

Gentle on My Mind

Slow Ver: 1 pass

Fast Banjo: 2 Passes

It's knowin' that your door is always open

- and your path is free to walk

That makes me tend to

- leave my sleepin' bag rolled up and

- stashed behind your couch

And it's knowin' I'm not shackled by

- forgotten words & bonds - - & the ink stains

- that have dried upon some line

That keeps you in the back roads

- by the rivers of my memory

- That keeps you ever *gentle on my mind*

It's not clingin' to the rocks and ivy planted

- on their columns - now that bind me

Or something that somebody said

- because they thought we fit together walkin'

It's just knowing that the world

- will not be cursing or forgiving

- when I walk along some railroad track & find

That you're movin' on the back roads

- by the rivers of my memory

- & for hours you're just *gentle on my mind*

Gentle on My Mind – p. 2

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

And some other woman's cryin' to her mother
- 'cause she turned & I was gone

I still might run in silence - 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

- walkin' on the back roads

- By the rivers flowin' *gentle on my mind*

I may get my cup of soup back

- from a gurglin' **cracklin'** cauldron

- in some train yard

My beard a rustlin' coal pile

- and a dirty hat pulled low across my face

Through cupped hands 'round a tin can

- I pretend to hold you to my breast and find

That you're waitin' from the back roads

- by the rivers of my memory

- Ever smilin', ever *gentle on my mind*

Gentle on My Mind

2 Pages