

Ronan Keating, Fairytale Of 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

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
Lying there almost dead on a drip
In that bed

You scum bag
You maggot
You're cheap & your haggard
Happy Christmas your arse
I pray God
It's our last

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 kept them with me babe
I put them with my own
Can't make it all alone
I've built my dreams around you

The boys of the NYPD choir
Still singing 'Galway Bay'
And the bells were ringing
Out for Christmas Day

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