You were pretty

Queen of New York City

Fairytale Of New York The Pogues G/D D G/D Asus4/E D G/D It was Christmas Eve babe in the drunk tank G/AA An old man said to me, won t see another one And then he sang a song The Rare Old Mountain Dew and I turned my face away Asus4/E D G/A And dreamed about you G/A G Got on a lucky one Came in eighteen to one G/A I ve got a feeling this year s for me and you So happy Christmas I love you baby G Asus4/E D I can see a better time when all our dreams come true G/D D G/D Asus4 /faster now/ DADGAD They we got cars Α Big as bars \mathbf{Bm} They we got rivers of gold But the wind goes right through you It s no place for the old D When you first took my hand On a cold Christmas Eve You promised me Broadway was waiting for me You were handsome

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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
 G Bm A
The boys of the NYPD choir
Were singing Galway Bay
D
And the bells were ringing
   DABmGDADBmDG DAD
Out for Christmas day
You re a bum
      D
You re a punk
You re an old slut on junk
 D G A
Living there almost dead on a drip
In that bed
  D
You scum bag
You maggot
You cheap lousy faggot
Happy Christmas your arse
I pray God
It s our last
             Bm A
The boys of the NYPD choir
Were still singing Galway Bay
And the bells were ringing
   DABmGDADBmDG DAD
Out for Christmas day
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Α D I could have been someone G Well So could anyone D You took my dreams From me when I first found you I kept them with me babe G I put them with my own Can t make it all alone G A I ve built my dreams around you G Bm A The boys of the NYPD choir D Were still singing Galway Bay D ---- Palm Mute And the bells were ringing DInstrumental til end.

Out for Christmas day