



55  $E\flat m7$   $A\flat 7$   $D\flat$   
 —they thought we fit to-gether walk - in'. It's just

61  $D\flat$   $D\flat Maj7$   $D\flat 6$   $D\flat$   
 know-ing that the world\_\_\_ will not be curs-ing or for-giv-ing when I

65  $E\flat m$   
 walk a-long some rail-road track and\_\_\_ find that you're

71  $E\flat m$   $E\flat m(maj7)$   $E\flat m7$   $A\flat 7$   
 mov-ing on the back - roads by the riv-ers of my mem-'ry,\_\_\_ and for

75  $E\flat m7$   $A\flat 7$   $D\flat$   $A 7$   
 ho-urs you're just gen-tle on my\_\_\_mind. Though the

81  $D$   $D Maj7$   $D 6$   $D$   
 wheat fields and the clothes lines and the junk-yards and the high - ways come be -

85  $E m$   $E m$   $E m(maj7)$   
 tween us. And some oth-er wom - an's cry-in' to her

91  $E m7$   $A 7$   $D$   
 moth-er, 'cause she turned and I was gone. I

97  $D$   $D Maj7$   $D 6$   $D$   
 still might run in si-lence, tears of joy might stain my face,\_\_\_ and the

101  $E m$   
 sum-mer sun might burn me 'til I'm\_\_\_blind. But

107 Em Em(maj7) Em7 A7  
 not to where I can-not see you walk-in' on the back - roads by the

111 Em7 A7 D Bb7  
 riv-ers flow-ing gen-tle on my mind.

117 Eb EbMaj7 Eb6 Eb  
 dip my cup of soup back from a gurg - lin' crack-lin' caul-dron in some

121 Fm Fm Fm(maj7)  
 train - yard. My beard a roughning coal pile and a

127 Fm7 Bb7 Eb  
 dir-ty hat pulled low a-cross my face. Through

133 Eb EbMaj7 Eb6  
 cupped hands 'round the tin can, I pre-tend to hold you

136 Eb Fm  
 to my breast and find that you're

141 Fm Fm(maj7) Fm7 Bb7  
 wait-ing from the back - roads by the riv-ers of my mem-'ry, ev-er

145 Fm7 Bb7 Eb 1.  
 smil-lin', ev-er gen-tle on my mind. Yes, you're

151 2. Fm7 Bb7 (Keyboard) Eb EbMaj7/D Fm7 Bb7 Eb  
 Ev-er gen-tle on my mind.