

Fill in the gaps

Fairytale Of New York by The Pogues

It was christmas eve babe	then (7) through the night
in the (1) tank	The boys of the nypd choir
an old man (2) to me, won't see another one	were singing "galway bay"
and then he sang a song	and the bells were ringing out
the rare old mountain dew	for christmas day
I (3) my face away	You're a bum
and dreamed about you	you're a punk
Got on a lucky one	you're an old slut on junk
came in eighteen to one	lying there almost dead on a drip in that bed
I've got a feeling	you scumbag, you maggot
this year's for me and you	you cheap lousy faggot
so happy christmas	happy christmas your arse
I love you baby	I pray god it's our last
I can see a better time	the boys of the nypd choir
when all our dreams (4) true	still singing "galway bay"
They've got cars big as bars	and the (8) (9) ringing out
they've got rivers of gold	for christmas day
but the wind goes right through you	I could have been someone
it's no place for the old	well so could anyone
when you first took my hand	you took my dreams from me
on a cold christmas eve	when I first found you
you (5) me	I kept them with me babe
broadway was waiting for me	I put (10) with my own
You (6) handsome	can't make it all alone
you were pretty	I've built my dreams around you
queen of new york city	The boys of the nypd choir
when the band finished playing	still singing "galway bay"
they howled out for more	and the bells are ringing out
sinatra was swinging,	for christmas day
all the drunks they were singing	
we kissed on a corner	



- 1. drunk
- 2. said
- 3. turned
- 4. come
- 5. promised
- 6. were
- 7. danced
- 8. bells
- 9. were
- 10. them

Fill in the gaps