

Neil Young - Deep Forbidden Lake

Tom: **D**

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

D **Gm** **D7**
and the leaves are falling from the trees and landing on
the logs and I

G **D**
see the turtles heading for the bog and falling off the
log.

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.

D7 **G** **Gm**
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.

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

D **Gm** **D7**
and a speech, so eloquent in reach, was made by a
passerby,

G **D** **Gm**
passing by the way between here and left behind.

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

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

Acordes

