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## By The Pogues

It was Christmas Eve babe  
In the drunk \_\_\_\_\_.  
An \_\_\_\_\_ said to me, won't see  
another \_\_\_\_\_.  
And then he sang a song  
The Rare Old Mountain Dew  
I turned my face away  
And \_\_\_\_\_ about you

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

They've got \_\_\_\_\_ big as bars  
They've got \_\_\_\_\_ of gold  
But the \_\_\_\_\_ goes right through you  
It's no place for the \_\_\_\_\_.  
When you first \_\_\_\_\_ my hand  
On a cold Christmas Eve  
You \_\_\_\_\_ me  
Broadway was waiting for me

You were \_\_\_\_\_.  
You were \_\_\_\_\_.  
Queen of New York City  
When the band finished playing  
They howled out for more  
S \_\_\_\_\_ was swinging,  
All the \_\_\_\_\_ they were singing  
We \_\_\_\_\_ on a corner

Then \_\_\_\_\_ through the night

The boys of the NYPD choir  
Were singing "Galway Bay"  
And the \_\_\_\_\_ were ringing out  
For Christmas day

You're a \_\_\_\_\_.  
You're a \_\_\_\_\_.  
You're an old slut on junk  
Lying there almost dead on a \_\_\_\_\_ in  
that bed

You \_\_\_\_\_, you \_\_\_\_\_.  
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 \_\_\_\_\_ from me  
When I first found you  
I \_\_\_\_\_ them with me babe  
I put them with my own  
Can't make it all alone  
I've \_\_\_\_\_ my dreams around you

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