

Fairytale Of New York
Christy Moore

(intro) F C G C G Am G

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

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

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

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

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

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

I could have been someone and so could anyone,

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.