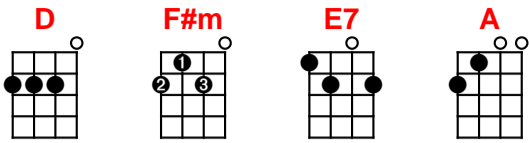


Fairy Tale of New York

The Pogues (S. McGowan, J. Finer)



Instrumental Chorus:

The [D] boys of the NY [F#m] PD [E7] choir
were [A] singing Galway [F#m] Bay
And the [A] bells were
[D] ringing [E7] out for Christmas [A] Day. [E7]

Part 1a

[E7] It was Christmas [A] Eve babe, in the [D] drunk tank
An old man [A] said to me, won't see a-[E7] -nother one
And then he [A] sang a song, the "Rare Old [D] Mountain Dew."
I turned my [A] face away and
[D] dreamed a-[E7] -bout [A] you. [E7]

Part 1b

[E7] Got on a [A] lucky one; came in eight-[D]-teen to one.
I've got a [A] feeling this year's for [E7] me and you.
So happy [A] Christmas. I love you, [D] Baby.
I can see a [A] better time when
[D] all our [E7] dreams come [A] true. [E7]

Part 2:

[E7] They've got [A] cars big as [E7] bars.
They've got [F#m] rivers of [D] gold.
But the [A] wind goes right through you.
It's no place for the [E7] old.
When you [A] first took my [F#m] hand on a
[A] cold Christmas [D] Eve
You [A] promised me Broadway was
[E7] waiting for [A] me. [E7]

Part 3a

[E7] You were [A] handsome. You were pretty,
Queen of New York [E7] City.
When the [A] band finished playing
they howled out for [E7] more.
Si- [A] -natra was swinging.
All the drunks they were [E7] singing.
We [A] kissed in the [D] corner,
then [E7] danced through the [A] night. [E7]

Chorus:

The [D] boys of the NY [F#m] PD [E7] choir
were [A] singing Galway [F#m] Bay
And the [A] bells were
[D] ringing [E7] out for Christmas [A] Day. [E7]

Instrumental Chorus:

The [D] boys of the NY [F#m] PD [E7] choir
were [A] singing Galway [F#m] Bay
And the [A] bells were
[D] ringing [E7] out for Christmas [A] Day. [E7]

Part 3b

[E7] You're a [A] bum. You're a punk.
You're an old slut on [E7] junk,
Lying [A] there almost dead on a drip in that [E7] bed.
You [A] scumbag, you maggot, you cheap lousy [E7] faggot,
Happy [A] Christmas your [D] arse;
I pray [E7] God it's our [A] last. [E7]

Chorus:

The [D] boys of the NY [F#m] PD [E7] choir,
still [A] singing Galway [F#m] Bay,
And the [A] bells are
[D] ringing [E7] out for Christmas [A] Day. [E7]

Part 1c:

[E7] I could have [A] been someone. Well so could [D] anyone.
You took my [A] dreams from me when I first [E7] found you.
I kept them [A] with me babe. I put them [D] with my own.
Can't make it [A] all alone. I've built my
[D] dreams a-[E7] -round [A] you. [E7]

Chorus:

The [D] boys of the NY [F#m] PD [E7] choir,
still [A] singing Galway [F#m] Bay,
And the [A] bells are
[D] ringing [E7] out for Christmas [A] Day. [E7]

Instrumental Chorus:

The [D] boys of the NY [F#m] PD [E7] choir
were [A] singing Galway [F#m] Bay
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