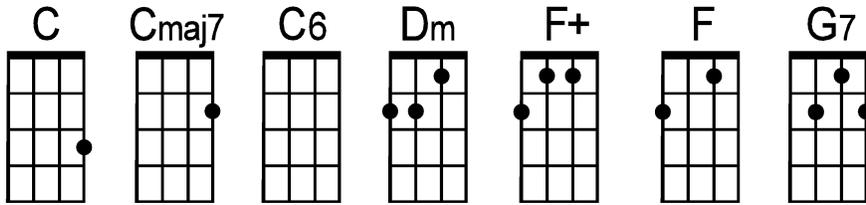


# Gentle on My Mind

by John Hartford (1967)



2/14/25

**Intro: C** . . .  
(sing e g)

**C** . . . **Cmaj7** . . . | **C6** . . . **Cmaj7**  
It's knowin' that your door is always open and your path is

. | **Dm** . **F+** . | **F** . **F+** .  
Free to walk\_\_\_\_\_

| **Dm** . . . **F+** . . . | **F** . . .  
That makes me tend to leave my sleepin' bag rolled up and

**G7** . . . | **C** . . . **Cmaj7** . . . | **C6** . . . **Cmaj7**  
Stashed be-hind your couch\_\_\_\_\_

. | **C** . . . **Cmaj7** . . . | **C6** . . . **Cmaj7** . . .  
And it's knowin' I'm not shackled by for-gotten words and bonds—

| **C** . . . **Cmaj7** . . . | **Dm** . **F+** . | **F** . **F+** .  
And the ink stains that have dried up-on some lines\_\_\_\_\_

| **Dm** . . . | **F+** . . . | **F** . . . **F+** . . .  
That keeps you in the backroads by the rivers of my memory

| **Dm** . . . **G7** . . . | **C** . . . **Cmaj7** . . . | **C6** . . . **Cmaj7**  
That keeps you ever gentle on my mind\_\_\_\_\_

. | **C** . . . **Cmaj7** . . . | **C6** . . . **Cmaj7**  
It's not clingin' to the rocks and ivy planted on their columns

. | **Dm** . . . **F+** . . . | **F** . . . **F+** . . .  
Now that binds— me\_\_\_\_\_

| **Dm** . . . **F+** . . . | **F**  
Or somethin' that some-body said be-cause they

. | **G7** . . . | **C** . . . **Cmaj7** . . . | **C6** . . . **Cmaj7**  
Thought we fit to-gether walkin'\_\_\_\_\_

. | **C** . . . **Cmaj7** . . . | **C6** . . . **Cmaj7**  
It's just knowin' that the world will not be cursin' or for-givin'

. | **C** . . . **Cmaj7** . . . | **Dm** . **F+** . | **F** . **F+**  
When I walk a-long some railroad track and find\_\_\_\_\_

. | **Dm** . . . **F+** . . . | **F** . . . **F+** . . .  
That you're wavin' from the backroads by the rivers of my memory

. | **Dm** . . . **G7** . . . | **C** . . . **Cmaj7** . . . | **C6** . . . **Cmaj7**  
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 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 backroads by the

Rivers flowin' gentle on my mind

I dip my cup of soup back from the gurglin', cracklin', cauldron

In some train yard

My beard a roughenin' coal pile and a dirty hat pulled

Low a-cross my face

Thru cupped hands, 'round a tin can I pre-tend to hold you to my

Breast and find

That you're wavin' from the backroads by the rivers of my memory

Ever smilin', ever gentle on my mind