Fairytale of New York

The Pogues

① = A   ③ = C
② = E   ④ = G

D   G   A   Asus4   Bm
123-   -132   21--   12--   3111

INTRO (see tab)

```
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                   Asus4 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 year's for me and you
            D                   G
So happy Christmas I love you baby
            D                   Asus4         D
I can see a better time when all our dreams come true
```

Repeat INTRO

```
D  A  D  G  A  D


          D         A           Bm      G
They've got cars big as bars they've got rivers of gold
        D                                      A
But the wind goes right through you 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


          D                                   A
You were handsome. You were pretty, Queen of New York City
          D         G         A           D
When the band finished playing, they howled out for more
D                                     A
Sinatra was swinging, all the drunks they were singing
          D         G         A           D
We kissed on the corner then danced through the night
```

CHORUS

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

```
D A Bm G D A D Bm D G D A D
```

```
        D                              A
You're a bum, you're a punk. You're an old slut on junk
      D        G       A        D
Lying there almost dead on a drip in that bed
      D                            A
You scum bag, you maggot. You cheap lousy faggot
         D            G       A        D
Happy Christmas your arse. I pray God it's our last
```

CHORUS

```
 A         D
I could have been someone
         G
So could anyone
           D
You took my dreams
                  A
From me 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      A      D
I've built my dreams around you
```

```
D  G  D  A  D  G  D  G  A   repeat to fade
```