**Fairytale of New York.**

*Intro10 beats*

It was Christmas Eve babe, In the drunk tank
An old man said to me, won't see another one
And then he sang a song, The Rare Old Mountain Dew
I turned my face away, and dreamed about you

God I’m the lucky one, came in at ten to one
I've got a feeling, this year's for me and you
So happy Christ-mas, I love you ba-by
I can see a better time, when all our dreams come true..
*Music*

They've got cars 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 a corner
Then danced through the night
The boys of the NYPD choir
Were singing "Galway Bay"
And the bells were ringing out
For Christmas day
*music*
You're a bum You're a punk
You're a piece of old junk
Lying there almost dead on a dirty old bed
You scumbag, you maggot
You cheap lousy faggot
Happy Christmas of course

I pray God it's all right

The boys of the NYPD choir
Still singing "Galway Bay"
And the bells were ringing out
For Christmas day
*music*

I could have been someone
Well so could anyone
You took my dreams from me
When I first found you

I kept them with me babe
I put them with my own
Can't make it all alone
I've built my dreams around you

The boys of the NYPD choir
Still singing "Galway Bay"
And the bells are ringing out
For Christmas day

*Music to fade*