

## Glen Campbell "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 backroads  
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 backroads  
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 junkyards and the highways come between us  
And some other woman's crying 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 backroads  
By the rivers flowing gentle on my mind

I dip my cup of of soup back from a gurgling  
crackling cauldron in some train yard  
My beard a roughened 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 wavin' from the backroads  
by the rivers of my memory

Ever smiling ever gentle on my mind

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