

Fairytale of New York

Celtic Thunder

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, 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 blows right through, 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 the corner then danced through the night

The boys of the NYPD choir were singing "Galway Bay"
And the bells are ringing out for Christmas Day

You're a bum, you're a punk, you're an old crooked drunk
Lying there almost dead, on a drip in that bed
You scum bag, you maggot, you're cheap and you're haggard
Happy Christmas, me lass, I pray God, it's our last

The boys of the NYPD choir were 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

Na na na...

The boys of the NYPD choir were singing "Galway Bay"
And the bells are ringing out for Christmas Day
The boys of the NYPD choir were singing "Galway Bay"
And the bells are ringing out for Christmas Day