

## **Roger Whittaker**

# **"Gentle On My Mind"**

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It's knowin that your door is always open  
And you path is free to walk  
That makes me tend to keep my sleeping bag rolled up  
And stashed behind your couch

It's knowin I'm not shackled  
By forgotten words and bonds  
And the heat stains that have dried up on some lovin'  
That keeps you in the back roads  
By the rivers of my memory  
It keeps you ever gentle on my mind

It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy  
Planted on their columns mellowed by me  
Or something that somebody said  
Because they thought wed fit together walking  
It's just knowing that the world will not be cursin  
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 clothes lines  
And the junk yards and the highways come between us  
And some other womans cryin' to her mother  
Cause she turned and I was gone  
I still might run in silence  
Till the join might stain my face  
And the summer sun might burn me till I'm blind  
But not to where I cannot see you  
Walking in the back roads  
By the rivers flowing gently on my mind

I dip my cup of soup from a gurgling,  
Cracking cauldron in some train yard  
I'm barely runnin cold how  
Have a dirty hat pulled low across my face  
Who cupped hands around the tin cans  
I pretend to hold you to my breast and find  
That you're wavin from the back roads  
By the rivers of my memory

Ever smiling never changes on my mind

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