/ C / / / 1, 2, 3,

GENTLE ON MY MIND - Glen Campbell, by John Hartford

4, / C / Dm / / / 1, 2, 3,
It's knowing that your door is al - ways open and your path is free to walk
4, / Dm
That makes me tend to leave my sleeping bag rolled up
G7 C
and stashed behind your couch

C
And it's knowing I'm not shackled up by forgotten words and bonds
/ Dm / / / 1 2 3,
and the ink stains that have dried up on some line
4, / Dm
that keeps you in the back-roads by the rivers of my memory
G7 / C / / / 1 2,
that keeps you e - ver gentle on my mind

3 4, / C / Dm / / / 1 2 3,
It's not clinging to the rocks & ivy planted on the columns now~ that bi~nds me
4, / Dm G7 / C / / / 1 2
or something that somebo - dy said because they thought we fit together walking

3, 4, / C
It's just knowing that the world will not be cursing or forgiving
/ Dm / / / 1 2 3,
when-I-walk along some railroad track and find~
4, / Dm
that you're moving on the back-roads by the rivers of my memory
G7 / C / / / 1 2
and-for-hours you're just gentle on my mind

3, 4, C
Though the wheat fields and the clothes lines
/ Dm / / / 1 2
and the junkyards and the highways come between us
3, 4, / Dm G7 / C / / / 1 2 3,
and-some-other woman crying to her mother cause she turned & I was gone

4, / C
I still might run in silence tears of joy might stain my face . .
/ Dm / / / 1 2 3,
and the summer sun might burn me till I'm blind
4, / Dm
but not to where I cannot see you walking on the back-roads
G7 / C / / / 1 2 3,
by-the-rivers flo - wing gentle on my mind

4, / C / Dm / / / 1 2 3,
I dip my cup of soup back from the gurgling crackling caldron in some train yard
4, / Dm G7 / C / / / 1 2 3,
My beard a roughning coal pile and a dirty hat pulled low across my face

4, / C / Dm / / / 1 2
through cupped hands round a tin can I pretend I hold you to my breast & find~
3, 4, / Dm
that you're waving from the back-roads by the rivers-of-my-memory ever-smiling ever
G7 / C / / / C 1-strum
gentle on my mind