

# Fairytale of New York

## Pilate

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 eighteen 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  
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 you first took my hand on that cold Christmas Eve  
You promised me Broadway was waiting for me  
You were 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 then danced through the night  
The boys of the NYPD choir  
Were singing, "Gal way Bay"

And the bells are 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  
You scumbag, you maggot, you cheap lousy fagot  
Happy Christmas your ares, I pray God it's our last  
The boys of the NYPD choir  
Were singing, "Gal way Bay"

And the bells are ringing out for Christmas day  
I could have been someone but 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 all alone, I build my dreams around you  
The boys of the NYPD choir  
Still singing, "Gal way Bay"

And the bells are ringing out for Christmas day  
And the bells are ringing out for Christmas day

Lyrics provided by

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