

Fairytale of New York

Dustin Kensrue

It was Christmas eve babe
In the drunk tank.
An old man said to me, "Wont 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 had a feeling
That year's for me and you.
Said '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
Its no place for the old
When I first took your hand
All your fingers were blue
But I promised you Broadway was waiting for you.

I was 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,
And we kissed on a corner
Then danced through the night.

And the boys of the NYPD choir
Were singing Galway Bay,
And the bells were ringing out
For Christmas day.

The apartment was cluttered,
And it smelled like the gutter
Where my sad broken promises
Lay with the trash.
Every cold dreary night
We'd end up in a fight
And I'd pray as you'd yell
That a train'd rattle past.

I could have been someone
You said "So could anyone,"
And that I took your dreams from you
When first you found me.
But I kept them with me babe,
I put them with my own.
I cant make it all alone
I built my dreams around you.

It's Christmas eve again, in the drunk tank.
I'm an old man now, I won't see another one.
So I'll sing a song, and sleep when I am through,
And dream of another life, where all our dreams came true.