

Nat Stuckey

"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 bones
And the ink stains that have dried upon some line
That keeps you on the back roads by the rivers of my
mem'ry
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 because that somebody said because they thought
we fit together walking
And it's knowin' that the world will not be cursing or
forgiving
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'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 a 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 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 to
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

