

# Fairytale of New York

The Pogues

Feat. Kirsty MacColl

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It was Christmas Eve babe, In the drunktank

An old man said to me, won't see another one

And then he sang a song, The Rare Old Mountain Dew

I turned my face away And dreamed about you

Got on a lucky one Came in eighteen to one

I've got a feeling This year's for me and you

So happy Christmas, I love you baby

I can see a better time When all our dreams come true

They've got cars

Big as bars

They've got rivers of gold

But the wind goes right through you

It's no place for the old

When you first took my hand

On a cold Christmas Eve

You promised me

Broadway was waiting for me

You were handsome

You were pretty

Queen of New York City

When the band finished playing

They howled out for more

Sinatra was swinging

All the drunks they were singing

We kissed on the corner

Then danced through the night

The boys of the NYPD choir

Were singing 'Galway Bay'

And the bells were ringing

Out for Christmas day

[Short Instrumental]

G C

G D

G C

G D G

G

You're a bum

You're a punk  
You're an old slut on junk  
Lying there almost dead  
on a drip In that bed  
You scum bag

You maggot  
You cheap lousy faggot  
Happy Christmas your arse  
I pray God  
It's our last

The boys of the NYPD choir  
Were singing 'Galway Bay'  
And the bells were ringing  
Out for Christmas day

I could have been someone Well, So could anyone  
You took my dreams From me when I first found you  
I kept them with me babe I put them with my own

Can't make it all alone I've built my dreams around you

The boys of the NYPD choir

Were singing 'Galway Bay'

And the bells were ringing

Out for Christmas day

@theukulelepeople