**HOUSE OF THE RISING SUN**Intro 2 bars   
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  
 *music*  
My mother was a tailor  
She sewed my new blue jeans  
My father was a gambling' man  
DownFermata.svg in New Orleans  
 *music*  
Now the only thing a gambler needs  
Is a suitcase and trunk  
And the onlyFermata.svg time he'sFermata.svg satisfied  
Is when he's all Fermata.svgdrunk  
  
 *music organ solo ------*Oh motherFermata.svg tell your children  
Not to doFermata.svg what I have done  
Spend your lives in sin, and misery  
In the House of the Rising Sun  
 *music*  
Well, I got one foot on the platform  
The other foot , on the train  
I'm goin' backFermata.svg to New Orleans  
To wear that ballFermata.svg and chain  
 *music*  
Well, there is a house in New Orleans  
They call the Rising Sun  
And it's been Fermata.svgthe ruin of many a poor boy  
And God I know I'm one

**DON'T IT MAKE MY BROWN EYES BLUE**  
4bar intro  
I don't know when I've been so blue  
Don't know what's come over you  
You've found someone newFermata.svg  
And don't it make my brown eyes blueFermata.svg  
  
I'll be fineFermata.svg when you're gone  
I'll just cry, all night long  
Say it isn't trFermata.svg ue  
And don't it make my brown eyes blue  
  
Tell me no secrets, tell me some lies  
Give me no reasons, give me alibis  
Tell me you love me and don't let me cry  
Say anything, but don't say goodbye  
  
I didn't meanFermata.svg to treat you badFermata.svg  
Didn't know Fermata.svgjust what I had  
But honey now I doFermata.svgoo  
And don't it make my brown eyes  
Don't it make my brown eyes  
Don't it make my brown eyes blueFermata.svg ooh ooh   
  
Don't it make my brown eyes  
Don't it make my brown eyes  
Don't it make my brown eyes blue

Don't it make my brown eyes  
Don't it make my brown eyes  
Don't it make my brown eyes blue

**CRAZY LITTLE THING CALLED LOVE**  
This thing called love I just can't handle it  
This thing called love I must get round to it  
I ain't ready Crazy little thing called love  
This (This Thing) called love  
(Called Love)  
It cries (Like a baby)  
In a cradle all night  
It swings (Woo Woo)  
It jives (Woo Woo)  
It shakes all over like a jelly fish,  
I kinda like it Crazy little thing called love  
  
There goes my baby  
She knows how to Rock n' roll  
She drives me crazy  
She gives me hot and cold fever  
Then she leaves me in a cool cool sweat  
  
I gotta be cool relax, get hip  
Get on my track's  
Take a back seat, hitch-hike  
And take a long ride on my motor bike  
Until I'm ready Crazy little thing called love  
  
I gotta be cool relax, get hip  
Get on my track's  
Take a back seat, hitch-hike  
And take a long ride on my motor bike  
Until I'm ready (Ready Freddie)  
Crazy little thing called love  
  
This thing called love I just can't handle it  
this thing called love I must get round to it  
I ain't ready  
Crazy little thing called love Crazy little thing called love  
Crazy little thing called love Crazy little thing called love  
Crazy little thing called love Crazy little thing called love