

# Glen Campbell, Gentle On My Mind

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 are dried upon some line  
That keeps you in the backroads  
By the rivers of my memory  
That keeps you ever gentle on my mind  
It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy  
Planted on their columns now that bind me  
Or something that somebody said  
Because they thought we fit together walking  
It's just knowing that the world will not be cursing  
Or forgiving when I walk along some railroad track and find  
That you're moving on the backroads  
By the rivers of my memory  
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 backroads  
By the rivers flowing gentle on my mind  
I dip my cup of soup back from a gurglin'  
Cracklin' caldron in some train yard  
My beard a roughning coal pile and  
A dirty hat pulled low across my face  
Through cupped hands 'round the tin can  
I pretend to hold you to my breast and find  
That you're waiting from the backroads  
By the rivers of my memories  
Ever smilin' ever gentle on my mind