

# Gentle On My Mind

Billy Bragg

It's knowing that your door is always open  
And your path is free to walk  
That makes me tend to leave my sleeping bag  
Rolled up and stashed behind your couch. It's knowing I'm not shackled  
By forgotten words and bonds  
And the ink stains that have dried upon some lines  
That keeps you on the back roads  
By the rivers of my memory  
And keeps you ever gentle on my mind. It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy  
Planted on their columns now that binds me  
Or something that somebody said  
Because they thought we fit together walkin'.  
It's just knowing that the world  
Will not be cursing or forgiving  
When I walk along some railroad track and find  
That you're waiting on the back roads  
By the rivers of my memory  
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 crying  
To her mother cause she turned and I was gone, Well I still might run in silence,  
Tears of joy might stain my face,  
And the summer sun might burn me till I'm blind,  
But not to where I cannot see you walkin' on the back roads  
By the rivers flowing gentle on my mind.  
Well I dip my cup of soup back  
From a gurglin' bubblin' cauldron in some train yard  
My beard a-roughenin' coal pile  
And a dirty hat pulled low across my face Through cupped hands round a tin can  
I pretend to hold you to my breast and find  
That you're waitin' on the back roads  
By the rivers of my memory  
Ever smilin', ever gentle on my mind.  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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