Gentle on My Mind
by John Hartford (1967)

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\begin{align*}
C & \quad \text{Cmaj7} & \quad C6 & \quad Dm & \quad F+ & \quad G7 & \quad F \\
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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 inks 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 some-body said be-cause they thought we fit to-gether walk-ing

It's just knowing that the world will not be cursing or for-giving when I walk a-long 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 be-tween 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 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.

ev Smiling, ever gentle on my mind.

San Jose Ukulele Club (v1b 5/2/17)