

## **Tammy Wynette**

# **"Gentle On My Mind"**

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

And it's knowing we're 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  
That keeps you ever gentle on my mind

It's not clinging to the rocks  
And I'd be 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 driftin' through the market place and find  
That you're moving 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 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 till 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 shadows freak in the autumn winds  
That make me draw inside myself in silence  
Cross legged night I sit and watch  
The endless chase of leaves across my yard

And layin' down my hair brush

I lean back within my window seat and find  
That you're moving on the back roads by the rivers of  
my mem'ry  
Ever smiling ever gentle on my mind

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