

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.