

# The Pogues, 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  
And 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 the 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

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

