

Fairytale of New York – The Pogues

You will hear a Christmas song by The Pogues that was recorded in the 1980s and is the most played Christmas song in the UK of the 21st century. For questions 1 – 8, complete the sentences with a word or short phrase.

Fairytale of New York

The male singer spent Christmas Eve in the (1) where he
met an old man.

He won a bet eighteen to one so he felt (2) that year.

The female singer reminisces about a (3) Christmas Eve
when the two singers fell in love.

She says that he promised her that she would be on (4) someday.

After a night of singing and drinking, they kissed (5) and spent
the rest of the night dancing.

The (6) choir was singing a song called “Galway Bay”.

The two singers then argue and she insults him, calling him a bum
and a (7)

They discuss how their (8) have been stolen by
each other and become intertwined.

ANSWER KEY

1. drunk tank
2. lucky
3. cold
4. Broadway
5. on a corner
6. NYPD
7. punk
8. dreams

LYRICS

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

Got on a lucky one
Came in eighteen to one
I've got a feeling
This year's for me and you
So happy Christmas
I love you baby
I can see a better time
When all our dreams come true

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

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

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

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

Songwriters: Jem Finer / Shane Patrick Lysaght Macgowan
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