

Fairytale Of New York

G/D D G
It was Christmas Eve babe, In the drunktank
D A D
An old man said to me, won't see another one And then he sang a song
G D
The Rare Old Mountain Dew, and I turned my face away
G Asus4 D G
And dreamed about you

D G
Got on a lucky one came in eighteen to one
D A
I've got a feeling this year's for me and you
D G
So happy Christmas, I love you baby
D G Asus4 D
I can see a better time When all our dreams come true

G D G Asus4 /faster now/ D A D G A D

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

D
You were handsome
A
You were pretty, Queen of New York City
D G A D
When the band finished playing, they howled out for more
D A
Sinatra was swinging, all the drunks they were singing
D G A D
We kissed on the corner, then danced through the night

G Bm A
The boys of the NY-PD choir
D Bm
Were singing 'Galway Bay'
D G
And the bells were ringing
A D A Bm G D A D A D A D G D A D
Out for Christmas day

D

You're a bum You're a punk

A

You're an old slut on junk

D

G

A

D

Lying there almost dead on a drip In that bed

D

A

You scum bag You maggots You cheap lousy faggot

D

G

A

D

A

D

Happy Christmas your arse I pray God it's our last

The boys of the NY-PD choir

G

Bm A

Were singing 'Galway Bay'

D

Bm

And the bells were ringing

D

G

Out for Christmas day

A

D

G

D

G

Asus4

D

G

I could have been someone

A

D

Well, So could anyone

G

You took my dreams from me when I first found you

D

A

I kept them with me babe I put them with my own

D

G

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

D

G

A

D

The boys of the NY-PD choir

G

Bm A

Were singing 'Galway Bay'

D

Bm

And the bells were ringing

D

G

Out for Christmas day

A

D

A

Bm

G

D

A

D

Bm

D

G

D

A

D