

Fairytale of New York

Shane is in bold *Kirsty is italics* Both singing is underlined

A D G
It was Christmas Eve Babe in the drunk tank

D A
An old man said to me, won't see another one

D G
And then he sang a song The rare Old Mountain Dew

D G Asus4 D A
And I turned my face away And dreamed about you

D G
Got on a lucky one, Came in eighteen to one

D A
I've got a feeling, this years for me and you

D G
So happy Christmas I love you baby

D G Asus4 D G D A
I can see a better time, when all our dreams come true

D A Bm G
They've got cars Big as bars, They've got rivers of gold

D A
But the wind goes right through you It's no place for the old

D Bm D G
When you first took my hand, on a cold Christmas Eve

D A D
You promised me Broadway was waiting for me

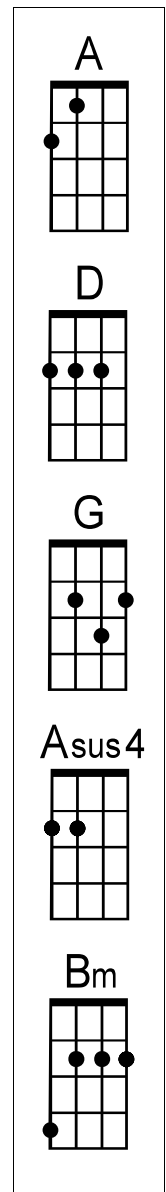
A
You were handsome You were pretty Queen of New York City

D G A D
When the band finished playing They howled out for more

A
Sinatra was swinging All the drunks they were singing

D G
We kissed on the corner

A D
Then danced through the night



G

The boys of the NYPD choir

D

Bm

Were singing 'Galway Bay'

D

G

And the bells were ringing

A

D

Out for Christmas day

D

A

*You're a bum You're a punk **You're an old slut on junk***

D

G

A

D

Living there almost dead on a drip in that bed

A

You scum bag, You maggot, You cheap lousy faggot

D

G

A

D

Happy Christmas your arse, I pray God It's our last

The boys of.....

D

I could have been someone

G

Well so could anyone

D

You took my dreams from me

A

When I first found you

D

I kept them with me babe

G

I put them with my own

D

Can't make it all alone

G

Asus4

D

I've built my dreams around you

The boys of.....