

Gentle On My Mind

John Hartford



C

It's knowing that your door is always
Dm
open and your path is free to walk,
That makes me tend to leave my sleeping
G7

bag rolled up and stashed behind your
C

couch.

And it's knowing I'm not shackled by
forgotten words and bonds,
Or the ink stains that have dried upon

Dm

some line,
That keeps you on the back-roads

G7

By the rivers of my memory that keeps
C
you ever gentle on my mind.

It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy
Dm
Planted on some columns now that binds
me. Or something that somebody said,
G7
Because they thought we fit together
C
walking.

It's just knowing that the world will not
be cursing
Or forgiving if I walk along some
Dm
railroad track and find,
That you're moving on the back-roads by
the rivers of my memory,
G7
And for hours you're just gentle on my
C
mind.

Though the wheat fields and the clothes
lines,
And the junkyards and the highways
come between us,
And some other girl is crying to her
mother,
Cause she turned and I was gone.

Still I might walk for hours, 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 caldron in some train
yard,
My beard a rufflin' coal pile and
a dirty hat pulled low across my face.
Through cupped hands 'round a tin can,
I pretend I hold you to my breast and
find,
That you're waving from the back-roads
by the rivers of my memory ever smiling
ever gentle on my mind.