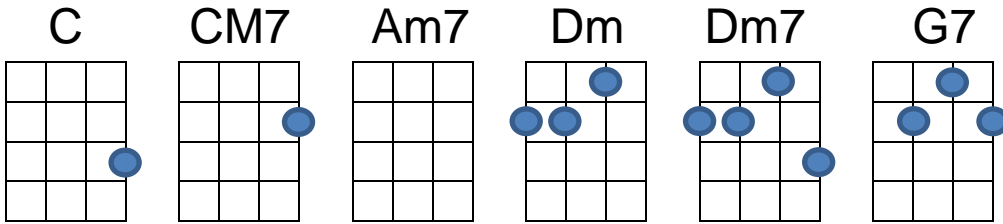


Gentle On My Mind

Written by: John Harford - 1967 :: Recorded by: Glen Campbell - 1967



Sing "G" :: Intro: C – CM7 – Am7 – CM7

(C) It's knowing that your (CM7) door is always (Am7) open and your (CM7) path is free to (Dm) walk, (Dm7) (Dm) (Dm7)

(Dm) That makes me tend to leave my sleeping bag rolled up and (G7) stashed behind your (C) couch. (CM7) (Am7) (CM7)

(C) And it's knowing I'm not (CM7) shackled by for (Am7) gotten words and (CM7) bonds, And the (C) ink stains that have dried if on some (Dm) line, (Dm7) (Dm) (Dm7)

(Dm) That keeps you in the back-roads by the rivers of my memory, That keeps you ever (G7) gentle on my (C) mind. (CM7) (Am7) (CM7)

(C) It's not clinging to the (CM7) rocks and ivy (Am7) planted on the (CM7) columns now that (Dm) binds me, (Dm7) (Dm) (Dm7)

(Dm) Or something that somebody said because they thought we (G7) fit together (C) walking. (CM7) (Am7) (CM7)

(C) It's just knowing that the (CM7) world will not be (Am7) cursing or for (CM7) giving,

When I (C) walk along some railroad track and (Dm) find, (Dm7) (Dm) (Dm7)

(Dm) That you are moving on the back-roads by the rivers of my memory, And for hours you're just (G7) gentle on my (C) mind. (CM7) (Am7) (CM7)

(C) Though the wheat fields and the (CM7) clothes lines and the (Am7) junkyards and the (CM7) highways come be (Dm) tween us, (Dm7) (Dm) (Dm7)

(Dm) And some other woman crying to her mother cause she (G7) turned and I was (C) gone. (CM7) (Am7) (CM7)

(C) I still might run in (CM7) silence tears of (Am7) joy might stain my (CM7) face, And the (C) summer sun might burn me till I'm (Dm) blind, (Dm7) (Dm) (Dm7)

(Dm) But not to where I cannot see you walking on the back-roads, By the rivers flowing (G7) gentle on my (C) mind. (CM7) (Am7) (CM7)

(C) I dip my cup of (CM7) soup back from the (Am7) gurgling crackling (CM7) caldron in some (Dm) train yard, (Dm7) (Dm) (Dm7)

(Dm) My beard a roughning coal pile and a dirty hat (G7) pulled low across my (C) face. (CM7) (Am7) (CM7)

(C) Through cupped hands round a (CM7) tin can I pre (Am7) tend I hold you (CM7) to my breast and (Dm) find, (Dm7) (Dm) (Dm7)

(Dm) That you're waving from the back-roads by the rivers of my memory, Ever smiling ever (G7) gentle on my (C) mind. (G7) (C)