

Nora

"Gentle on my mind"

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(words & music by j. hartford)

It's knowin' 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 binds 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 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 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 a summer sun might burn me till I'm blind.
But not to where I cannot see you walkin' on the
backroads
By the rivers flowing gentle on my mind.

I dip my cup of soup, back from the gurgling cracklin'
cauldron
In some train yard
My beard a roughning 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 backroads by the rivers of
my memory
Ever smilin' ever gentle on my mind.

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