Fairytale of New York

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Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

It was Christmas eve, babe
In the drunk tank
An old man said to me
Won't see another oneThen he sang a song
The rare 'Old Mountain Dew'
I turned my face away
And dreamed about youGot on a lucky one
Came in eighteen to one
I had a feeling that years
For me and youSaid, "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 oldWhen I first took your hand
All your fingers were blue
Well, I promised you Broadway
Was waiting for youI was handsome, you were pretty
Queen of New York city
When the band finished playing
They howled out for moreSinatra was swinging
All the drunks, they were singing
And we kissed on a corner
Danced through the nightAnd the boys of the NYPD choir
Were singing, 'Galway Bay'
And the bells were ringing out
For Christmas dayBe a bum, it was a clutter
And smell like the gutter
While sad broken promises
Lay with the trashEvery cold chilly night
We'd end up in a fight

And I'd pray as you'd yell
That as train rattled pastAnd the boys of the NYPD choir
Still singing, 'Galway Bay'
And the bells were ringing out
Christmas dayI could have been someone
Say, so could anyone
That I took your dreams from you
When you first found meBut I kept them with me, babe
I put them with my own
Can't make it all alone
Built my dreams around youIt's Christmas eve again
In the drunk tank
I'm an old man now
I won't see another oneSo I'll sing a song
And sleep when I'm through
Dream of another life
Where all our dreams came true

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