

Deep Forbidden Lake

Neil Young

**Eb**

**Bb**

On the lake, the deep forbidden lake, the old boats go gliding by,

**G#**

**Eb**

and the leaves are falling from the trees and landing on the logs and I

**Eb7**

**G#**

**G#m**

see the turtles heading for the bog and falling off the log.

**Eb**

**Bb**

They make the water splash, and feeling no backlash,

**Eb**

they climb the happy banks.

**Eb**

**Bb**

On the boats, the old and creaky boats, the shoreline goes gliding by.

**G#**

**Eb**

And the wind, there was a dying breeze, is making the banners fly.

**Eb7**

**G#**

**G#m**

See the colors, floating in the sky, the pride of the captain s eye,

**Eb**

**Bb**

**Eb**

as he glides his slender craft inside and opens up the door.

**Eb**

**Bb**

On the coast, the long and tempting coast, the cards on the table lie,

**G#**

**Eb**

and a speech, so eloquent in reach, was made by a passerby,

**Eb7**

**G#**

**G#m**

passing by the way between here and left behind.

**Eb**

**Bb**

And it ripples through the crowds who run and cast their doubts

**Eb**

**Eb Eb7 G# G#m**

in the deep forbidden lake.

**Eb**

**Bb**

Yes, it echoes through the crowds who run and cast their doubts

**Eb**

in the deep forbidden lake.