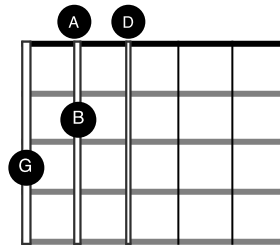


Fairytale of New York

Jem Finer and Shane MacGowan

It was Christmas Eve babe
In the drunk tank
An old man said to me,
"Won't see another one"
And then he sang a song,
'The Rare Old Mountain Dew'
I turned my face away
And dreamed about you

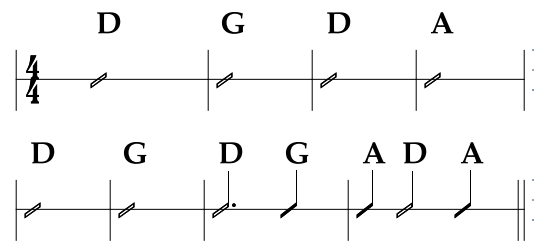


Got on a lucky one
Came in eighteen to one
I had a feeling
This year was for me and you
So, Happy Christmas
I love you baby
I can see a better time
When all our dreams come true

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 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

Verse

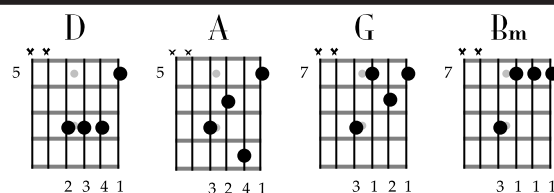
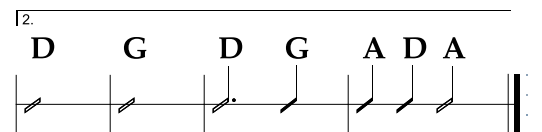
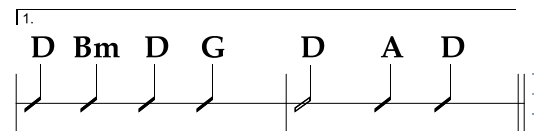
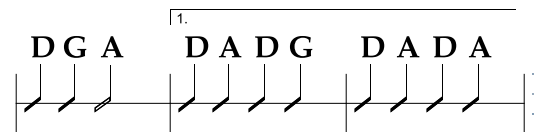
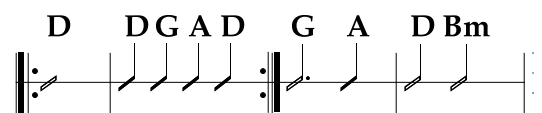


Bridge



Pre Chorus

Chorus



Fairytale of New York

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CHORUS

Its Christmas Eve again
In the drunk tank
I'm an old man now
I won't see another one
So I'll sing a song
And sleep when I am through
Dream of another life
Where all our dreams came true.

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

You're a bum You're a punk
You're an old slut on junk
Living there almost dead
on a drip in that bed
You scum bag You maggot
You cheap lousy faggot
Happy Christmas your arse
I pray God It's our last

CHORUS

I could have been someone
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
I can't make it all alone
I've built my dreams around you

