

GENTLE ON MY MIND

John Hartford

Verse 1

D Dmaj7 D6
It's knowing that your door is always open
Dmaj7 Em Emmaj7 Em7 Emmaj7
And your path is free to wal k
Em Em(maj7) Em7
That makes me tend to leave my sleeping bag
A7 D Dmaj7 D6 Dmaj7
Rolled up and stashed behind your co uch
D Dmaj7 D6 Dmaj7
And it's knowing I'm not shackled by forgotten words and bonds
D Dmaj7 Em Em(maj7) Em7 Em(maj7)
And the ink stains that have dried upon some line
Em Em(maj7)
That keeps you in the backroads
Em7 A7
By the rivers of my mem'ry,
Em A7 D Dmaj7 D9 D
That keeps you ever gentle on my mi nd

Verse 2

It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy
Planted on their columns now that bind me
Or something that somebody said
Because they think we fit together walkin'.
It's just knowing that the world will not be cursing or
Forgiving, when I walk along some railroad track and find
That you're moving on the backroads by the
Rivers of my mem'ry,
And for hours you're just gentle on my mind

Verse 3

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 be 'till I'm blind,
But not to where I cannot see you walkin' on the backroads,
By the rivers flowing gentle on my mind

Verse 4

I dip my cup of soup back from the

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Gurglin', cracklin' cauldron in some trainyard;
My beard a roughning coal pile and a
Dirty had 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 backroads by the
Rivers of my memory,
Ever smilin' ever gentle on my mind.