

*GENTLE ON MY MIND*

**C** **CM7** **C6**  
IT'S KNOWING THAT YOUR DOOR IS ALWAYS OPEN  
**CM7** **Dm** **Dm** **Dm** **Dm**  
AND YOUR PATH IS FREE TO WALK  
**Dm** **Dm** **Dm7**  
THAT MAKES ME TEND TO LEAVE MY SLEEPING BAG  
**G7** **C** **C** **C** **C**  
ROLLED UP AND STASHED BEHIND YOUR COUCH.  
**C** **CM7** **C6** **CM7**  
AND IT'S KNOWING I'M NOT SHACKLED BY FORGOTTEN WORDS AND BONDS  
**C** **CM7** **Dm** **Dm** **Dm** **Dm**  
AND THE INK STAINS THAT HAVE DRIED UPON SOME LINE,  
**Dm** **Dm7** **Dm6** **Dm7**  
THAT KEEPS YOU IN THE BACK-ROADS BY THE RIVERS OF MY MEMORY  
**Dm** **DM7** **DM7** **G7** **C** **C** **C** **C**  
THAT KEEPS YOU EVER GENTLE ON MY MIND.  
**C** **CM7**  
IT'S NOT CLINGING TO THE ROCKS AND IVY  
**C6** **CM7** **Dm** **Dm** **Dm** **Dm**  
PLANTED ON THEIR COLUMNS NOW THAT BINDS ME  
**Dm** **Dm**  
OR SOMETHING THAT SOMEBODY SAID  
**Dm7** **G7** **C** **C** **C** **C**  
BECAUSE THEY THOUGHT WE FIT TOGETHER WALKIN'.  
**C** **CM7** **C6**  
IT'S JUST KNOWING THAT THE WORLD WILL NOT BE CURSING  
**CM7** **C** **CM7** **Dm** **Dm** **Dm** **Dm**  
OR FORGIVING WHEN I WALK ALONG SOME RAILROAD TRACK AND FIND  
**Dm** **Dm7**  
THAT YOU'RE MOVING ON THE BACK-ROADS BY THE  
**Dm6** **Dm7** **Dm**  
RIVERS OF MY MEMORY AND FOR HOURS  
**DM7** **Dm** **G** **C** **C** **C** **C**  
YOU'RE JUST GENTLE ON MY MIND.  
**C** **CM7**  
THOUGH THE WHEAT FIELDS AND THE CLOTHES LINES  
**C6** **CM7** **Dm** **Dm** **Dm** **Dm**  
AND JUNK-YARDS AND THE HIGHWAYS COME BETWEEN US  
**Dm** **Dm** **Dm7**  
AND SOME OTHER WOMAN CRYING TO HER MOTHER  
**G7** **C**  
'CAUSE SHE TURNED AND I WAS GONE.  
**C** **CM7** **C6** **CM7**  
I STILL RUN IN SILENCE, TEARS OF JOY MIGHT STAIN MY FACE  
**C** **CM7** **Dm** **Dm** **Dm** **Dm**  
AND SUMMER SUN MIGHT BURN ME 'TIL I'M BLIND  
**Dm** **Dm7** **Dm6**  
BUT NOT TO WHERE I CANNOT SEE YOU WALKIN'  
**Dm** **Dm** **DM7** **DM7** **G** **C** **C** **C** **C**  
ON THE BACK-ROADS BY THE RIVERS FLOWING GENTLE ON MY MIND.  
**C** **CM7**  
I DIP MY CUP OF SOUP BACK FROM THE

**C6** **CM7** **Dm** **Dm** **Dm** **Dm**  
 GURGLIN' CRACKLIN' CAULDRON IN SOME TRAIN YARD  
**Dm** **Dm**  
 MY BEARD A ROUGHENING COAL PILE AND A  
**Dm7** **G7** **C** **C** **C** **C**  
 DIRTY HAT PULLED LOW ACROSS MY FACE.  
**C** **CM7** **C6** **CM7**  
 THROUGH CUPPED HANDS 'ROUND A TIN CAN  
**C** **CM7** **Dm** **Dm** **Dm** **Dm**  
 I PRETEND I HOLD YOU TO MY BREAST AND FIND  
**Dm** **Dm**  
 THAT YOU'RE WAVING FROM THE BACK-ROADS BY THE  
**Dm6** **Dm7** **Dm** **DM7** **G7** **C** **C** **C** **C**  
 RIVERS OF MY MEMORY, EVER SMILIN', EVER GENTLE ON MY MIND.

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