New Found Year

Paul Kelly

Come with me, love, bring your wine, love
Set it by the bed
First we'll clink and then we'll drink
To toast the year that's fled
Outside all the horns are blaring
The midnight bells have rung
On this our first new year and love so youngSlip your shoes off, let me help your dress
Down to the floor
There's no treasure on this earth now
Not inside this door
Every weather, heat and chills, and spring and fall and rain
And on the air all spice again
Oh my India, my new found land
My America, come take my handJanuary, February, we will seek our ground
March and April, May and June and July, dig deeper down
August and September, sweet October - that's when we met
November and December - I know I'll never forgetOh my India, my new found land
My America, I'm your new manAnd now, my love, come prove our love
Before, behind, between, above
Below!
Oh my India, my new found land
My America, for you I stand
Oh my India, my brave new land
My America, come take my hand
Oh my India, my brave new land
My America, I'm your new man
Oh my India, my new found land
My America, come take my hand
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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