Gentle on My Mind
by John Hartford (1967)

(sing e g)
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
stashed be-hind your couch---
and it's knowin' I'm not shackled by for-gotten words and bonds
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 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------
C . Cmaj7 . | C6
Though the wheat fields and the clothes lines and the junkyards
and the highways come be--tween 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 pre-tend 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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