

## **Flatt And Scruggs "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 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 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

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 river of my memories  
Ever smiling, ever gentle on my mind

That you're waving from the back roads  
By the river of my memories  
Ever smiling, ever gentle on my mind

