

Fairytale Of New York

[Christy Moore](#)

It was Christmas Eve, babe, in the drunk tank
An old man said, "Son, I won't see another one"
And then he sang a song, a rare old mountain tune
I turned my eyes away, and I thought about you I got on a lucky one, came in at 18/1
I've got a feeling this year's for me and you
So Happy Christmas, I love you baby
There's going to be good times
When all our dreams come true. They've got cars big as bars
They've got rivers of gold
But the wind blows right through you
It's no place for the old
When I first took your hand on a cold Christmas Eve
I told you that Broadway was waiting for me. You were handsome and pretty, queen of New York city
When the band finished playing, the crowd howled for more
Sinatra was swinging, and the crowd they were singing
We kissed on the corner and danced round the floor. CHORUS And the boys from the New York police choir
were singin' Galway Bay
And the bells were ringin' out on Christmas Day I could have been someone and so could anyone
I took my dreams from you when I first met you
I kept them with me, babe, and put them with my own
I can't make it all alone
I've built my dreams around you. You're a bum you're a punk you're an aul hoor on junk
Lyin' there on the drip nearly dead in the bed
You scumbag you maggot you cheap lousy faggot
Happy Christmas me arse, I would rather be dead... CHORUS I love you baby
I've got a feeling this year's for me and you
So Happy Christmas, I love you baby
There's going to be good times
When all our dreams come true.

Songwriters

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