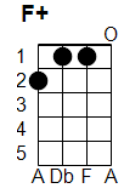


# Gentle On My Mind

It's [C] knowing that your [Cmaj7] door is always [C6] open  
And your [Cmaj7] path is free to [Dm] walk. [F+] [F] [F+]  
That [Dm] makes me tend to [F+] leave my sleeping [F] bag rolled up  
And [G7] stashed behind your [C] couch. [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

And it's [C] knowing I'm not [Cmaj7] shackled by forg[C6]otten words and [Cmaj7] bonds  
And the [C] ink stains that have [Cmaj7] dried upon some [Dm] line. [F+] [F] [F+]  
That [Dm] keeps you in the [F+] back roads, by the [F] rivers of my [G7] memory  
That [Dm] keeps you ever [G7] gentle on my [C] mind. [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]



It's not [C] clinging to the [Cmaj7] rocks and ivy [C6] planted on  
their [Cmaj7] columns now that [Dm] binds me [F+] [F] [F+]  
Or [Dm] something that some[F+]body said  
Be[F]cause they thought we [G7] fit together [C] walkin' [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

It's just [C] knowing that the [Cmaj7] world will not be [C6] cursing or [Cmaj7] forgiving  
When I [C] walk along some [Cmaj7] railroad track and [Dm] find [F+] [F] [F+]  
That you're [Dm] waving from the [F+] back roads by the [F] rivers of my [G7] memory  
And for [Dm] hours you're just [G7] gentle on my [C] mind [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

Although the [C] wheat fields and the [Cmaj7] clothes lines and the [C6] junkyards  
And the [Cmaj7] highways come be[Dm]tween us [F+] [F] [F+]  
And some [Dm] other woman's [F+] crying to her [F] mother  
'Cause she [G7] turned and I was [C] gone [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

I [C] still might run in [Cmaj7] silence, tears of [C6] joy might stain my [Cmaj7] face  
And the [C] summer sun might [Cmaj7] burn me 'till I'm [Dm] blind [F+] [F] [F+]  
But [Dm] not to where I [F+] cannot see you [F] walkin' on the [G7] back roads  
By the [Dm] rivers flowing [G7] gentle on my [C] mind [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

I [C] dip my cup of [Cmaj7] soup back from the [C6] gurglin' cracklin'  
[Cmaj7] cauldron in some [Dm] train yard [F+] [F] [F+]  
My [Dm] beard a roughnin' [F+] coal pile  
And a [F] dirty hat pulled [G7] low across my [C] face [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

Through [C] cupped hands 'round a [Cmaj7] tin can I pre[C6]tend  
I hold you [Cmaj7] to my breast and [Dm] find [F+] [F] [F+]  
That you're [Dm] waitin' on some [F+] back roads by the [F] rivers of my [G7] memory  
Ever [Dm] smilin', ever [G7] gentle on my [C] mind [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7] [C]