

/ C / / / 1, 2, 3,

GENTLE ON MY MIND - Glen Campbell, by John Hartford

<sup>4,</sup> / C / Dm / / / 1, 2, 3,  
It's knowing that your door is al - ways open and your path is free to walk  
<sup>4,</sup> / Dm  
That makes me tend to leave my sleeping bag rolled up  
G7 C  
and stashed behind your couch

C  
And it's knowing I'm not shackled up by forgotten words and bonds  
/ Dm / / / 1 2 3,  
and the ink stains that have dried up on some line  
<sup>4,</sup> / Dm  
that keeps you in the back-roads by the rivers of my memory  
G7 / C / / / 1 2,  
that keeps you e - ver gentle on my mind

<sup>3</sup> <sup>4,</sup> / C / Dm / / / 1 2 3,  
It's not clinging to the rocks & ivy planted on the columns now~ that bi~nds me  
<sup>4,</sup> / Dm G7 / C / / / 1 2  
or something that somebo - dy said because they thought we fit together walking

<sup>3,</sup> <sup>4,</sup> / C / Dm / / / 1 2 3,  
It's just knowing that the world will not be cursing or forgiving  
when-I-walk along some railroad track and find~  
<sup>4,</sup> / Dm  
that you're moving on the back-roads by the rivers of my memory  
G7 / C / / / 1 2  
and-for-hours you're just gentle on my mind

<sup>3,</sup> <sup>4,</sup> C / Dm / / / 1 2  
Though the wheat fields and the clothes lines  
and the junkyards and the highways come between us  
<sup>3,</sup> <sup>4,</sup> / Dm G7 / C / / / 1 2 3,  
and-some-other woman crying to her mother cause she turned & I was gone

<sup>4,</sup> / C  
I still might run in silence tears of joy might stain my face . .  
/ Dm / / / 1 2 3,  
and the summer sun might burn me till I'm blind  
<sup>4,</sup> / Dm  
but not to where I cannot see you walking on the back-roads  
G7 / C / / / 1 2 3,  
by-the-rivers flo - wing gentle on my mind

<sup>4,</sup> / C / Dm / / / 1 2 3,  
I dip my cup of soup back from the gurgling crackling caldron in some train yard  
<sup>4,</sup> / Dm G7 / C / / / 1 2 3,  
My beard a roughning coal pile and a dirty hat pulled low across my face

<sup>4,</sup> / C / Dm / / / 1 2  
through cupped hands round a tin can I pretend I hold you to my breast & find~  
<sup>3,</sup> <sup>4,</sup> / Dm  
that you're waving from the back-roads by the rivers-of-my-memory ever-smiling ever  
G7 / C / / / C 1-strum  
gentle on my mind