

Glenn Cambell

♩ = 108

Gentle On My Mind

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Voice

Steel Guitar

Capotaster 3. Bund

6

E♭ 6 E♭j7 E♭ 6 E♭

1. It's know-in' that your door is al-ways

11 Fm B♭ 7

o-pen and your path is free to walk. That B♭

17 Fm B♭ 7 Fm7 B♭ 7

makes me tend to leave my sleep-in' bag rolled up— and stashed be-hind your couch.

21 E♭

And it's

25 E♭

know-in' I'm not shack-led by for got-ten words and bounds and the ink stains that have

30 Fm B \flat ⁷
 dried u - pon some That
 oline. B \flat
 Fm4 Fm7/4 B \flat
 That

35 Fm B \flat ⁷ Fm7 B \flat ⁷ Fm
 keeps you in the back roads by the rivers of my me-mory that keeps you e-ver

40 B \flat ⁷ Eb
 gentle on my mind. 2. It's not

45 Eb Fm
 cling-in' to the rocks and i-vy plant-ed on their co-lumns now that blind me. Fm⁴

50 B \flat ⁷ Fm B \flat ⁷
 - - Or some - thing that some - bo-dy said be -
 Fm⁴ Fm4

55 Fm7 B \flat ⁷ Eb
 cause they bought we fit to - ge - ther walk - in'.

60 - know - ing that the world will not be cur - sing or for giv - ing when I
 E

65 walk a - long some rail - road track and find. Fm Fm7

70 B⁷ Fm B⁷ Fm7 B⁷
 That you're mov - in' on the back roads by the ri - vers of my me - mory and for

75 Fm B⁷ E
 hou - rs you're just gen - tle on my mind.

80 E
 3. Though the wheat fields and the clothes lines and the junk-yards and the high - - ways come bet -

85 Fm B⁷ Fm B⁷
 ween us. And some o - thers wo - man's cry-in' to her

91 Fm7 B⁷ E
 mo-ther 'cause she turned and I was gone.
 I

97 still might run in si - lence tears of joy might stain my face.— And the sum-mer sun might

102 Fm Fm7 B⁷ Fm
 burn me till I'm blind. But not to where I

108 B⁷ Fm7 B⁷ Fm B⁷
 can-not see you walk-ing on the back roads by the ri-vers flow-in' gen-tle on my

113 E
 mind. — — — 4. I dip my cup of

118 Fm
 soup back from a gurg - lin' crack - lin caul - dron in some train yard.

123 - B_b⁷ Fm B_b⁷ Fm7
 My beard a rust - lin' coal pile and a dir-ty hat pulled

128 B_b⁷ E_b - - - - -
 low a-cross my face. Through cupped hands 'round a

134 Fm
 tin can I pre-tend to hold you to my breast and find.

140 B_b⁷ Fm B_b⁷ Fm7 B_b⁷
 That you're wai-tin' from the back roads by the ri-vers of my me-mo-ry e-ver

145 Fm B_b⁷ E_b
 smi-lin' ev - er gen-tle on my mind.

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