

# Another New World

## Punch Brothers

The leading lights of the age all wondered amongst themselves what I would do next,  
After all that I'd found, in my travels around the world, was there anything left?  
"Gentlemen," I said, "I've studied the charts, and if what I'm thinking is right,  
There's another new world, at the top of the world, for the first one who breaks through the ice,"

I looked 'round the room, in that way I once had, and I saw that they wanted belief,  
So I said, "All I've got are my guts and my God," then I paused, "and the Annabel Lee."  
Oh, the Annabel Lee, and I saw their eyes shine, the most beautiful ship in the sea,  
My Nina, my Pinta, my Santa Maria, my beautiful Annabel Lee

That spring we set sail, the crowds waved from shore, and on board the crew waved their hats,  
But I'd never had family, just the Annabel Lee, so I never had cause to look back.  
I'd just set the course north and study the charts, and towards dawn I drifted toward sleep,  
And I'd dream of the fine, deep harbor I'd find past the ice, for my Annabel Lee.

After that it got colder, and the world got quiet. It was never quite day or quite night.  
And the sea turned the color of sky turned the color of sea turned the color of ice.

Till at last all around us was vastness, one vast glassy desert of arsenic white,  
And the waves that once lifted us, shifted instead into drifts against Annabel's sides.  
And the crew gathered closer, at first for the warmth, but each day would bring a new set  
Of tracks in the snow, leading over the edge of the world, til I was the only one left.

Then it gets cloudy,  
But it feels like I laid there for days, or maybe for months  
Oh, but Annabel held me, the two of us happy,  
Just to think back on all we had done

We talked of the other new worlds  
We'd discover as she gave up her body to me,  
As I chopped up her mainsail for timber,  
I told her of all that we still had to see.  
As the frost turned her moorings  
To nine-tails and the winds lashed her sides in the cold,  
I burned her to keep me alive every night in the loving embrace of her hold.

And I won't call it rescue,  
that brought me back here to this old world to drink and decline,  
and pretend that the search for another new world was well worth the burning of mine.  
But sometimes at night, in my dreams

Comes the singing of some unknown tropical bird,  
And I smile in my sleep,  
Thinking Annabel Lee's finally made it to another new world.

Yeah, sometimes at night in my dreams comes the singing of some unknown tropical bird,  
And I smile in my sleep, thinking Annabel Lee's finally made it to another new world.

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