

The fairy tale of New York The Pogues

[A///]

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

Got on a [D] lucky one Came in eigh-[G]-teen to one
I've got a [D] feeling this [G] year's for [A] you and me
So happy [D] Christmas, I love you [G] baby
I can see a [D] better time when [G] all our [A] dreams come [D] true [A]

They've got [D] cars, Big as [A] bars
They've got [Bm] rivers of [G] gold
But the [D] wind goes right through you
It's no place for the [A] old
When you [D] first took my [Bm] hand
On a [D] cold Christmas [G] Eve
You [D] promised me Broadway was [A] waiting for [D] me

You were [D] handsome - You were pretty
Queen of New York [A] City
When the [D] band finished [G] playing
They [A] howled out for [D] more, Sinatra was swinging
All the drunks they were [A] singing
We [D] kissed on the [G] corner
And [A] danced through the [D] night

The [G] boys of the NY [Bm] PD [A] choir
Were [D] singing Galway [Bm] Bay
And the [D] bells were [G] ringing
[A] Out for Christmas [D] day [A]

[D] You're a bum - You're a punk
You're an old slut on [A] junk
Lying [D] there almost [G] dead on a [A] drip in that [D] bed
You scum bag - you maggot
You cheap lousy [A] faggot
Happy [D] Christmas your [G] arse
I pray [A] god it's our [G] last

The [G] boys of the NY [Bm] PD [A] choir
Were [D] singing Galway [Bm] Bay
And the [D] bells were [G] ringing
[A] Out for Christmas [D] day

[A] I could have [D] been someone
Well, So could [G] anyone
You took my [D] dreams
From me when I first [A] found you
I kept them [D] with me babe
I put them [G] with my own
Can't make it [D] all alone
I've built my [G] dreams [A] around [D] you

The [G] boys of the NY [Bm] PD [A] choir
Still [D] singing Galway [Bm] Bay
And the [D] bells were [G] ringing
[A] Out for Christmas [D] day