

Plastic Flowers (Orchestral)

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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