

FAIRYTALE OF NEW YORK (The Pogues/Kirsty MacColl)

Men:

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 at ten 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

Aah..... (sops and altos)

Do doodle-do do etc (sops, altos and tenors)

Women: They've got cars big as bars
They've got rivers of gold
But the wind goes right through you, 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

Men: 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 the corner
Then danced through the night

CHORUS:

And the boys from the NYPD choir were singing 'Galway Bay'
And the bells were ringing out for Christmas day

Men: I could have been someone

Women: Well so could anyone
You took my dreams from me
When I first found you

Men: I kept them with me, babe
I've kept them with my own
Can't make it on my own

All: I've built my dreams around you

CHORUS

Da da (etc) (x3)

CHORUS