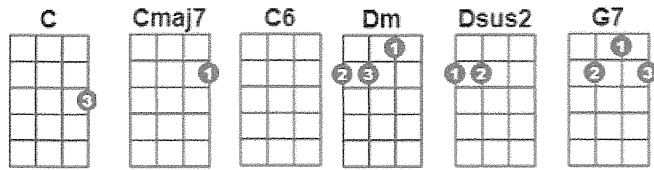


# Gentle on My Mind

artist: Glen Campbell    writer: John Hartford

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Intro: [C] [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

It's [C] knowing that your [Cmaj7] door is always [C6] open  
And your [Cmaj7] path is free to [Dm] walk [Dsus2] [Dm] [Dsus2]  
That [Dm] makes me tend to [G7] leave my sleeping [Dm] bag  
Rolled up and [G7] stashed behind your [C] couch [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

And it's [C] knowing I'm not [Cmaj7] shackled by for[C6] gotten words and [Cmaj7] bonds  
And the [C] ink stains that are [Cmaj7] dried upon some [Dm] line [Dsus2] [Dm] [Dsus2]  
That [Dm] keeps you in the [G7] back-roads by the [Dm] rivers of my [G7] memory  
that [Dm] keeps you ever [G7] gentle on my [C] mind [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

It's not [C] clinging to the [Cmaj7] rocks and ivy [C6] planted  
on their [Cmaj7] columns now that [Dm] bind me [Dsus2] [Dm] [Dsus2]  
Or [Dm] something that som[G7]body said  
Be[Dm]cause they thought we'd [G7] fit together [C] walking [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

It's just [C] knowing that the [Cmaj7] world will not be [C6] cursing or for[Cmaj7]giving  
when I [C] walk along some [Cmaj7] railroad track and [Dm] find [Dsus2] [Dm] [Dsus2]  
That you're [Dm] moving on the [G7] back-roads by the [Dm] rivers of my [G7] memory  
And for [Dm] hours you're just [G7] gentle on my [C] mind [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

Though the [C] wheatfields and the [Cmaj7] clothes lines and the [C6] junkyards  
And the [Cmaj7] highways come be[Dm]tween us [Dsus2] [Dm] [Dsus2]  
And some other [Dm] woman's [G7] cryin' to her [Dm] mother  
Cause she [G7] turned and I was [C] gone [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

I [C] still might run in [Cmaj7] silence tears of [C6] joy might stain my [Cmaj7] face  
and the [C] summer sun might [Cmaj7] burn me till I'm [Dm] blind [Dsus2] [Dm] [Dsus2]  
But [Dm] not to where I can[G7]not see you [Dm] walkin' on the [G7] backroads  
By the [Dm] rivers flowing [G7] gentle on my [C] mind [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

I [C] dip my cup of [Cmaj7] soup back from a [C6] gurglin' cracklin'  
[Cmaj7] cauldron in some [Dm] train yard [Dsus2] [Dm] [Dsus2]  
My [Dm] beard a roughnin'[G7] coalpile  
And a [Dm] dirty hat pulled [G7] low across my [C] face [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

Through [C] cupped hands 'round the [Cmaj7] tin can I pre[C6]tend to hold you [Cmaj7] to  
my breast and [Dm] find [Dsus2] [Dm] [Dsus2]  
That you're [Dm] waving from the [G7] back-roads by the [Dm] rivers of my [G7] memories  
Ever [Dm] smiling, ever [G7] gentle on my [C] mind [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7] [C]