Fairytale of New York.

A: It was Christmas Eve, babe, in the drunk tank. Mm

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) T: On a lucky one, came in eighteen to one. Mm, mm

I’ve got a feeling this year’s for me and you.

(So) Happy Christmas; I love you, baby. Oo, oo, ../Mm, mm

I can see a better time, when all our dreams come true.

S, A: The 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. Bah yom, bom, …

When the band finished playing, they howled out for more.

Sinatra was swinging, all the drunks they were singing.

We kissed on the corner, then danced through the night.

The boys of the N.Y.P.D choir were singing ‘Galway Bay’.

And the bells were ringing out for Christmas Day.

S, A: You’re a bum, you’re a punk!

T: You’re an old slut on junk!

B: Lying there almost dead on a drip in that bed!

S, A: You scumbag, you maggot! You cheat lousy faggot! Dum, dum, ..

A: Happy Christmas your arse, I pray God it’s our last!

The boys of the N.Y.P.D choir still singing ‘Galway Bay’. Bom, bom, …

And the bells were ringing out for Christmas Day.

A, T: I could have been someone.

S, A, T: Well, so could anyone. Oo, oo,

You took my dreams from me

when I first found you.

T, B: I kept them with me, babe.

S, A: I put them with my own. Oo, la,

Can’t make it all alone;

I’ve built my dreams around you.

The boys of the N.Y.P.D choir still singing ‘Galway Bay’.

And the bells were ringing out for Christmas Day.

Gentages..

Hey!