

Gentle On My Mind

John Hartford

C

C(+G)

Dm

F

G7



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