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 shacked by forgotten words and bons
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 wheet 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 freek 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
Evrer smiling ever gentle on my mind