

# Gentle On My Mind

[John Hartford](#)

Okay I'm not done yet. I'll continue after work.  
It's knowing that your door is always open  
And that you path is free to walk  
That makes me tend leave my sleeping bag rolled up  
And stashed behind yer couch  
And it's knowing I'm not shackled by forgotten words and bonds  
And the ink stains dried upon some line  
That keeps you in back roads by the rivers of my memory  
Keeps you ever gentle on my mind Not clinging to the rocks and ivy planted on their columns  
Now that binds me  
Or something that 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 walk along some railroad tracks and find  
That you're waving from the back roads by the rivers of my memory  
For hours you're just gentle on my mind All the wheat fields, and the clotheslines, and the highways come  
between us  
And some other woman crying to her mother  
'Cause she turned and I was gone  
I still might run in silence  
Tears of joy might stain my face  
And a summer sun might burn me til I'm blind  
But not to where I cannot see you walking on the back roads  
By the rivers flowing gentle on my mind

Songwriters

JOHN HARTFORD Published by

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