GENTLE ON MY MIND  

John Hartford  
(by Glen Campbell)

INTRO:  C  C\textsuperscript{M7}  C\textsuperscript{6}  C\textsuperscript{M7}  C  C\textsuperscript{M7}  C\textsuperscript{6}  C\textsuperscript{M7}

It’s knowin’ that your door is always open and your path is free to walk

That makes me tend to leave my sleeping bag

rolled up and stashed behind your couch

And it’s knowing I’m not shackled by forgotten words and bonds

And the ink stains that have dried upon some line

That keeps you in the back roads by the rivers of my memory

That keeps you ever gentle on my mind.

It’s not clinging to the rocks and ivy planted on their columns now that bind me

Or something that somebody said be-cause

They thought we’d been together walkin’

It’s just knowing that the world will not be cursing or forgiving

When I walk along some railroad track and find

That you’re movin’ on the back roads by the rivers of my memory

And for hours you’re just gentle on my mind
Though the wheat fields and the clothes lines

And the junk yards and the highways come between us

And some other woman crying to her mother

Cause she turned and I was gone

I still might run in silence, tears of joy might stain my face

And the summer sun might burn me till I’m blind

But not to where I cannot see you walkin’ on the back roads

By the rivers flowing gentle on my mind

I dip my cup of soup back from a gurglin’, cracklin’, cauldron in some train yard

My beard a roughening coal pile, and a dirty hat

Pulled low across my face

Through cupped hands round a tin can

I pretend to hold you to my breast and find

That you’re waitin’ from the back roads by the rivers of my memories

Ever smiling, ever gentle on my mind