7  Dm
sun.