

Neil Young - Deep Forbidden Lake

Tom: D

A ^D
On the lake, the deep forbidden lake, the old boats go
gliding by, ^G

D ^D
and the leaves are falling from the trees and landing on
the logs and I ^{D7}

G ^{Gm}
see the turtles heading for the bog and falling off the
log. ^D

A ^D
They make the water splash, and feeling no backlash,
they climb the happy banks. ^D

A ^D
On the boats, the old and creaky boats, the shoreline goes
gliding by. ^G

D ^G
And the wind, there was a dying breeze, is making the
banners fly. ^{Gm}

D7 ^G
See the colors, floating in the sky, the pride of the

captain's eye, ^D ^A

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

A ^D
On the coast, the long and tempting coast, the cards on
the table lie, ^G

D ^D
and a speech, so eloquent in reach, was made by a
passerby, ^{D7}

G ^{Gm}
passing by the way between here and left behind. ^D

A ^D
And it ripples through the crowds who run and cast their
doubts ^{D D7 G Gm}
in the deep forbidden lake. ^D

A ^D
Yes, it echoes through the crowds who run and cast their
doubts ^D
in the deep forbidden lake.

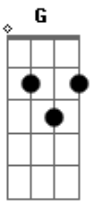
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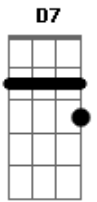
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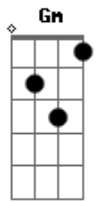
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