

# Fairytales of New York

THE POGUES FEAT. KIRSTY MACCOLI

Music, lyrics: Jem Finer /  
Shane Patrick  
Lysaght Macgowan  
Arr: Jetse Bremer

1

Ms. solo

T.I

T.II

B.I

B.II

Piano

5

It was Christ-mas Eve babe  
And then he sang a song— The Rare Old  
And then he sang a song— The Rare Old  
drunk tank— An old man said to me,— won't see an - ot - her one— And then he sang a song— The Rare Old  
drunk tank— An old man said to me,— won't see an - ot - her one— And then he sang a song— The Rare Old

G D G/D A Dno3 Dsus7 Dsus D/F#

G D D/A A Dsus D D/F#

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17

ba-by— I can see a bet-ter time— When all our dreams come true  
 ba-by— I can see a bet-ter time— When all our dreams come true  
 ba-by— I can see a bet-ter time— When all our dreams come true  
 ba-by— I can see a bet-ter time— When all our dreams come true

G                   D                   A                   Dno3                   G                   D                   G/D                   A

21

 $\text{♩} = 68$ *mf*

$\text{♩} = 68$

They've got cars big as bars They've got

$\text{♩} = 68$

G                   D/A                   A                   D                   D                   A

Si - na - tra was swing - ing, All the  
of New York Ci - ty When the band fin - ished play - ing They howled out for more  
of New York Ci - ty When the band fin - ished play - ing They howled out for more  
of New York Ci - ty When the band fin - ished play - ing They howled out for more  
of New York Ci - ty When the band fin - ished play - ing They howled out for more

A D G D/A A D D

drunks they were sing-ing The boys of the N - Y -  
and we kissed on a cor - ner Then danced through the night The boys of the N - Y -  
and we kissed on a cor - ner Then danced through the night The boys of the N - Y -  
and we kissed on a cor - ner Then danced through the night The boys of the N - Y -  
and we kissed on a cor - ner Then danced through the night The boys of the N - Y -

A D G D/A A D G Gsus(4#)

55

bum You're a punk  
You scum-bag, you mag-got You  
You're an old slut on junk Ly-ing there al-most dead on a drip in that bed  
You're an old slut on junk Ly-ing there al-most dead on a drip in that bed  
You're an old slut on junk Ly-ing there al-most dead on a drip in that bed  
You're an old slut on junk Ly-ing there al-most dead on a drip in that bed

60

cheap lous-y fag-got Hap-py Christ-mas your arse I pray God it's our last The boys of the N - Y - P - D choir Were  
Hap-py Christ-mas your arse I pray God it's our last The boys of the N - Y - P - D choir Were  
Hap-py Christ-mas your arse I pray God it's our last The boys of the N - Y - P - D choir Were  
Hap-py Christ-mas your arse I pray God it's our last The boys of the N - Y - P - D choir Were  
Hap-py Christ-mas your arse I pray God it's our last The boys of the N - Y - P - D choir Were

76

Well so could a ny-one— You took my dreams from me  
*la* I could have been some-one—  
*la* I could have been some-one—  
*la* I could have been some-one—  
*la* I could have been some-one—

A              D              G

82

When I first found— you—  
*mp*  
*mp* I kept them with me babe— I put them with my own—  
*mp* I kept them with me babe— I put them with my own—  
*mp* I kept them with me babe— I put them with my own—  
*mp*  
A              D              G

102

*La la la*

*D G D/A A*

*>* *>* *>* *>* *>* *>*