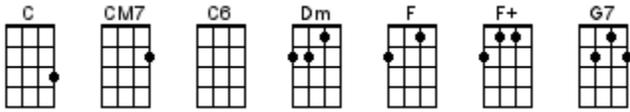


# Gentle On My Mind

John Hartford 1967 (as recorded by Glen Campbell)



**INTRO: / 1 2 / 1 2 / [C] / [C] / [C] / [C]**

It's [C] knowin' that your [CM7] door is always [C6] open  
And your [CM7] path is free to [Dm] walk [Faug]/[F]/[Faug]  
That [Dm] makes me tend to [Faug] leave my sleepin' [F] bag rolled up  
And [G7] stashed behind your [C] couch [CM7]/[C6]/[CM7]  
And it's [C] knowin' I'm not [CM7] shackled by for-[C6]gotten words and [CM7] bonds  
And the [C] ink stains that have [CM7] dried upon some [Dm] line [Faug]/[F]/ [Faug]  
That [Dm] keeps you in the [Faug] backroads by the [F] rivers of my [G7] mem'ry  
And [Dm] keeps you ever [G7] gentle on my [C] mind [CM7]/[C6]/[CM7]

It's not [C] clingin' to the [CM7] rocks and ivy  
[C6] Planted on their [CM7] columns now that [Dm] binds me [Faug]/[F]/[Faug]  
Or [Dm] something that some-[Faug]body said  
Be-[F]cause they thought we'd [G7] fit together [C] walkin' [CM7]/[C6]/[CM7]  
It's just [C] knowin' that the [CM7] world will not be [C6] cursin' or for-[CM7]givin'  
When I [C] walk along some [CM7] railroad track and [Dm] find [Faug]/[F]/[Faug]  
That you're [Dm] movin' on the [Faug] backroads by the [F] rivers of my [G7] mem'ry  
And for [Dm] hours you're just [G7] gentle on my [C] mind [CM7]/[C6]/[CM7]

Though the [C] wheat fields and the [CM7] clotheslines and the [C6] junkyards  
And the [CM7] highways come be-[Dm]tween us [Faug]/[F]/[Faug]  
And some [Dm] other woman's [Faug] cryin' to her [F] mother  
'Cause she [G7] turned and I was [C] gone [CM7]/[C6]/[CM7]  
I [C] still might run in [CM7] silence, tears of [C6] joy might stain my [CM7] face  
And the [C] summer sun might [CM7] burn me 'til I'm [Dm] blind [Faug]/[F]/[Faug]  
But [Dm] not to where I [Faug] cannot see you [F] walkin' on the [G7] backroads  
By the [Dm] rivers flowin' [G7] gentle on my [C] mind [CM7]/[C6]/[CM7]

I [C] dip my cup of [CM7] soup back from a [C6] gurglin', cracklin' [CM7] cauldron  
In some [Dm] trainyard [Faug]/[F]/[Faug]  
My [Dm] beard a roughnin' [Faug] coal pile  
And a [F] dirty hat pulled [G7] low across my [C] face [CM7]/[C6]/[CM7]  
Through [C] cupped hands, 'round the [CM7] tin can, I pre-[C6]tend  
To hold you [CM7] to my breast and [Dm] find [Faug]/[F]/[Faug]  
That you're [Dm] wavin' from the [Faug] backroads by the [F] rivers of my [G7] mem'ry  
Ever [Dm] smilin' ever [G7] gentle on my [C] mind [CM7]/[C6]/[CM7]/[C]↓

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