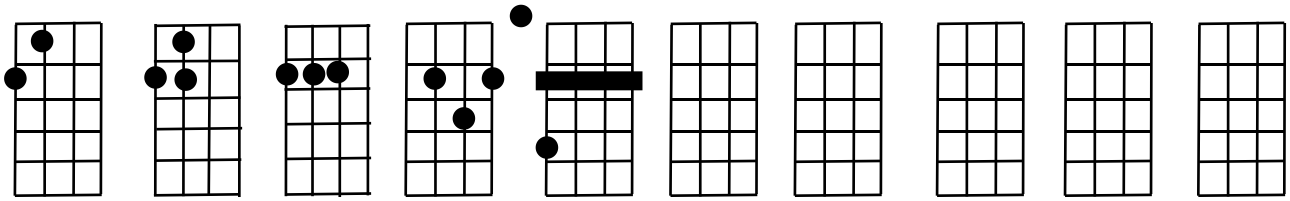
Fairytale of New York



A Asus D G Bm

Shane is in bold
Kirsty is italics
Both singing is underlined

A D G
It was Christmas Eve Babe in the drunk tank
D A
An old man said to me, won't see another one
D G
And then he sang a song The rare Old Mountain Dew
D G Asus D A
And I turned my face away And dreamed about you
D G
Got on a lucky one Came in eighteen to one
D A
I've got a feeling, this years for me and you
D G
So happy Christmas I love you baby
D G Asus D
I can see a better time When all our dreams come true
G D A
D A Bm G
They've got cars Big as bars They've got rivers of gold
D
But the wind goes right through you
A
It's no place for the old
D Bm D G
When you first took my hand On a cold Christmas Eve
D A D
You promised me Broadway was waiting for me

You were handsome **You were pretty**
A
Queen of New York City
D G
When the band finished playing
A D
They howled out for more

Sinatra was swinging
A
All the drunks they were singing
D G
We kissed on the corner
A D
Then danced through the night

G
The boys of the NYPD choir
D Bm
Were singing 'Galway Bay'
D G
And the bells were ringing
A D
Out for Christmas day

D
You're a bum You're a punk
A
You're an old slut on junk
D G A
Living there almost dead on a drip
D
In that bed

You scum bag You maggot
A
You cheap lousy faggot
D G
Happy Christmas your arse
A D
I pray God It's our last

The boys.....
D G
I could have been someone ***Well so could anyone***
D
You took my dreams from me
A
When I first found you
D
I kept them with me babe
G
I put them with my own
D
Can't make it all alone
G Asus D
I've built my dreams around you

The boys.....