

# Roger Miller, 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  
And 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 somethin' that somebody said because they thought we fit together walking  
It's just knowin' that the world will not be cursin' 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  
Though the wheat fields and the clothes lines  
And the junk yards and the highways come between us  
And some other woman cryin' to her mother cause she turned and I was gone  
I still might run in silence 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 walking on the back roads  
By the rivers flowin' gentle on my mind  
I dipped my cup of soap back from a gurglin' cracklin' 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 waving from the back roads by the rivers of my mem'ry  
Ever smiling ever gentle on my mind