



Fairytale of New York (Jem Finer/Shane McGowan)

A1 (It was Christmas) eve babe in the drunk tank; An old man said to me: won't see a - nother one; And then they sang a song, "The Rare Oul' Mountain Dew" I turned my face away and dreamed about you. (Got on a) lucky one, came in eight-teen 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.

B1 They got cars big as bars They 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.

B2 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.

Ch And the boys from the N Y P D choir were singing Galway Bay
And the bells were ringing out for Christmas Day.

B3 (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 scumbag! You maggot! You cheap lousy faggot,
Happy Christmas your arse, I pray God it's our last! **[Chorus]**

A2 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.

Ch And the boys from the N Y P D choir still singing Galway Bay
And the bells were ringing out for Christmas Day.



Fairytale of NY

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3/4	SP8b	↓	↓	↑	↓