

Jim Ed Brown & The Browns

"Gentle on My Mind"

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(John Hartford)

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 shackeled by forgotten words
and bons
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...

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