**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*