

1 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

2 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

Interlude 1

C&R1 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

R1 The boys of the N.Y.P.D. choir
Were singing Galway Bay
And the bells were ringing out
For Christmas day

Interlude 2

C&R2 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

R2 The boys of the N.Y.P.D. choir
 Still singing Galway Bay
 And the bells are ringing out
 For Christmas day

Interlude 3 (Schlussthema verkürzt)

3 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

R3 The boys of the N.Y.P.D. choir
 Still singing Galway Bay
 And the bells are ringing out
 For Christmas day

CODA (Schlussthema)