GENTLE ON MY MIND (BAR)-John Hartford

INTRO:  |   |   |   |   | (X2)

C  CMA7  C6  CMA7  Dm  Dmadd5  Dm

It's knowin' that your door is always open and your path is free to walk

Dm  A+  Dm7  G7  C

That makes me tend to leave my sleepin' bag rolled up and stashed behind your couch

C  CMA7  C6  CMA7  Dm  Dmadd5  Dm

And it's knowin' I'm not shackled by for-gotten words and bonds

Dm  A+  Dm7  G7  Dm7  G7  C

And the ink stains that are dried up on some line

C  CMA7  C6  CMA7  Dm  Dmadd5  Dm

That keeps you in the backroads by the rivers of my memory, that keeps you ever gentle on my mind

C  CMA7  C6  CMA7  Dm  Dmadd5  Dm

It's not clingin' to the rocks and ivy, planted on their columns now that bind me

Dm  A+  Dm7  G7  C

Or somethin' that some-body said, be-cause they thought we fit together walkin'.

C  CMA7  C6  CMA7  Dm  Dmadd5  Dm

It's just knowin' that the world will not be cursing or for-giving,

Dm  A+  Dm7  G7  C

When I walk along some railroad track and find

Dm  A+  Dm7  G7  C

That you're movin' on the backroads by the rivers of my memory,

Dm7  G7  C

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's 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, walkin' on the backroads, by the rivers flowin' gentle on my mind

I dip my cup of soup back from the gurglin', cracklin' cauldron in some trainyard;
My beard, a roughenin' coal pile, and a dirty hat pulled low across my face.
Through cupped hands 'round a tin can I pre-tend 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, (repeat last 2 lines and add): ever smilin'.. ever gentle.. on my mind.
INTRO: | C | CMA7 | C6 | CMA7 | (X2)

C                  CMA7                C6                  CMA7                   Dm        Dm(add9)  Dm
It's knowin' that your door is always open and your path is free to walk

Dm                        A+                      Dm7                          G7                              C
That makes me tend to leave my sleepin' bag rolled up and stashed behind your couch

C                        CMA7                 C6                      CMA7                   Dm   Dm(add9)  Dm
And it's knowin' I'm not shackled by for-gotten words and bonds

And the ink stains that are dried up on some line

C                        CMA7                 C6                 CMA7                Dm   Dm(add9)  Dm
That keeps you in the backroads by the rivers of my memory, that keeps you ever gentle on my mind

C                  CMA7                C6                      CMA7                   Dm        Dm(add9)  Dm
It's not clingin' to the rocks and ivy, planted on their columns now that bind me

Dm                             A+                  Dm7                            G7                  C
Or somethin' that some-body said, be-cause they thought we fit together walkin'.

C                          CMA7                C6                  CMA7                   Dm   Dm(add9)  Dm
It's just knowin' that the world will not be cursing or for-giving,

When I walk along some railroad track and find

Dm                        A+                      Dm7                          G7                          C
That you're movin' on the backroads by the rivers of my memory,

Dm7                          G7                  C
And for hours you're just gentle on my mind

C                          CMA7                C6                  CMA7                   Dm        Dm(add9)  Dm
Though the wheat fields and the clothes lines and the junkyards and the highways come be-tween us,

Dm                             A+                  Dm7                            G7                  C
And some other woman's cryin' to her mother, 'cause she turned and I was gone.

C                          CMA7                C6                  CMA7                   Dm   Dm(add9)  Dm
I still might run in silence, tears of joy might stain my face,

And the summer sun might burn me 'till I'm blind,

Dm                        A+                      Dm7                          G7                          C
But not to where I cannot see you, walkin' on the backroads, by the rivers flowin' gentle on my mind

C                          CMA7                C6                  CMA7                   Dm        Dm(add9)  Dm
I dip my cup of soup back from the gurglin', cracklin' cauldron in some trainyard;

Dm                        A+                      Dm7                          G7                          C
My beard, a roughenin' coal pile, and a dirty hat pulled low across my face.

C                          CMA7                C6                  CMA7                   Dm   Dm(add9)  Dm
Through cupped hands 'round a tin can I pre-tend I hold you to my breast and find

Dm                        A+                      Dm7                          G7                          C
That you're waving from the backroads by the rivers of my memory,

Dm7                          G7                  C            Dm7                          G7                          C
Ever smilin' ever gentle on my mind, (repeat last 2 lines and add): ever smilin' ever gentle on my mind.