

Aretha Franklin, Gentle On My Mind

It's knowing that your door is always open
And your path is free to walk
That makes me know that I can leave
My sleeping bag behind your couch
It's knowing I'm not shackled by forgotten words and bonds
And your ink stains that have dried upon some line
Keeps you on the back roads by the rivers of my memory
It keeps you ever gentle on my mind
It's not clinging to some rocks and ivy
Planted on some column now that binds me
No, it don't or something that somebody said
Because they thought we fit together walking
We didn't, baby
It's knowing that the world will not be cursing or forgiving
When they turn around and find that you're moving
On the back roads, you're still on my memory
You're ever gentle on my mind
Yes, you are, baby
Gentle on my mind, yeah
Gentle on my mind, yeah
Gentle on my mind, yeah
...