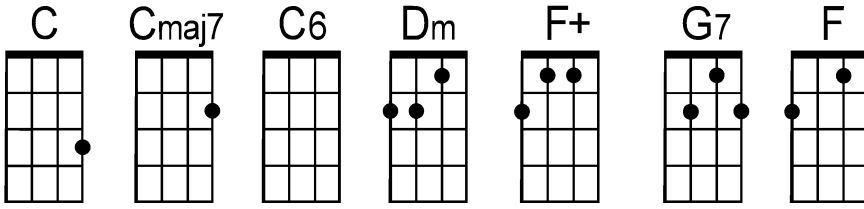


# Gentle on My Mind

by John Hartford (1967)



(sing e g)

C . CMaj7 . | C6 . CMaj7 . | Dm . F+ . | F . F+ .  
It's knowin' that your door is always open and your path is free to walk-----

| Dm . F+ . | F .  
that makes me tend to leave my sleepin' bag rolled up and

G7 . | C . CMaj7 . | C6 . CMaj7  
stashed be-hind your couch--

. | C . CMaj7 . | C6 . CMaj7  
and it's knowin' I'm not shackled by for-gotten words and bonds

. | C . CMaj7 . | Dm . F+ . | F . F+ .  
and the ink stains that have dried up-- on some lines-----

| Dm . F+ . | F . F+ .  
that keeps you in the backroads by the rivers of my memory

| Dm . G7 . | C . CMaj7 . | C6 . CMaj7  
that keeps you ever gentle on my mind-----

. | C . CMaj7 . | C6 . CMaj7 . | Dm . F+ . | F . F+ .  
It's not clingin' to the rocks and ivy planted on their columns now that binds me--

| Dm . F+ . | F .  
Or somethin' that some-body said be-- cause they

. | G7 . | C . CMaj7 . | C6 . CMaj7  
thought we fit to-gether walkin'-----

. | C . CMaj7 . | C6 . CMaj7 .  
It's just knowin' that the world will not be cursin' or for-givin'

. | C . CMaj7 . | Dm . F+ . | F . F+ .  
when I walk a-long some railroad track and find-----

. | Dm . F+ . | F . F+ .  
That you're wavin' from the backroads by the rivers of my memory

| Dm . G7 . | C . CMaj7 . | C6 . CMaj7  
for hours you're just gentle on my mind-----

. | C . CMaj7 . | C6  
Though the wheat fields and the clothes lines and the junkyards

. CMaj7 . | Dm . F+ . | F . F+  
and the highways come be-tween us-----

. | Dm . F+ . | F . G7 . | C . CMaj7 . | C6 . CMaj7 .  
And some other woman cryin' to her mother 'cause she turned and I was gone-----

| C . CMaj7 . | C6 . CMaj7 .  
I still might run in silence, tears of joy might stain my face and the

| C . CMaj7 . | Dm . F+ . | F . F+ .  
summer sun might burn me 'til I'm blind-----

| Dm . F+ . | F . F+ . |  
But not to where I cannot see you walkin' on the backroads, by the

Dm . G7 . | C . CMaj7 . | C6 . CMaj7 .  
rivers flowin' gentle on my mind-----

| C . CMaj7 . | C6 . CMaj7 . | Dm . F+ . | F . F+ .  
I dip my cup of soup back from the gurglin', cracklin', cauldron in some train yard-----

| Dm . F+ . | F . G7 . | C . CMaj7 . | C6 . CMaj7 .  
My beard a rough'nin' coal pile and a dirty hat pulled low a--cross my face-----

. C . CMaj7 . | C6 . CMaj7 . | Dm . F+ . | F . F+ .  
Thru cupped hands, 'round a tin can, I pre-tend to hold you to my breast and find-----

. | Dm . F+ . | F . F+ .  
That you're wavin' from the backroads by the rivers of my memory

. | Dm . G7 . | C . CMaj7 . | C6 . CMaj7 . | C  
ever smilin', ever gentle on my mind-----

**San Jose Ukulele Club**

(v2 5/9/17)