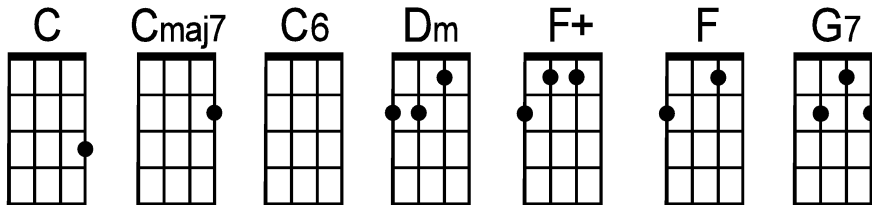


Gentle on My Mind

by John Hartford (1967)



Intro: C . . .
(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**
And 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 roughenin' 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—