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

I dip my cup of soup back from a gurgling crackling cauldron in some train yard
My beard ruff and then a cold pile and a
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 wavin' from the back roads
Ever smiling, ever gentle on my mind

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