

Gentle on My Mind

by John Hartford (1967)

A *Ama7* *A6* *Ama7*
It's knowing that your door is always open and your path is free to
Bm Bm Bm Bm
walk, that
Bm Bm Bm7 E7
makes me tend to leave my sleeping bag rolled up and stashed behind your
A A A A
couch and it's
A Ama7 A6 Ama7
knowing I'm not shackled by forgotten words and bonds. And the
A Ama7 Bm Bm Bm Bm
ink stains that have dried if on some line, that
Bm Bm/A Bm/G# Bm7/F#
keeps you in the backroads by the rivers of my mem'ry that
Bm(½) Bm7(½) E7 A A A A
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
It's just knowing that the world will not be cursing or forgiving when I walk along some
railroad track and find
That you are moving on the backroads by the rivers of my mem'ry 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 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 'til I'm blind
But not to where I cannot see you walkin' on the backroads by the rivers flowing gentle
on my mind

I dip my cup of soup back from the gurglin' cracklin' caldron in some train yard
My beard a-rufflin' coal pile and a dirty hat pulled low across my face
A Ama7 A6 Ama7 Bm Bm Bm Bm
Through cupped hands 'round a tin can, I pretend I hold you to my breast, and find
That you're waving from the backroads by the rivers of my mem'ry, ever smilin' ever
gentle on my mind