

D                  G                  A                  Asus4                  Em

123-                  -132                  21--                  12--                  3111

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

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