

## The Pogues - Fairytale Of New York

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Tom: D
 \mathsf{G} \; \mathsf{D} \; \mathsf{G}
         It was Christmas Eve babe in the drunk tank
                                G A
An old man said to me, won't see another one And then he sang
The Rare Old Mountain Dew and I turned my face away
  G ADG
And dreamed about you
        Got on a lucky one Came in eighteen to one \stackrel{\mbox{\scriptsize D}}{\mbox{\scriptsize O}}
                                                                  In that bed
I've got a feeling this year's for \ensuremath{\text{me}} and you
                                                                    D
So happy Christmas I love you baby
                                                                  You maggot
        D
                                     A D
                             G
I can see a better time when all our dreams come true
G D G A /faster now/ D A D G A D
They've got cars
                                                                  I pray God
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 the corner
Then danced through the night
The boys of the NYPD choir
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## Acordes



