

Fairytale Of New York
Christy Moore

(intro) F C G C G Am G

 C F
It was Christmas Eve, babe, in the drunk tank,
 C G
an old man said, Son, I won't see another one.

 C F
And then he sang a song, The Rare Old Mountain Dew?,
 C G C G
I turned my eyes away, and I thought about you.

 C F
I got on a lucky one, came in at 18 to 1,
 C G
I've got a feeling this year's for me and you.
 C F
So Happy Christmas, always love you baby,
 C G C G
there's going to be good times when all our dreams come true.

 C F
They've got cars big as bars, they've got rivers of gold,
 C G
but the wind blows right through you, it's no place for the old.
 C G
When I first took your hand on a cold Christmas Eve,
 C F G C
hope, I told you that Broadway was waiting for me.

 C
You were handsome and pretty, queen of New York city,
 C F G C
when the band finished playing, the crowd howled for more.
 C
Sinatra was swinging, and the crowd they were singing,
 C F G C
so we kissed on the corner and danced round the floor.
 F C Am
And the boys from the New York police choir were singing Galway Bay,
 C F G C
and the bells were ringing out on Christmas Day.

(F C G C F C G C G Am G)

 C F
I could have been someone and so could anyone,
 C G

I took my dreams from you when I first met you.

I kept them with me, babe, and I put them with my own,
I can't make it all alone, I've built my dreams around you.

You're a bum, you're a punk you're an aul hoor on junk,
lyin' there on the drip nearly dead in the bed.

You scumbag, you maggot, you cheap lousy faggot,
Happy Christmas me arse, I would rather be dead.

And the boys from the New York police choir were singin' Galway Bay,
and the bells were ringin' out on Christmas Day.

I love you baby,
I've got a feeling this year's to me and you.

So Happy Christmas, always love you baby,
there's going to be good times when all our dreams come true.

So, Happy Christmas, I love you, baby.