

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.