

Waylon Jennings "Gentle On My Mind"

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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 boons
And the ink stains
That have dried upon some line

That keeps you in the back roads
By the rivers of my memory
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 something that somebody said
Because they thought we fit together walkin'

It's just knowing that the world will not be cursin' or
forgivin'
When I walk along some railroad track and find
That you're movin' on the back roads
By the rivers of my memory

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 's 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 the 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 flowing 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 to hold you to my breast and find
That you're waving from the back roads
By the rivers of my memory
Ever you're just gentle on my mind

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