

## Lodging

Tigers Jaw

Diane, I know that I'm just a baby.  
I've found the door, it makes sense to me.

In my room with curtains drawn.  
In my world, there's something wrong.  
Black timing, I see the truth.  
In my lodging, I've thought it through.

And I suppose you put the needle on the record.  
When there's a setting sun, it takes strength to remember.

The aftermath, the smiling bag.  
That the lodge is black.  
Where's Pulaski at?  
Where's Jacobi at?

I was told, twenty years ago,  
On the Northern shore,  
Bob unfolds.  
No more, I implore.