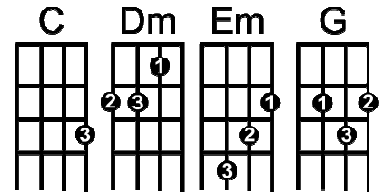


GENTLE ON MY MIND - John Hartford 1967



Intro: [C] [Em] X4

1. It's [C] knowin' that your [Em] door is always [C] open
And your [Em] path is free to [Dm] walk,
That makes me tend to leave my sleeping bag rolled up
And [G] stashed behind your [C] couch. [Em] [C] [Em]
And it's [C] knowing I'm not [Em] shackled by for[C]gotten words
And [Em] bonds, and the [C] ink stains
That have [Em] dried upon some [Dm] line,
That keeps you in the backroads by the rivers of my memory,
That keeps you ever [G] gentle on my [C] mind. [Em] [C] [Em]
2. It's not [C] clinging to the [Em] rocks and ivy [C] planted
On their [Em] columns now that [Dm] bind me,
Or something that somebody said because they thought
We [G] fit together [C] walkin'. [Em] [C] [Em]
It's just [C] knowing that the [Em] world will not be [C] cursing
Or for[Em]giving, when I [C] walk along
Some [Em] railroad track and [Dm] find,
That you're moving on the backroads by the rivers of my memory,
And for hours you're just [G] gentle on my [C] mind. [Em] [C] [Em]
3. Tho' the [C] wheat fields and the [Em] clothes lines
And the [C] junkyards and [Em] highways come be[Dm]tween us
And some other woman's cryin' to her mother
'Cause she [G] turned and I was [C] gone [Em] [C] [Em]
I [C] still might run in [Em] silence tears of [C] joy might stain my [Em] face
And the [C] summer sun might [Em] burn me 'til I'm [Dm] blind
But not to where I cannot see you walkin' on the backroads
By the rivers flowing [G] gentle on my [C] mind [Em] [C] [Em]
4. I [C] dip my cup of [Em] soup, back from the [C] gurgling
Cracklin' [Em] cauldron, in some [Dm] train yard,
My beard a roughning coal pile
And a dirty hat pulled [G] low across my [C] face. [Em] [C] [Em]
Through [C] cupped hands 'round a [Em] tin can I pre[C]tend
I hold you [Em] to my breast and [Dm] find,
That you're waving from the backroads by the rivers of my memory,
Ever smilin' ever [G] gentle on my [C] mind. [C] [Em] X4 end on [C]