

Gentle On My Mind

Engelbert Humperdinck

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 are dried upon some line
That keeps you in the back roads
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 bind 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 walked along some railroad track and find
That you're moving on the back roads
By the rivers of my memory
And for hours you're just gentle on my mind I dip my cup of soup back from a gurglin'
Cracklin' cauldron in some train yard
My beard a roughening coal pile
And a dirty hat pulled low across my face
Through cupped hands 'round the tin can
I pretend to hold you to my breast and find That you're waiting on the back roads
By the rivers of my memories
Ever smilin' ever gentle on my mind
It's knowing that your door is always open
And your path is free to walk
That keeps you in the back roads
by the rivers of my memory
That keeps you ever gentle on my mind Through cupped hands 'round the tin can
I pretend to hold you to my breast and find That you're waiting on the back roads
By the rivers of my memories
Ever smilin' ever gentle on my mind
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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