

# 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  
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