

Fairy Tale 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 they 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
Where all our dreams come true.

They got cars big as bars
They 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 yelled
out for more
Sinatra was swinging all the drunks they were singing
We kissed on a corner
Then danced through the night.

And the boys from 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 scumbag you maggot
You cheap lousy faggot
Happy Christmas your arse I pray god it's our last.

And the boys of the NYPD choir's still 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 out alone
I've built my dreams around you

And the boys of the NYPD choir's still singing Galway Bay
And the bells are ringing out for Christmas day.