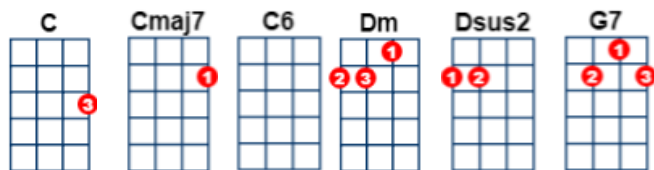


Gentle on My Mind

27/10/19

157

artist: Glen Campbell writer: John Hartford



Intro: [C] [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

It's [C] knowing that your [Cmaj7] door is always [C6] open
And your [Cmaj7] path is free to [Dm] walk [Dsus2] [Dm] [Dsus2]
That [Dm] makes me tend to [G7] leave my sleeping [Dm] bag
Rolled up and [G7] stashed behind your [C] couch [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

And it's [C] knowing I'm not [Cmaj7] shackled by for [C6] gotten words and [Cmaj7] bonds
And the [C] ink stains that are [Cmaj7] dried upon some [Dm] line [Dsus2] [Dm] [Dsus2]
That [Dm] keeps you in the [G7] back-roads by the [Dm] rivers of my [G7] memory
that [Dm] keeps you ever [G7] gentle on my [C] mind [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

It's not [C] clinging to the [Cmaj7] rocks and ivy [C6] planted
On their [Cmaj7] columns now that [Dm] bind me [Dsus2] [Dm] [Dsus2]
Or [Dm] something that som[G7]body said
Be[Dm]cause they thought we'd [G7] fit together [C] walking [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

It's just [C] knowing that the [Cmaj7] world will not be [C6] cursing or for [Cmaj7] giving
When I [C] walk along some [Cmaj7] railroad track and [Dm] find [Dsus2] [Dm] [Dsus2]
That you're [Dm] moving on the [G7] back-roads by the [Dm] rivers of my [G7] memory
And for [Dm] hours you're just [G7] gentle on my [C] mind [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

Though the [C] wheatfields and the [Cmaj7] clothes lines and the [C6] junkyards
And the [Cmaj7] highways come be[Dm]tween us [Dsus2] [Dm] [Dsus2]
And some other [Dm] woman's [G7] cryin' to her [Dm] mother
Cause she [G7] turned and I was [C] gone [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

I [C] still might run in [Cmaj7] silence tears of [C6] joy might stain my [Cmaj7] face
And the [C] summer sun might [Cmaj7] burn me till I'm [Dm] blind [Dsus2] [Dm] [Dsus2]
But [Dm] not to where I can[G7]not see you [Dm] walkin' on the [G7] backroads
By the [Dm] rivers flowing [G7] gentle on my [C] mind [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

I [C] dip my cup of [Cmaj7] soup back from a [C6] gurglin' cracklin'
[Cmaj7] Cauldron in some [Dm] train yard [Dsus2] [Dm] [Dsus2]
With my [Dm] beard a-roughenin'[G7] coal pile
And a [Dm] dirty hat pulled [G7] low across my [C] face [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

Through [C] cupped hands 'round the [Cmaj7] tin can I pre[C6]tend to hold you [Cmaj7] to
My breast and [Dm] find [Dsus2] [Dm] [Dsus2]
That you're [Dm] waving from the [G7] back-roads by the [Dm] rivers of my [G7] memories
Ever [Dm] smiling, ever [G7] gentle on my [C] mind [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7] [C]