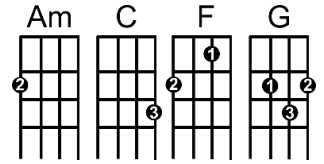


FAIRYTALE OF NEW YORK - *Finer / MacGowan 1987*

Intro: (hum 1st verse)

1. It was Christmas [C] Eve, babe, in the [F] drunktank,
An old man [C] said to me, "Won't see a[G]nother one."
And then he [C] sang a song, 'The Rare Old [F] Mountain Dew',
I turned my [C] face away, and [F] dreamed a[G]bout [C] you. [G]

2. I got on a [C] lucky one, came in [F] 18 to 1,
I've got a [C] feeling, this year's for [G] me and you.
So Happy [C] Christmas, I love you [F] baby,
I can see a [C] better time when [F] all our [G] dreams come [C] true [G]



3. *(Girls)* They've got [C] cars big as bars, they've got rivers of [F] gold,
But the [C] wind blows right through you, it's no place for the [G] old.
When you [C] first took my hand on a cold Christmas [F] Eve,
You [C] promised me [F] Broadway was [G] waiting for [C] me.
You were [C] handsome *(Boys)* ...you were pretty, Queen of New York [G] City
(All) When the [C] band finished [F] playing they [G] howled out for [C] more.
Sinatra was swinging, all the drunks they were [G] singing,
We [C] kissed on the [F] corner then [G] danced through the [C] night
And the [F] boys of the NYPD choir were [C] singin' Galway [Am] Bay,
And the [C] bells were [F] ringin' [G] out for Christmas [C] Day.

(hum - like 1st Verse) [C] - [F] [C] - [G] [C] - [F] [C] - [F] - [G] - [C] - [G]

4. *(Girls)* You're a [C] bum, you're a punk. *(Boys)* You're an old slut on [F] junk
Lyn' [C] there almost dead on a drip in that [G] bed.

(Girls) You [C] scumbag, you maggot, you cheap lousy [G] faggot,
Happy [C] Christmas yer [F] arse, I pray [G] God it's our [C] last
(All) And the [F] boys of the NYPD choir still [C] singin' Galway [Am] Bay,
And the [C] bells were [F] ringin' [G] out for Christmas [C] Day.

#beats: (2,3 1,2,3 1,2,3) *(hum)* [C]↓↓ ↓ [F] - [C] - [G] - [C] *(break)*

5. *(Boys)* [n/c] I could have [C] been someone.

(Girls) Well so could [F] anyone,
You took my [C] dreams from me when I first [G] found you.
(Boys) I kept them [C] with me babe, I put them [F] with my own,
Can't make it [C] all alone I've [F] built my [G] dreams around [C] you.

(All) And the [F] boys of the NYPD choir still [C] singin' Galway [Am] Bay,
And the [C] bells were [F] ringin' [G] out for Christmas [C] Day.

(hum) [C] - [F] - [C] - [G] [C] - [F] - [C] - [G] - [C]