

# Gentle On My Mind

Eddy Arnold

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 line  
That keeps you in the back roads by the rivers of my memory  
That keeps you ever gentle on my mind  
It's not clinging to the rocks  
And I'd be planted on their columns now that bind me  
Or something that somebody said  
Because they thought we fit together walking  
It's knowin' that the world will not be cursin' or forgiving  
When I walk along some railroad track and find  
You're movin' 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 junk yards and the highways come between us  
And some other woman crying to her mother  
'Cause she turned and I was gone  
I still run in silence, tears of joy stain my face  
And a summer sun might burn me till 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

HARTFORD, JOHN  
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