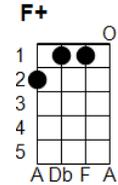


Gentle On My Mind

It's [C] knowing that your [Cmaj7] door is always [C6] open
And your [Cmaj7] path is free to [Dm] walk. [F+] [F] [F+]
That [Dm] makes me tend to [F+] leave my sleeping [F] bag rolled up
And [G7] stashed behind your [C] couch. [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

And it's [C] knowing I'm not [Cmaj7] shackled by forg[C6]otten words and [Cmaj7] bonds
And the [C] ink stains that have [Cmaj7] dried upon some [Dm] line. [F+] [F] [F+]
That [Dm] keeps you in the [F+] back roads, by the [F] rivers of my [G7] memory
That [Dm] keeps you ever [G7] gentle on my [C] mind. [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]



It's not [C] clinging to the [Cmaj7] rocks and ivy [C6] planted on
their [Cmaj7] columns now that [Dm] binds me [F+] [F] [F+]
Or [Dm] something that some[F+]body said
Be[F]cause they thought we [G7] fit together [C] walkin' [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

It's just [C] knowing that the [Cmaj7] world will not be [C6] cursing or [Cmaj7] forgiving
When I [C] walk along some [Cmaj7] railroad track and [Dm] find [F+] [F] [F+]
That you're [Dm] waving from the [F+] back roads by the [F] rivers of my [G7] memory
And for [Dm] hours you're just [G7] gentle on my [C] mind [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

Although the [C] wheat fields and the [Cmaj7] clothes lines and the [C6] junkyards
And the [Cmaj7] highways come be[Dm]tween us [F+] [F] [F+]
And some [Dm] other woman's [F+] crying to her [F] mother
'Cause she [G7] turned and I was [C] gone [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

I [C] still might run in [Cmaj7] silence, tears of [C6] joy might stain my [Cmaj7] face
And the [C] summer sun might [Cmaj7] burn me 'till I'm [Dm] blind [F+] [F] [F+]
But [Dm] not to where I [F+] cannot see you [F] walkin' on the [G7] back roads
By the [Dm] rivers flowing [G7] gentle on my [C] mind [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

I [C] dip my cup of [Cmaj7] soup back from the [C6] gurglin' cracklin'
[Cmaj7] cauldron in some [Dm] train yard [F+] [F] [F+]
My [Dm] beard a roughnin' [F+] coal pile
And a [F] dirty hat pulled [G7] low across my [C] face [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

Through [C] cupped hands 'round a [Cmaj7] tin can I pre[C6]tend
I hold you [Cmaj7] to my breast and [Dm] find [F+] [F] [F+]
That you're [Dm] waitin' on some [F+] back roads by the [F] rivers of my [G7] memory
Ever [Dm] smilin', ever [G7] gentle on my [C] mind [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7] [C]

It's knowing 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
binds me.

Or something that
somebody said
because they
thought we fit
together walking.

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 moving
on the back roads,
by the rivers of my
memory, and for
hours you're just
gentle on my mind.

Although the wheat
fields, and the
clothes lines, and
the junkyards, and
the highways come
between us.

And some other
woman is 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
walking, on the back
roads, by the rivers
flowing gentle on my
mind.

I dip my cup of soup
back from the
gurglin' cracklin'
cauldron in some
train yard.

My beard a
roughnin' coal pile,
and a dirty hat
pulled low across my
face.

Through cupped
hands, round a tin
can, I pretend I hold
you to my breast
and find,

That you're waving
from the back roads
by the rivers of my
memory, ever
smiling, ever gentle
on my mind.