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

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