

FAIRYTALE OF NEW YORK

Words and Music by JEM FINER
and SHANE MacGOWAN

Moderately slow

F/C C F/C Gsus C G7sus C

Male: 1. It was Christ-mas Eve, — babe, in the
2. (See additional lyrics)

F C Dm7/F G

drunk tank, when an old man said to me, — “Won’t see an - oth-er one.” — And then he

C F Cmaj7 C

sang a song, “The Rare Old Moun-tain Dew.” I turned my face a - way — and dreamed a -

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1 Gsus 3fr C G7sus	2 Gsus 3fr C F/C G7/C C F/C Gsus 3fr
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bout you. 2. Got on a dreams come true.

Medium fast

C G C F G C	<i>Female:</i> 3. They got
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mf

G Am F C	
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cars big as bars, they got riv - ers of gold; but the wind goes right through you, it's no

G C Am C F	
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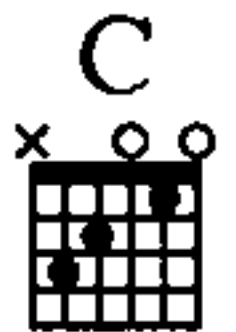


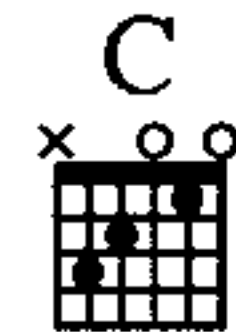
place for the old. — When you first took my hand on a cold — Christ - mas Eve, you





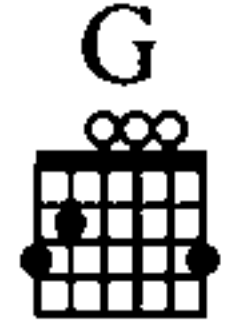
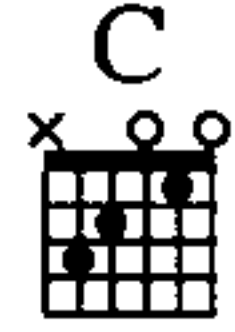

prom-ised me Broad-way was wait-ing for me. — 4. You were hand-some, You were pret-ty, Queen
 5. (See additional lyrics)

Male:

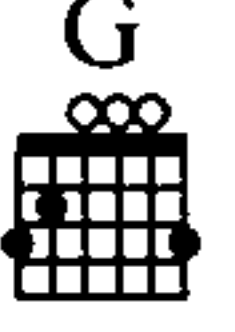







of New York Cit-y. When the band fin-ished play-ing, they howled out for more. — Si -

Both:

na - tra was swing-ing; all the drunks, they were sing-ing. We kissed on the cor - ner, then





danced through the night. — The boys of the N - Y - P - D choir — were

C/E Am C F G

sing-ing — “Gal - way Bay.” And the bells — were ring-ing out — for Christ-mas Day. —

1 C G Am F C G

C Am C F C G C

Female: 5. You're a

2 C F

C F G C G

Male: 6. 1 _____ could have

C F

been some - one. _____ Female: Well, so could an - y - one. _____ You took my dreams _

C Gsus G

_____ from me when I first found _ you. _____ Male: I kept them

C F

with me, babe; _ I put them with my own. _____ Can't _ make it

all a - lone; — I've built — my dreams a - round you.

Chords: C, F, G, C

The boys of the N - Y - P - D choir — still sing-ing — "Gal - way

Chords: F, C/E

Bay." And the bells — are ring-ing out — for Christ-mas Day. —

Chords: Am, C, F, G, C

rit.

Additional Lyrics

2. 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.
5. (Female) You're a bum, you're a punk!
(Male) You're an old slut on junk
Lying there almost dead on a drip in that bed!
(Female) You scumbag! You maggot!
You cheap lousy faggot!
Happy Christmas your arse!
I pray God it's our last.