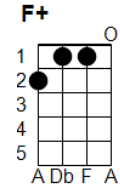


# Gentle On My Mind

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.