

Gentle On My Mind - John Hartford

1
It's knowing that your door is always open

2m
and your path is free to walk...

2m' 4
That makes me tend to leave my sleeping bag rolled up,

5 1
and stashed behind your couch...

1' 1
And it's knowing I'm not shackled By forgotten words and

2m
bonds and ink stains that have dried upon some line....

2m' 4 5
That keeps you in the backroads by the rivers of my mem'ry

2m 5 1
that keeps you ever gentle on my mind....

It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy planted
on their columns now that binds me...

Or something that somebody said, because they thought we
fit together walking...

1
2m
2m' 4
5 1

It's just knowing that the world will not be cursin but forgivin,
when I walk along some railroad track and find...

That your waving from the backroads, by the rivers of my memry,
and for hours you're just gentle on my mind.

1' 1
2m
2m' 4 5
2m 5 1

Though the wheat fields and the clothes lines
and the junkyards and the highways come between us...

And some other woman crying to her mother 'cause she turned
and I was gone...

1
2m
2m' 4
5 1

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.

1' 1
2m
2m' 4 5
2m 5 1

I dip my cup of soup back from, the gurglin'
cracklin' caldrin in some train yard...

My beard a-rufflin' coal pile, and a dirty hat pulled
low across my face...

1
2m
2m' 4
5 1

Through cupped hands 'round a tin can,
I pretend I hold you to my breast and find...

That you're wavn from the backroads, by the rivers of my mem'ry,
ever smilin' ever gentle on my mind.

1' 1
2m
2m' 4 5
2m 5 1