

Gentle on my Mind

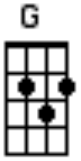
Glen Campbell

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ETkzK9pXMio>

It's [G] knowing that your [G7] door is always [G] open
And your path is free to [Am] walk ///

Start Note B
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[Am] /// That makes me tend to [Am7] leave my sleeping bag rolled up
And [D7] slashed / behind your [G] couch ///



/// And it's [G] knowing I'm not shackled by for-[G7] gotten words and bonds
/ And the [G] ink stains that have dried upon some [Am] line //

[Am] /// That keeps you in the [Am7] back roads by the rivers of my memory /
[D7] Keeps you ever gentle on my [G] mind ///



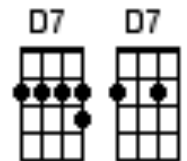
/// It's not [G] clinging to the rocks and ivy [G7] planted on their [G] columns
Now that [Am] binds me //

[Am] /// Or something that some-[Am7] body said
Be-[D7] cause they thought we fit together [G] walking //

/// It's just [G] knowing that the [G7] world will not be [G] cursing or forgiving
When I walk along some railroad track and [Am] find ///

/// That you're waving from the [Am7] back roads by the rivers of my memory
And for [D7] hours you're just gentle on my [G] mind ///

/// All the [G] wheat fields and the [G7] clotheslines
And the junkyards and the [G] highways come be-[Am] tween us //
And some [Am7] other woman crying to her mother
Cause she [D7] turned / and I was [G] gone ///



/// I [G] still might run in silence, tears of [G7] joy might stain my [G] face
And a summer sun might burn me 'til I'm [Am] blind //
But [Am7] not to where I cannot see you walking on the back roads
By the [D7] rivers flowing gentle on my [G] mind ///



/// I [C] dip my cup of soup back from a [G7] gurgling crackling [G] cauldron
in some [Am] train / yard // [Am] /// with my [Am7] beard a rufflin' cold piled
and a [D7] dirty hat pulled low / across my [G] face ///

/// Through [G] cupped hands, 'round a [G7] tin can
I pre-[G] tend to hold you to my breast and [Am] find //
That you're [Am7] wavin' from the back roads by the rivers of my memory
Ever [D7] smiling / ever gentle on my <[G]> mind

