

# Gentle on My Mind

[Terri Clark](#)

It's knowing that your door is always open and your path is free to walk  
But that makes me tend to leave my sleep and bag rolled up and stashed behind your couch  
And it's knowing I'm not shackled by forget words and vows and the ink stains that I've dried upon some time  
That keeps you in the back rows by the rivers of my memory  
That keeps you ever gentle on my mind It's not clinging to the Brocks and I'll be playing on their columns now,  
that binds me  
Or something that somebody said because they thought we fit together walking It's just knowing that the world  
will not be cursing or forgiving when I'll walk along some railroad track and find  
That you're moving on the back rows by the rivers of my memory  
And for hours you just stumbled on my mind Now that we feel, time to close the lines and the junkyards and the  
highways come between us  
And some other woman's crying to her mother cause she turned and I was gone I still might run in silence, tears  
of joy might sting my face  
And the summer sunlight burn me til I'm loved  
But not to bear, I cannot see you walking on the back roads by the rivers flowing gentle on my mind  
I dipped my cup of soup back from the gerglin crack when Cal runned to some train yard  
Might better off, went cold cal and a dirty hair pulled lone cross my face  
Threw cup cans round the tin can, I'll pretend I'd hold you to my breast and fine  
Like you're waving from the back roads by the rivers of my memory  
Ever smiling and you're gentle on my mind  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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