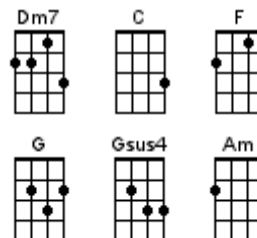




Fairytale of New York: Pogues

Intro: F / C / Dm7 / G

It was Christmas Eve babe, in the drunktank
An old man he 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 see a better time, when all our dreams come true

F / C / G / C

They've got cars big as bars
They've got rivers of gold
But the wind goes right through you
It's no place for the old
When you first took my hand
On a 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



Fairytale of New York: Pogues

^C
We kissed on the corner
^G
Then danced through the night

Chorus { ^F ^{Am} ^G
The boys of the NYPD choir
^C ^{Am}
Were singing 'Galway Bay'
^C ^F
And the bells were ringing
^G ^C
Out for Christmas day

^{G / Am / F}
^{C / G / C / Am}
^{C / F / C / G / C}

^C
You're a bum
^G
You're a punk
^{Am} ^F
You're an old slut on junk
^C ^F
Laying there almost dead
^G ^C
on a drip in that bed
^C
You scum bag, You maggot
^G
You cheap lousy faggot
^C ^F
Happy Christmas your arse
^G ^C ^{G / C}
I pray God it's our last

[Chorus]

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

[Chorus end on C]