

# Fairytale of New York

It was Christmas [D]Eve babe, In the [G]drunk tank  
An old man [D]said to me, won't see a[A]nother one  
And then he [D]sang a song, The Rare Old [G]Mountain Dew  
I turned my [D]face away, And dreamed a[A]bout [D]you [A]

Got on a [D]lucky one, Came in eigh[G]teen to one  
I've got a [D]feeling, This year's for [A]me and you  
So happy [D]Christmas, I love you [G]baby  
I can see a [D]better time, When all our [A]dreams come [D]true

They've got [D]cars big as [A]bars, They've got [Bm]rivers of[G]gold  
But the [D]wind goes right through you, It's no place for the [A]old  
When you [D]first took my [Bm]hand, On a [D]cold Christmas [G]Eve  
You [D]promised me, Broadway was [A]waiting for [D]me

You were [D]handsome, You were pretty, Queen of New York [A]City  
When the [D]band finished [G]playing, They [A]howled out for [D]more  
Si[D]natra was swinging, All the drunks they were [A]singing  
We [D]kissed on a [G]corner, Then [A]danced through the [D]night

The [G]boys of the NYPD choir were [D]singing Galway [Bm]Bay  
And the [D]bells were [G]ringing [A]out for Christmas [D]day

*You're a [D]bum, You're a [A]punk, You're an old [Bm]slut on [G]junk  
Lying [D]there almost dead on a drip in that[A] bed  
You [D]scumbag, you [Bm]maggot, You [D]cheap lousy [G]faggot  
Happy [D]Christmas you arse, I pray [A]God it's our [D]last*

*The [G]boys of the NYPD choir were [D]singing Galway [Bm]Bay  
And the [D]bells were [G]ringing [A]out for Christmas [D]day*

I could have [D]been someone, Well so could [G]anyone  
You took my [D]dreams from me, When I first [A]found you  
I kept them [D]with me babe, I put them [G]with my own  
Can't make it [D]all alone, I've built my dreams a[A]round [D]you

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