

GENTLE ON MY MIND

#101

Music and Lyrics John Hartford

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 memory
That keeps you ever gentle on my mind

It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy
Planted on their columns now that bind me
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 walk along some railroad track and find
That you're moving on the back-roads
By the rivers of my memory
And for hours you're just gentle on my mind

I dip my cup of soup back from a
Gurgling, crackling cauldron in some train yard
My beard a rustling coal pile
And a dirty hat pulled low across my face
Through cupped hands 'round a tin can
I pretend to hold you to my breast and find
That you're waiting on the back-roads
By the rivers of my memory
Ever smiling, ever gentle on my mind