

Neil Young, Deep Forbidden Lake

On the lake,
the deep forbidden lake,
The old boats go gliding by,
And the leaves
are falling from the trees
And landing on the logs and I
See the turtles
heading for the bog
And falling off the log.
They make the water splash,
And feeling no backlash,
They climb the happy banks.

On the boats,
the old and creaky boats,
The shoreline goes gliding by,
And the wind,
there was a dying breeze,
Is making the banners fly.
See the colors,
floating in the sky,
The pride of the captain's eye,
As he glides
His slender craft inside
And opens up the door.

On the coast,
the long and tempting coast,
The cards on the table lie,
And a speech,
so eloquent in reach,
Was made by a passerby,
Passing by the way between
Here and left behind.
And it ripples through the crowds
Who run and cast their doubts
In the deep forbidden lake.

Yes, it echoes through the crowds
Who run and cast their doubts
In the deep forbidden lake.