

Gentle on My Mind

Dean Martin

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
And it's knowing I'm not shackled by forgotten words and bonds
And the ink stains that have dried up on 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 ivy planted
On their columns now that binds me
Or 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 track and find
Moving on the back road by the rivers of my memory
And for hours you're just gentle on my mind
Well I dip my cup of soup back from the gurgling crackling
Cauldron in some train yard
My beard a roughening coal pile
And a dirty hat pulled low across my face
Cupped hands 'round a tin can
I pretend I hold you to my breast and find
That you're waving from the back roads by the river of my memory
Ever smiling ever gentle on my mind

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