Gentle On My Mind-Glen Campbell
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C
It's knowing that your door is always open
Dm
And your path is free to walk

That makes me tend to leave my sleeping bag
G7 C
Rolled up and stashed behind your couch

And it's knowing I'm not shackled by forgotten words and bonds
Dm
And the ink stains that have dried if on some line

That keeps you in the back-roads
G7 C
By the rivers of my memory that keeps you ever gentle on my mind

It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy
Dm
Planted on the columns now that binds me

Or something that somebody said
G7 C
Because they thought we fit together walking

It's just knowing that the world will not be cursing
Dm
Or forgiving when I walk along some railroad track and find

That you are moving on the back-roads by the rivers of my memory
G7 C
And for hours you're just gentle on my mind

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

And some other woman crying to her mother
G7 C
Cause she turned and I was gone

I still might run in silence tears of joy might stain my face
Dm
And the summer sun might burn me till I'm blind

But not to where I cannot see you walking on the back-roads
G7 C
By the rivers flowing gentle on my mind

I dip my cup of soup back from the gurgling
Dm
Crackling caldron in some train yard

My beard a roughning coal pile and
G7 C
A dirty hat pulled low across my face

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

That you're waving from the back-roads
G7 C
By the rivers of my memory ever smiling ever gentle on my mind