

## Dotted Line

Pinegrove

Ignore the wreckage on the shoulder  
I cross the border into new jersey  
Where a dotted line from my antenna says  
May no fantasy hold my head up

Just another day in the polar vortex  
Do I do my thing and just keep my head down?  
Or do I eclipse back to Atlanta no  
May no fantasy hold my head up  
Nor may no memory fold my head in

Cuz I don't know how  
But I'm thinking it'll all work out  
Cuz I don't know how  
But I'm thinking it'll all work out

In the night when I feel your absence  
Like a dotted line across my shoulder  
Like a silver vision across the desert  
May no memory hold my head up

Now  
The endless night and I lift my head up where  
Beyond my window a thread of light lives  
With Manhattan island on the horizon  
No, may no memory hold my head up  
Nor may no fantasy fold my head in

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But I'm thinking it'll all work out  
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