

LET'S GO TO LODGE TONIGHT

Say, Son, let's go to Lodge tonight;
We haven't been for years.
Let's don our little apron white
And sit among the peers.
I feel a kind of longing, Boy,
to climb up those old stairs;
I know we'd get a thrill of joy
and lay aside the care.
I'd like to get out on the floor—
Come on, let's get in the line;
I'd like to face the East once more
And give the same old sign.
I want to hear the gavel ring,
To hear the organ play;
I want to hear the Craftsmen sing
I think the Tyler'd let us in,
That old familiar lay. Although he'd hesitate,
And then we'd see that same old grin.
Come on, or we'll be late.
Pass up your bridge or picture show,
Your wrestling bout or fight;
Switch off that darned old TV set—
Let's go to Lodge tonight.