

## Pogues

### "Fairy tale of new york"

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It was christmas eve babe  
in the drunk tank  
an old man said to me: won't see another one  
but then they 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  
Iâve got a feeling  
this yearâs for me and you  
so happy christmas  
I love you baby  
I can see another one  
where all our dreams come true.  
They got cars big as bars  
they got rivers of gold  
but the wind goes right through you  
itâs no place for the old  
when you first took my hand on a cold christmas day  
you promised me broadway was waiting for me  
Youâre handsome youâre pretty

queen of new york city when the band finished playing  
they hold out from more

Sinatra was swinging all the drunks they were singing

we kissed on a corner

and danced through the night.

And the boys from 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 scambag you maggot

you cheap lousy fagott

happy christmas my arse I pray god it's our last.

And the boys of the NYPD choir were singing Galway  
Bay

and the bells were 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 took them with me babe

I put them with my own

can't make it all alone

I've built my dreams around you

And the boys of the NYPD choir were singing Galway

Bay

and the bells were ringing out

for christmas day.

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