

Fairytale Of New York

Rostam

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'
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 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
We kissed on a corner
Then danced through the night

The boys of the NYPD choir
Were singing 'Galway Bay'
And the bells were 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 faggot
Happy Christmas, your arse
I pray God it's our last"

The boys of the NYPD choir
Still singing 'Galway Bay'
And the bells are ringing out
For Christmas day

"I could have been someone"
"Well, 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've built my dreams around you"

The boys of the NYPD choir
Still singing 'Galway Bay'
And the bells are ringing out
For Christmas Day