"Gentle on My Mind"
by John Hartford (1967)

Intro: C . . .
(sing e g)

It's knowin' that your door is always open and your path is
Dm . F+ . F . F+ .
Free to walk——

| Dm . . . F+ . . | F . . F+ . |
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 and bonds
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
That keeps you ever gentle on my mind——

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
Thought we fit to—gether walkin'——

It's just knowin' that the world will not be cursin' or for—givin'
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
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 cryin’ 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 walkin’ on the backroads, by the
rivers flowin’ gentle on my mind——
I dip my cup of soup back from the gurglin’, cracklin’, cauldron
In some train yard——
My beard a rough’nin’ coal pile and a dirty hat pulled
low a-cross my face——
Thru cupped hands, ’round a tin can I pretend to hold you to my
breast and find——
That you’re wavin’ from the backroads by the rivers of my memory
ever smilin’, ever gentle on my mind——

San Jose Ukulele Club
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