Fairytale Of New York

Years

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

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