

## Fairytale of New York

The Pogues (J.Finer & S.MacGowan) Arr:S.Nudds

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VERSE 1

Tremelo	on	each	chord

D G

It was Christmas Eve babe, In the drunk tank

D A D

An old man said to me, won't see another one. And then he sang a song

G D

The Rare Old Mountain Dew, and I turned my face away

G / / A / / D / /

And dreamed about you ———PAUSE..

**VERSE 2** 

4 groups of 3 beats on each chord

Got on a lucky one Came in eighteen to one

D/////////// A///////////

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

D///// A7// D// G// A7// D//

VERSE 3

D// A// Bm// G/

They got cars big as bars, they got rivers of gold

D//////// A//

But the wind goes right through you, its no place for the old



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D //	Bm / /	<b>D</b> / /	G	<b>i</b> //			
When you first took	When you first took my hand on a cold Christmas eve						
D // ///		<b>A</b> //	D //				
You promised me B	roadway wa	s waiting	for me.				
		VEI	RSE 4				
D/////	111	<b>A</b> //					
You were handsome	e, you were	were pretty, queen of N.Y City					
D / /	<b>G</b> //	•	<b>A</b> //	<b>D</b> / /			
When the band finished playing they howled out for more							
D// //////		<b>A</b> //					
Sinatra was swinging, all the drunks they were singing							
D // G	// A //		D //				
We kissed on the co	orner, then d	anced th	rough the	night			
	CHORUS						
G/////////	11	D//	111	Bm / / / / /			
The boys from the N.Y.P.D choir were singing 'Galway Bay'							
<b>D</b> / /	G// A//	111	D///	'11 111 111			
And the bells were ringing out for Christmas Day							
		VERSE 5					
D////////			<b>A</b> /	I			
You're a bum, you're a punk,you're an old slut on junk							
<b>D</b> / /		G / /	A// D	11			
Lying there in that bed almost dead on a drip							
<b>D</b> /////////			<b>A</b> //				
You scumbag, you maggot, you cheap lousy faggot							
<b>D</b> / /	G / /	<b>A</b> //	D//				
Happy Christmas your arse,I pray God its our last!							