

Fairytale of New York

Pogues S. MacGowan J Finer

G/D D G/D

Asus4/E D G/D

D

G

It was Christmas Eve babe In the drunk tank

D

G/A

A

D

An old man said to me, won't see another one And then he sang a song

G

D

The Rare Old Mountain Dew And I turned my face away

G

Asus4/E D

G/A

And dreamed about you

G/A

D

G

Got on a lucky one Came in eighteen to one

D

G/A

A

I've got a feeling This year's for me and you

D

G

So happy Christmas I love you baby

D

G

Asus4/E

D

I can see a better time When all our dreams come true

G/D D G/D Asus4

/faster now/

D A

D G

A D

D

G

And the bells were ringing

A

D A Bm G

D A

D Bm

D G

They've got cars

A

D A D

Big as bars

Out for Christmas day

Bm

G

They've got rivers of gold

D

You're a bum

D

But the wind goes right through you

D

You're a punk

A

It's no place for the old

A

You're an old slut on junk

D

Bm

When you first took my hand

D

G

A

On a cold Christmas Eve

Living there almost dead on a drip

D

D

In that bed

You promised me

D

You scum bag

A

D

Broadway was waiting for me

D

You maggot

You were handsome

A

You cheap lousy faggot

D

G

You were pretty

Happy Christmas your arse

A

A

Queen of New York City

I pray God

D

G

When the band finished playing

D

A D

They howled out for more

A

D

It's our last

Sinatra was swinging

D

A

D

I could have been someone

A

G

So could anyone

All the drunks they were singing

D

G

We kissed on the corner

A

D

You took my dreams

A

From me when I first found you

D

I kept them with me babe

G

I put them with my own

D

Can't make it all alone

G

A

D

The boys of the NYPD choir

D

Bm

Were singing 'Galway Bay'

I've built my dreams around you