

GENTLE ON MY MIND (JOHN HARTFORD, 1967)

C **CMaj7** **C** **CMaj7** **F** **G7** **F** **G7**
It's knowing that your door is always open, and your path is free to walk

F **G7** **F** **G7** **C**
That makes me tend to leave my sleeping bag rolled up and stashed behind your couch

CMaj7 **C** **CMaj7**
And it's knowing I'm not shackled, by forgotten words and bonds

C **CMaj7** **F** **G7** **F** **G7**
And the ink stains that have dried upon some line

F **G7** **F** **G7**
That keeps you in the back roads, by the rivers of my memory

F **G7** **C**
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 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 junkyards and the highways come between us
And some other woman's 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 a gurgling crackling cauldron in some train yard
My beard a rustling 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 & find
That you're waiting in the back roads by the rivers of my memory
Ever smiling, ever gentle on my mind