

## **Fairytale of NewYork**

**(Men in standard font, women in italics, all together in bold)**

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, its 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**

**And 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're cheap & you're haggard  
Happy Christmas your arse I pray God it's our last*

**The boys of the NYPD choir 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 all alone  
I've built my dreams around you*

**The boys of the NYPD choir still singing "Galway Bay"  
And the bells were ringing out for Christmas day**

Repeat from \*