House Of The Rising Sun

There is a house down in New Orleans They call the rising sun And it's been the ruin of many poor girl And me, oh God, I'm one.

My mother was a tailor She sowed these new blue jeans My sweetheart was a gambler, Lord 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.

He fills his glasses up to the brim And he'll pass the cards around And the only pleasure he gets out of life Is rambling from town to town.

Oh tell my baby sister Not to do what I have done But shun that house in New Orleans They call the rising sun.

Well it's one foot on the platform And the other foot on the train I'm going back to New Orleans To wear that ball and chain.

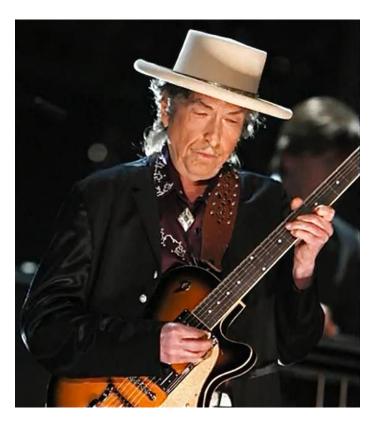
I'm going back to New Orleans My race is almost run I'm going back to end my life Down in the rising sun.

There is a house in New Orleans They call the rising sun It's been the ruin of many poor girl And me, oh God, I'm one.

Bo Krister sjunger Bob Dylan



Prisad av Nobel. Synnerligen aktuella texter



Hur många kanonkulor måste vina i världen innan dom blir för evigt begravda

Hur många öron måste man ha innan man hör människors gråt Hur många människor måste dö innan vi fattar The answer is blowin in the wind

Vi måste kunna simma för att inte sjunka som en sten i den översvämningskatastof som hotar stora delar av världen For the times they are a changing

Bara några exempel på hans aktualitet I min Dylan föreställning kommer många andra områden också att beröras

Det som Dylan gjorde på 60-70 talet betraktades av många som populärmusik

Men är kanske med hjälp av Nobel i dag ett uppvaknande

Blowin' in the Wind

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man?
How many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes, and how many times must the cannon balls fly
Before they're forever banned?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind

Yes, and how many years can a mountain exist Before it's washed to the sea?
Yes, and how many years can some people exist Before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, and how many times can a man turn his head And pretend that he just doesn't see?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind The answer is blowin' in the wind

Yes, and how many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
Yes, and how many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
Yes, and how many deaths will it take 'till he knows
That too many people have died?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind

Bo Krister Karlsson

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