

# Plastic Flowers (Mixed Pages)

Neil Young

In the Summertime  
We met to see a thread  
That came to harm something we both loved  
and as the hours passed  
We talked until at last it came the time to part I was doin' well,  
and I thought she liked my style.  
I had no business thinking like that  
but it lasted quite a while.  
I got my promises made  
but before the timeless father  
I show plastic flowers  
to mother nature's daughter.  
She held the vase  
her misty gaze brought them to life.  
I was amazed  
she turned to me with a tear in her eye. We went to give our thanks  
along the riverbanks  
and watched the water flow as it rolled along  
She scooped some river sand  
and held it in her hand  
and sang a little song  
Saw the water lines  
left there from ancient times  
I watched the sand run through her fingers  
on the shore, so dry I was doin' well,  
and I thought she liked my style.  
I had no business feeling like that  
but it lasted quite a while.  
I got my promises made  
but before the timeless Father  
I show plastic flowers to Mother Nature's daughter

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