

# Fairytale Of New York - The Pogues

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It was Christmas Eve, babe  
In the drunk tank  
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 a 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

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

The boys of the NYPD choir  
Still singing "Galway Bay"  
And the bells are 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  
Still singing "Galway Bay"  
And the bells are ringing out  
For Christmas day