

Fairytale Of New York

The Longest Johns

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, J.D.
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 carrot
Happy Christmas, your arse, I pray God it's our last

The boys of the NYPD choir, still singing "Galway Bay"
And the bells were 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
But 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

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