FAIRYTALE OF NEW YORK

(G)It was Christmas (C)Eve babe, in the (F)drunk tank An old man (C)said to me, won't see a-(G)nother one And then he (C)sang a song, The Rare Old (F)Mountain Dew I turned my (C)face away and dreamed a-(G)bout (C)you (G)

Got on a (C)lucky one, came in eigh-(F)teen to one I've got a (C)feeling, this year's for (G)me and you So Happy (C)Christmas, I love you (F)baby I can see a (C)better time, when all our (G)dreams come (C)true (G)

They've got (C)cars big as (C5)bars, they've got (C)rivers of (F)gold But the (C)wind goes right through you, it's no place for the (G)old When you (C)first took my hand, on a cold Christmas (G)Eve You (C)promised me (F)Broadway was (G)waiting for (C)me

You were (C)handsome, you were pretty, Queen of New York City When the (C)band finished (F)playing, they (G)howled out for (C)more Sinatra was (C)swinging, all the drunks they were singing We (C)kissed on a (F)corner, then (G)danced through the (C)night

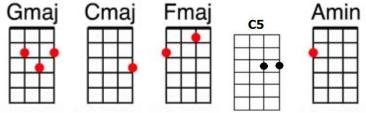
The (F)boys of the NYPD choir, were (C)singing "Galway (Am)Bay" And the (C)bells were (F)ringing (G)out for Christmas (C)day (G)

You're a (C)bum, you're a (G)punk, you're an (C)old slut on (F)junk Lying (C)there almost dead on a drip in that (G)bed......{hang} You (C)scumbag, you maggot, you cheap lousy faggot Happy Christmas your (F)arse, I pray (G)God it's our (C)last

The (F)boys of the NYPD choir, were (C)singing "Galway (Am)Bay" And the (C)bells were (F)ringing (G)out for Christmas (C)day (G)

I could have (C)been someone, well so could (F)anyone You took my (C)dreams from me, when I first (G)found you I kept them (C)with me babe, I put them (F)with my own Can't make it (C)all alone, I've built my (G)dreams a-(C)round (G)you

The (F)boys of the NYPD choir, were (C)singing "Galway (Am)Bay" And the (C)bells were (F)ringing (G)out for Christmas (F)......(C)day



Bridgnorth Ukulele Band 2012