

# Gentle On My Mind

[John Hartford](#)

Oh, Benny Mart, now  
It's knowin' that your door is always open  
And your path is free to walk  
That makes me tend to leave, my sleepin' bag  
Rolled up and stashed behind your couch  
And it's knowin' I'm not shackled by forgotten words and bonds  
And the ink stains that have dried upon some lines  
That keeps you in the back roads, by the rivers of my memory  
And keeps you ever gentle on my mind  
Oh, Sam, Sammy Bush  
It's not clingin' to the rocks and ivy  
Planted on their columns now that binds me  
Or somethin' that somebody said  
Because they thought we fit together walkin'  
It's just knowin' that the world will not be cursin' or forgivin'  
When I walk along some railroad track and find  
That you're wavin' from the back roads, by the rivers of my memory  
For hours you're just gentle on my mind  
Although the wheat fields and the curled twines  
And the junkyards 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 walkin' on the back roads  
By the rivers flowin' gentle on my mind  
Take Robin and Buddy Ellins  
I dip my cup of soup back from the gurglin'  
Cracklin' cauldron in some train yard  
My beard a roughenin' coal pile  
And a dirty hat pulled low across my face  
Through cupped hands 'round a tin can  
I pretend to hold you to my breast and find  
That you're wavin' from the back roads, by the rivers of my memory  
Ever smilin', ever gentle on my mind

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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