Gentle on My Mind  
by John Hartford (1967)

\[ \text{G} \quad \text{C} \quad \text{Cmaj7} \quad \text{C6} \quad \text{Dm} \quad \text{F+} \quad \text{G7} \quad \text{F} \]

\( \text{sing g} \)

It's knowing that your door is always open and your path is free to walk
that makes me tend to leave my sleeping bag rolled up and stashed behind your couch.

and it's knowing I'm not shackled by forgotten words and bonds

and the ink stains that have dried up on some lines

that keeps you in the backroads by the rivers of my memory

that 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're waving from the backroads by the rivers of my memory

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 walking on the backroads, by
the rivers flowing gentle on my mind.
I'd dip my cup of soup back from the gurgling, crackling, cauldron in some train yard.
My beard a roughening 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 waving from the backroads by the rivers of my memory
ever smiling, ever gentle on my mind.