

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

C#7

F#

F#m

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.

C#7

F#

F#m

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,

C#7

F#

F#m

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# C#7 F# F#m

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.