

Gentle On My Mind.....John Hartford

D

D Dmaj7 D6 Dmaj7 Em Em(maj7) Em7 Em(maj7)
It's knowing that your door is always open, and your path is free to walk
Em Em(maj7) Em7 A D Dmaj7 D6 Dmaj7
That makes me tend to leave my sleeping bag, rolled up and stashed behind your couch
D Dmaj7 D6 Dmaj7
And it's knowing I'm not shackled, by forgotten words and bonds
D Dmaj7 Em Em(maj7) Em7 Em(maj7)
And the ink stains that are dried upon some line
Em Em(maj7) Em7 A
That keeps you in the backroads, by the rivers of my memory
Em A D Dmaj7 D6
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, 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 backroads, by the rivers of my memory
And for hours you're just gentle on my mind

Tho the wheat fields & the clothes lines, & the junkyards & the highways come between us
And some other woman's cryin' 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 'til I'm blind
But not to where I cannot see you walkin' on the backroads
By the rivers flowing gentle on my mind

I dip my cup of soup back from a gurglin', cracklin' caldron in some train yard
My beard a roughing coal pile, and a dirty hat pulled low across my face
Through cupped hands 'round the tin can, I pretend to hold you to my breast and find
That you're waveing from the backroads, by the rivers of my memories
Ever smilin' ever gentle on my mind