

Flatt And Scruggs, 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
It's knowing I'm not shackled by forgotten words and bonds
And the ink stains that have dried upon some line
That keeps you in the back roads by the rivers of my mem'ry
That keeps you ever gentle on my mind
It's not clinging to the rocks and I'd be planted on their columns now that binds me
Or something that somebody said because they thought we fit together walkin'
It's knowin' that the world will not be cursing or forgiving
When I walk along some railroad track and find
That you're movin' on the back roads by the rivers of my mem'ry
And for hours you're just gentle on my mind

[ac.guitar]

I dipped my cup of soap back from a gurgling crackling caltron in some train yard
My beard a roughen coal pile and a dirty hat pulled low across my face
Through cupped hands round a tin can I pretend I hold you to my breast and find
That you're wavin' from the back roads by the rivers of my mem'ry
Ever smiling ever gentle on my mind
That you're wavin' from the back roads by the rivers of my mem'ry
Ever smiling ever gentle on my mind