

## Stars

# "Fairytale Of New York"

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It was christmas eve babe  
In the drunk tank  
An old man said to me, wont see another one  
And then he 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  
Ive got a feeling  
This years for me and you  
So happy christmas  
I love you baby  
I can see a better time  
When all our dreams come true

Theyve got cars big as bars  
Theyve got rivers of gold  
But the wind goes right through you  
Its no place for the old  
When you first took my hand  
On a cold christmas eve  
You promised me  
Broadway was waiting for me

You were handsome  
You were pretty  
Queen of new york city  
When the band finished playing  
They howled out for more  
Sinatra was swinging,  
All the drunks they were singing  
We kissed on a corner  
Then danced through the night

The boys of the nypd choir  
Were singing galway bay  
And the bells were ringing out  
For christmas day

Youre a bum  
Youre a punk  
Youre an old slut on junk  
Lying there almost dead on a drip in that bed  
You scumbag, you maggot  
You cheap lousy faggot  
Happy christmas your arse  
I pray God its our last

I could have been someone  
Well so could anyone  
You took my dreams from me  
When I first found you  
I kept them with me babe  
I put them with my own  
Cant make it all alone  
Ive built my dreams around you

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