FAIRY TALE OF NEW YORK **C17**

It was Christmas Eve, babe, in the drunk tank
And an old man said to me, "Won't see another one"
And then he sang a song, "The Rare Old Mountain Dew"
And I turned my face away and dreamed about you

Got on a lucky one, came in 18 to one
And 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 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 you first took my hand on that cold Christmas Eve
You promised me Broadway was waiting for me

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
We kissed on a corner and 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
Oh, you scumbag, you maggot, you're cheap lousy faggot
Happy Christmas your arse, I pray God it's our last

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

Well, 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 alone
I've built my dreams around you

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