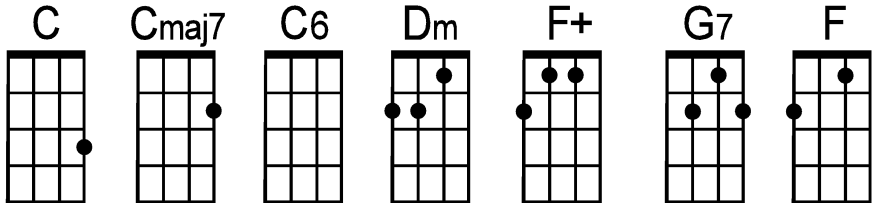


Gentle on My Mind

by John Hartford (1967)



(sing e g)

C . CMaj7 . | C6 . CMaj7
It's knowin' that your door is always open and your path is

. | Dm . F+ . | F . F+ .
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
It's not clingin' to the rocks and ivy planted on their columns

. | Dm . F+ . | F . F+ .
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 between us——
 . |Dm . F+ . |F .
 And some other woman cryin' to her mother 'cause she
 G7 . |C . Cmaj7 . |C6 . Cmaj7 .
 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
 I dip my cup of soup back from the gurglin', cracklin', cauldron
 . |Dm . F+ . |F . F+ .
 In some train yard——
 |Dm . F+ . |F .
 My beard a rough'nin' coal pile and a dirty hat pulled
 G7 . |C . Cmaj7 . |C6 . Cmaj7
 low a-cross my face——

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