

Trey Anastasio**"Pigtail"**

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I'm halfway, fully, nearly, close to just beyond it
Right beside and just a hair's breadth, in between, next
to and closer
I'm approximately, roughly, more or less, about exactly
Almost close by and adjacent
Handy local, within hailing
But the cloud then passes over
And you're vague aloof and distant
Isolated and secluded
Far flung, far off and remote
You're faint and hazy indistinct
Your pigtail has been dipped in ink
Dipped in ink
Dipped in ink

Reserved you wander unattached,
Till the sun comes out at last
Somehow, you comprehend, and I'm becoming
conscious again
I'm becoming conscious again
Unconscious again
I'm conscious again
Unconscious again
I'm conscious again
Unconscious again
I'm conscious again
Unconscious again
Unconscious again
Appreciate, grasp, and recognize our mutually
proximate prize

And if the stars line up tonight
Then you and I will be all right
If the planets don't align
You go your way, I'll go mine
I don't mind
I don't mind
I don't mind

Your pigtail dipped in ink
I'm conscious again

Unconscious again
Your pigtail dipped in ink
I'm conscious again
Unconscious again
Your pigtail dipped in ink
I'm conscious again
Unconscious again
Your pigtail dipped in ink
I'm conscious again
Unconscious again
Your pigtail dipped in ink
Dipped in ink, dipped in ink

Your pigtail dipped in ink
I'm conscious again
Unconscious again
[x4]

Your pigtail

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