

Fairytale of New York

Christy Moore

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 slut on junk
Lying there almost dead on a drip in that bed
You scumbag, you maggot, you cheap lousy faggot
Happy Christmas my arse, I pray God it's our last
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
Last chorus:

The boys of the NYPD choir were singing "Galway Bay"
And the bells were ringing out for Christmas day
So happy Christmas, I love you baby
I can see a better time when all our dreams come true