

Ronan Keating, Fairy Tale In New York

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've got a feeling
This year's 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 goes
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
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

Chorus:
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
Sl*t on junk
Lying there almost
Dead on a drip
In that bed

You scum bag
You maggot
You're cheap and you're haggard
Happy christmas your arse
I pray god
It's our last

Repeat chorus

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
Can't make it all alone
I've built my dreams
Around you

Repeat chorus

Na na na na na na
Na na na na na na
Na na na na na na
Na na na na na na

Na na na na na na
Na na na na na na
Na na na na na na
Na na na