

## **Patti Page**

# **"Gentle On My Mind"**

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It's knowing you don't try to buy my freedom  
With some promise made of gold  
That for you my door stays open  
And our love becomes a simple two way street

And it's knowing we're not shackled  
By forgotten words and bonds  
And the ink stains that  
Have dried upon some line

That keeps you on 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 some column now that binds us  
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'm drifting through the market place 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

Well 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 you were gone

I still might walk for hours  
Tears of joy might stain my face  
And a summer sun might burn me 'til I'm blind

But not to where I cannot see  
You moving on the back roads  
By the rivers flowing gentle on my mind

The shutters creek and autumn winds

That make me draw inside myself in silence  
Cause now I sit and watch  
The endless chase of leaves across my yard

And laying down my hair brush  
I lean back within my window seat and find  
That your moving on the back roads  
By the rivers of my memory, ever smiling  
Ever gentle on my mind

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