# Another New World by Josh Ritter (2010)

Em Em The leading lights of the age all wondered amongst F#dim F#dim Themselves what I would do next. After **B**7 **B7** all that I'd found in my circles around the Em Em world was there anything left? Ε Ε "Gentlemen", I said, "I've studied the maps, and if Am Am what I'm thinking is right. There's D7 **D7** another new world, at the top of the world, for who **B7** G ever can break through the ice". I looked round the Em Em in the room



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*Em Em* way I once had, and I saw that they wanted belief. So I said "All I've got are my guts and my God", the I paused, "and the Annabelle Lee." Oh the Annabelle Lee, I saw their eyes shine, the most beautiful ship in the sea: my Nina, my Pinta, my Santa Maria, my beautiful Annabelle Lee. *break* 

That spring we set sail, as the crowd waved from shore, and on board the sailors waved caps. But I never had family, just the Annabelle Lee, so I didn't have cause to look back. I just studied the charts, and I set the course north, and towardsI dark I drifted toward sleep. And I dreamed of the fine, deep harbor I'd find, past the ice for my Annabelle Lee. After that it got

## Em Em Em

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. After 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 Annabelle's sides, and the crew gathered

### Em Em Em Em

closer, at first for the comfort, but each morning would bring a new set, of tracks in the snow leading over the edge of the world, 'til I was the only one left. After that it gets cloudy, I feel like I lay there, for days, and maybe for months. Oh the Annabel held me, the two of us happy, just to think back on all we had done. *break* 

#### But I

told her of other other new worlds we'd discover, as she gave up her body to me. As I chopped up her mainmast for timber, I told her of all that we still had to see. As the frost turned her moorings to nine-tails, and the wind lashed her sides in the cold, and I burned her to keep me alive every night in the lover's embrace of her hold. I can't call it

#### Em Em Em

rescue, what brought me back here, to this old world to drink and decline, 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 unheard tropical bird. And I smile in my sleep,thinking Annabelle Lee's finally made it another new world

Em

sometimes at night, in my dreams comes the singing, of some unheard tropical bird. And I smile in my sleep,thinking Annabelle Lee's finally made it another new world. *Break to end*