

Deep Forbidden Lake
Neil Young

C
G
On the lake, the deep forbidden lake, the old boats go gliding by,
F
C
and the leaves are falling from the trees and landing on the logs and I
C7 F
Fm
see the turtles heading for the bog and falling off the log.
C G
They make the water splash, and feeling no backlash,
C
they climb the happy banks.

C
G
On the boats, the old and creaky boats, the shoreline goes gliding by.
F
C
And the wind, there was a dying breeze, is making the banners fly.
C7
F Fm
See the colors, floating in the sky, the pride of the captain s eye,
C G
C
as he glides his slender craft inside and opens up the door.

C
G
On the coast, the long and tempting coast, the cards on the table lie,
F
C
and a speech, so eloquent in reach, was made by a passerby,
C7 F
Fm
passing by the way between here and left behind.
C G
And it ripples through the crowds who run and cast their doubts
C C C7 F Fm
in the deep forbidden lake.
C G
Yes, it echoes through the crowds who run and cast their doubts
C
in the deep forbidden lake.