

## Glenn Frey "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 ivy planted on their  
columns now that bind me,  
Or something that somebody said because they  
thought we fit together walkin'.  
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 back roads by the rivers of  
my memory and for hours you're just gentle on my  
mind.

Though the wheat fields and the clotheslines 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 walkin' on the back  
roads, by the rivers flowing gentle on my mind.

I dip my cup of soup back from a the gurglin', crackling  
cauldron in some train yard;  
My beard a roughn'ning 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 back roads by the rivers

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