

GENTLE ON MY MIND

1968

JOHN HARTFORD

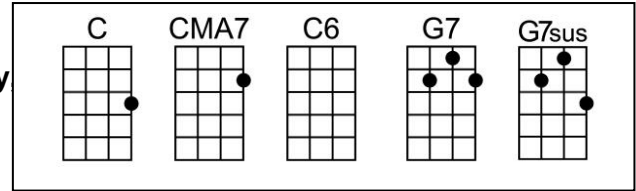
First note=G

Glen Campbell

Fingerpick as below

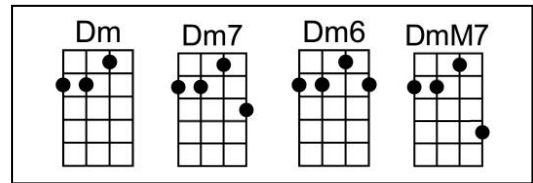
Intro: C CM7 C6 CM7

C CM7 C6 CM7 Dm Dm7 Dm6 Dm7
 It's knowing that your door is always open and your path is free to walk
 Dm DmM7 Dm7 G7 C CM7 C6
 that makes me tend to leave my sleeping bag rolled up and stashed behind your couch
 CM7 C CM7 C6 CM7
 And it's knowing I'm not shackled by forgotten words and bonds
 C CM7 Dm Dm7 Dm6 Dm7
 and the ink stains that have dried upon some line
 Dm Dm7 Dm6 Dm7
 That keeps you in the backroads by the rivers of my memory
 G7sus G7 C CM7 C6
 that keeps you ever gentle on my mind



CM7 C CM7 C6 CM7 Dm Dm7 Dm6 Dm7
 It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy planted on their columns now that bind me
 Dm DmM7 Dm7 G7 C CM7 C6
 Or something that somebody said because they think we fit together walkin'.

CM7 C CM7 C6 CM7
 It's just knowing that the world will not be cursing or forgiving
 C CM7 Dm Dm7 Dm6
 when I walk along some railroad track and find
 Dm7 Dm Dm7



Dm6 Dm7 G7sus G7 C CM7 C6
 That you're moving on the backroads by the
 rivers of my memory, and for hours you're just gentle on my mind

CM7 C CM7 C6 CM7 Dm Dm7 Dm6
 Though the wheat fields and the clothes lines and the junkyards and the highways come between us
 Dm7 Dm DmM7 Dm7 G7 C CM7 C6 CM7
 And some other woman's crying to her mother, 'cause she turned and I was gone.

C CM7 C6 CM7
 I still might run in silence, tears of joy might stain my face,
 C CM7 Dm Dm7 Dm6 Dm7
 and the summer sun might burn me 'till I'm blind

Dm Dm7 Dm6 Dm7 G7sus G7 C CM7 C6 CM7
 But not to where I cannot see you walkin' on the backroads, by the rivers flowing gentle on my mind

C CM7 C6 CM7 Dm Dm7 Dm6 Dm7
 I dip my cup of soup back from the gurglin', cracklin' cauldron in some trainyard;
 Dm DmM7 Dm7 G7 C CM7 C6 CM7

My beard a roughning coal pile and a dirty hat pulled low across my face.
 C CM7 C6 CM7 Dm7 Dm6 Dm7
 Through cupped hands 'round a tin can I pretend I hold you to my breast and find [Picking pattern]

Dm Dm7
 That you're waving from the backroads by the
 Dm6 Dm7 G7sus G7 C CM7 C6 CM7 C
 Rivers of my memories, ever smilin' ever gentle on my mind.

