

# Gentle On My Mind (G)

John Hartford

**G** **Am**  
It's knowing that your door is always open and your path is free to walk  
**Am** **Am7** **D7** **G**  
That makes me tend to leave my sleeping bag rolled up and stashed behind your couch  
**G** **Am** **Am7** **D7** **G** **Am**  
And it's knowing I'm not shackled by forgotten words and bonds, and the ink stains that have dried upon some line  
**Am** **Am7** **D7** **G**  
That keeps you in the backroads, by the rivers of my mem'ry, that keeps you ever gentle on my mind

**G** **Am**  
It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy planted on their columns now that bind me  
**Am** **Am7** **D7** **G**  
Or something that somebody said because they think we fit together walkin'  
**G** **Am** **Am7** **D7** **G** **Am**  
It's just knowing that the world will not be cursing or forgiving, when I walk along some railroad track and find  
**Am** **Am7** **D7** **G**  
That you're moving on the backroads, by the rivers of my mem'ry, and for hours you're just gentle on my mind

**G** **Am**  
Though the wheat fields and the clothes lines, and the junkyards and the highways come between us  
**Am** **Am7** **D7** **G**  
And some other woman crying to her mother 'cause she turned and I was gone  
**G** **Am** **Am7** **D7** **G** **Am**  
I still might run in silence, tears of joy might stain my face, and the summer sun might burn me 'till I'm blind  
**Am** **Am7** **D7** **G**  
But not to where I cannot see you walkin' on the backroads, by the rivers flowing gentle on my mind

**G** **Am**  
I dip my cup of soup back from the gurglin', cracklin' cauldron in some trainyard  
**Am** **Am7** **D7** **G**  
My beard a roughened coal pile, and a dirty hat pulled low across my face  
**G** **Am** **Am7** **D7** **G**  
Through cupped hands 'round a tin can, I pretend I hold you to my breast and find  
**Am** **Am7** **D7** **G**  
That you're waving from the backroads, by the rivers of my memory, ever smilin' ever gentle on my mind