

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

www.jagduger.com

jagduger@telia.com