

Jim Ed Brown

"Gentle On My Mind"

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It's just 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 mem'ry

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 walking

It's just knowing that the world will not be cursing or forgivin'

When I walk along some railroad track and find

That you're movin' on the back roads by the rivers of my mem'ry

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 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 flowin' gentle on my mind

I dipped my cup of soap back from a gurgling crackling 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 I hold you to my breast and find

That you're waving from the back roads by the rivers of my mem'ry

Ever smiling ever gentle on my mind

