**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
Down in New Orleans
 *music*
Now the only thing a gambler needs
Is a suitcase and trunk
And the only time he's satisfied
Is when he's all drunk

 *music organ solo ------*Oh mother tell your children
Not to do 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' back to New Orleans
To wear that ball and chain
 *music*
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

 **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 new
And don't it make my brown eyes blue

I'll be fine when you're gone
I'll just cry, all night long
Say it isn't tr 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 mean to treat you bad
Didn't know just what I had
But honey now I dooo
And don't it make my brown eyes
Don't it make my brown eyes
Don't it make my brown eyes blue 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