

Daughters

Neil Young

On the streets where the streetcars are squeaking through the morning

The flags that are raised start to wave

Goodbye to the old people gathered by warnings

I stand on the corner and feel like a foreigner

Whoa, far from the sparkling blue waters

Where the fish and the canvasses play

And the waves are as calm as my father

And the daughters are dancing all day

In the house where the housewares are thrown out the window

And soap opera dreams, they do scream

And the people inside can't decide where they will go

For the track it is wrong and the train it is long

Whoa, far from the sparkling blue waters

Where the fish and the canvasses play

And the waves are as calm as my father

And the daughters are dancing all day

All the diamonds are packed back behind in the redwoods

In the Japanese freighters back home

But I won't cut that tree till I'm sure that it's deadwood

And the last leaf is fallen and summer is gone

Whoa, far from the sparkling blue waters

Where the fish and the canvasses play

And the waves are as calm as my father

And the daughters are dancing all day

And the daughters are dancing all day