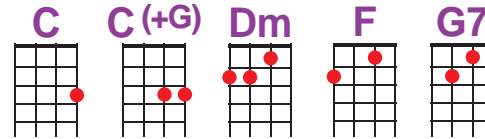


Gentle On My Mind

John Hartford



Ukulele Club of Santa Cruz
 Burning Uke III Play-a-Long 2005
 and again at May 2006 meeting

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 upon some line,
 That keeps you in the backroads
 By the rivers of my mem'ry
 That keeps you ever gentle on my mind

It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy
 Planted on the columns now that binds me,
 Or something that somebody said
 Because they thought we fit together walkin'
 It's just knowing that the world will not be cursing
 Or forgiving when I walk along some railroad track
 And find, that you are moving on the backroads
 By the rivers of my mem'ry
 And for hours you're just gentle on my mind

Though the wheat fields and the clothes lines
 And the junkyards and the highways come between us
 And some other woman's cryin' to her mother
 'Cause she turned and I was gone
 I still might run in silence, tears of joy might stain my face
 And the summer sun might burn me 'til I'm blind
 But not to where I cannot see
 You walkin' on the back roads
 By the rivers flowin' gentle on my mind

I dip my cup of soup back
 From a gurglin' cracklin' cauldron in some train yard
 My beard a rustlin' coal pile
 And a dirty hat pulled low across my face
 Through cupped hands 'round a tin can
 I pretend to hold you to my breast and find
 That you're waitin' on the back roads
 By the rivers of my memories
 Ever smilin', ever gentle on my mind