

# Deep Forbidden Lake

Neil Young

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.

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