

# Gentle on My Mind

key:C, artist:Glen Campbell writer:John Hartford

Glen Campbell - [https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2A7iuQF\\_tAc](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2A7iuQF_tAc) Capo on 3rd fret

It's [C] knowing that your [Cmaj7] door is always [C] open  
 And your [Cmaj7] path is free to [Dm] walk  
 That makes me tend to leave my sleeping bag  
 Rolled up and [G] stashed behind your [C] couch [Cmaj7] [C]<sup>6</sup> [Cmaj7]

And it's [C] knowing I'm not [Cmaj7] shackled  
 by for-[C]gotten words and [Cmaj7] bonds  
 And the [C] ink stains that have [Cmaj7] dried if on some [Dm] line  
 That keeps you in the back-roads by the rivers of my [G] memory  
 that keeps you ever [G] gentle on my [C] mind [Cmaj7] [C]<sup>6</sup> [Cmaj7]

It's not [C] clinging to the [Cmaj7] rocks and ivy  
 [C] Planted on the [Cmaj7] columns now that [Dm] binds me  
 Or something that somebody said  
 Because they thought we [G] fit together [C] walking [Cmaj7] [C]<sup>6</sup> [Cmaj7]

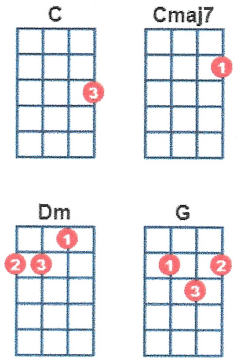
It's just [C] knowing that the [Cmaj7] world will not be [C] cursing  
 Or for-[Cmaj7]giving when I [C] walk along some [Cmaj7] railroad track and [Dm] find  
 That you are moving on the back-roads by the rivers of my [G] memory  
 And for [Dm] hours you're just [G] gentle on my [C] mind [Cmaj7] [C]<sup>6</sup> [Cmaj7] [C]

~~[C] Though the wheat fields [Cmaj7] and the clothes [C] lines  
 And the [C] junkyards and the [Cmaj7] highways come be-[Dm]tween us  
 And some other woman's cryin' to her mother  
 Cause she [G] turned and I was [C] gone~~

I [C] still might run in [Cmaj7] silence, tears of [C] joy might stain my face  
 And the [Cmaj7] summer sun might [C] burn me 'til I'm [Dm] blind  
 But not to where I cannot see you walkin' on the [G] backroads  
 By the [Dm] rivers flowing [G] gentle on my [C] mind [Cmaj7] [C]<sup>6</sup> [Cmaj7]

~~I [C] dip my cup of [Cmaj7] soup back from a [C] gurglin'  
 Cracklin' [Cmaj7] cauldron in [C] some train [Dm] yard  
 My beard a roughening coal [G] pile,  
 And a [Dm] dirty hat pulled [G] low a-[C]cross my [C] face [Cmaj7] [C] [Cmaj7]~~

~~Through [C] cupped [Cmaj7] hands 'round the [C] tin can  
 I pretend to [Cmaj7] hold you [C] to my breast and [Dm] find  
 That you're waiting from the backroads by the rivers of my [G] memories  
 Ever [Dm] smilin' ever [G] gentle on my mind [C]~~



Can lift pinky up  
 and down on Dm