

Gentle on My Mind

Elvis Presley

It's knowin' that your door is always open
And you path is free to walk
That makes me tend to keep my sleeping bag rolled up
And stashed behind your couch
It's knowin' I'm not shackled by forgotten words and bonds
I had the heat stains that have dried up on some lovin'
That keeps you in the back roads
By the rivers of my memory
It keeps you ever gentle on my mind
It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy
Planted on their columns now that bind me
Or something that somebody said
Because they thought we'd fit together walking
It's just knowing that the world will not be cursin'
Or forgiving when I walk along some railroad track and find
That you're moving on the back roads
By the rivers of my memory 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's cryin' to her mother
'Cause she turned and I was gone
I still might run in silence 'til the join might stain my face
And the summer sun might burn me 'til I'm blind
But not to where I cannot see you
Walking in the back roads
By the rivers flowing gently on my mind
I dip my cup of soup back from a gurgling
Cracking cauldron in some train yard
I'm barely runnin' cold how
Have a dirty hat pulled low across my face
Through cupped hands around the tin can
I pretend to hold you to my breast and find
That you're wavin' from the back roads
By the rivers of my memory
Ever smiling never changes on my mind

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