

## 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 young

Slip 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 hand

January, 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 forget

Oh my India, my new found land  
My America, I'm your new man  
And now, my love, come prove our love  
Before, behind, between, above  
Below!

Oh my India, my new found land  
My America, come take my hand  
Oh my India, my brave new land  
My America, for you I stand  
Oh my India, my new found land  
My America, I'm your new man