

# Fairytale of New York

The Pogues

It was Christmas eve, babe  
In the drunk tank  
An old man said to me  
Won't see another one

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 had a feeling that years  
For me and you

Said, "Happy Christmas  
I love you, baby  
I can see a better time  
When all our dreams come true"

They got cars, big as bars  
They got rivers of gold  
But the wind blows right through you  
It's no place for the old

When I first took your hand  
All your fingers were blue  
Well, I promised you Broadway  
Was waiting for you

I was 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  
And we kissed on a corner  
Danced through the night

And the boys of the NYPD choir  
Were singing, 'Galway Bay'  
And the bells were ringing out  
For Christmas day

Be a bum, it was a clutter  
And smell like the gutter  
While sad broken promises  
Lay with the trash

Every cold chilly night  
We'd end up in a fight  
And I'd pray as you'd yell  
That as train rattled past

And the boys of the NYPD choir  
Still singing, 'Galway Bay'

And the bells were ringing out  
Christmas day

I could have been someone  
Say, so could anyone  
That I took your dreams from you  
When you first found me

But I kept them with me, babe  
I put them with my own  
Can't make it all alone  
Built my dreams around you

It's Christmas eve again  
In the drunk tank  
I'm an old man now  
I won't see another one

So I'll sing a song  
And sleep when I'm through  
Dream of another life  
Where all our dreams came true