

# Jan Howard, Gentle On My Mind

It's knowing you don't try to bind my freedom with some promise made of gold  
That for you my door stays open and our love becomes a simple to A street  
And it's knowing we're not shackled by forgotten words and bonds  
And the ink stains that have dried upon some line  
That keeps you on the back roads by the rivers of my memory  
That keeps you ever gentle on my mind  
It's not clinging to the rocks and I'd be planted on some column now that binds us  
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'm drifting through the market place and find  
That you're movin' on the back roads  
By the rivers of my memory for hours you're just gentle on my mind  
Though the wheat fields and the clothes lines  
And the junk yards and the highways come between us  
And some other woman crying to her mother cause she turned and you were gone  
I still might walk for hours tears of joy might stain my face  
And a summer sun might burn me till I'm blind  
But not to where I cannot see you moving on the back roads  
By the rivers flowin' gentle on my mind  
The shadows flicker in the autumn winds that make me draw inside myself in silence  
Cross legged now I sit and watch the endless chase of leaves across my yard  
And layin' down my hair brush I lean back within my window seat and find  
That you're moving on the back roads by the rivers of my memory  
Ever smiling ever gentle on my mind