

Gentle On My Mind

F

Alto Sax

(Sax) F F Maj7 G m7 C7 F F Maj7 G m7 C7

(Sax play whole notes)

9 F F Maj7 F 6 F G m It's
 know-in' that your door is al - ways o - pen and your path is free to walk

14 G m G m(maj7)
 that makes me tend to leave my sleep-in' bag

19 G m7 C7 F
 rolled up and stashed be - hind your couch. And it's

25 F F Maj7 F 6 F
 know-in' I'm not shack - led by for - got - ten words and bonds and the

29 G m
 ink stains that are dried up - on some line that

35 G m G m(maj7) G m7 C7
 keeps you in the back - roads by the riv - ers of my mem - 'ry, that

39 G m7 C7 F
 keeps you ev - er gen - tle on my mind. It's not

45 F F Maj7 F 6 F
 cling-in' to the rocks and i - vy plant - ed on their col - umns now that

49 G m G m G m(maj7)
 bind me or some - thing that some - bod - y said be - cause

55 G m7 C7 F
 — they thought we fit to-gether walk - in'. It's just

61 F F Maj7 F 6 F
 know-ing that the world — will not be curs - ing or for - giv - ing — when I

65 G m
 walk a-long some railroad track and — find that you're

71 G m G m(maj7) G m7 C7
 mov - ing on the back - roads by the riv-ers of my mem-'ry, — and for

75 G m7 C7 F Db7
 ho-urs you're just gen-tle — on — my — mind. Though the

81 Gb Gb Maj7 Gb6 Gb
 wheat fields and the clothes lines and the junkyards and the high - ways come be-

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

91 Abm7 Db7 Gb
 moth - er, 'cause she turned and I was gone. I

97 Gb Gb Maj7 Gb6 Gb
 still might run in si-lence, tears of joy might stain my face, — and the

101 Abm
 sum-mer sun might burn me 'til I'm — blind. But

107 $A\flat m$ $A\flat m(maj7)$ $A\flat m7$ $D\flat7$
 not to where I can-not see you walk-in' on_ the back - roads by the

111 $A\flat m7$ $D\flat7$ $G\flat$ $D7$
 riv-ers flow-ing gen-tle_ on_ my__ mind. I

117 G $G Maj7$ $G 6$ G
 dip my cup of soup back from a gurg - lin' crack-lin' caul-dron in_ some

121 $A m$ $A m$ $A m(maj7)$
 train - yard. My beard a roughning coal pile and a

127 $A m7$ $D7$ G
 dir-ty hat_ pulled low a-cross my face. Through

133 G $G Maj7$ $G 6$
 cupped hands__ 'round the tin can, I pre - tend to hold you

136 G $A m$
 to my_ breast and__ find that you're

141 $A m$ $A m(maj7)$ $A m7$ $D7$
 wait - ing from the back - roads by the riv-ers of my mem-'ry,_ ev-er

145 $A m7$ $D7$ G 1.
 smil-lin', ev-er gen-tle_ on_ my__ mind. Yes, you're

151 2. $A m7$ $D7$ G $G Maj7/F\sharp$ $A m7$ $D7$ G
 Ev-er gen-tle_ on_ my mind.