

# Gentle On My Mind

Glen Campbell

Capo I

D D D D

D Dmaj7 D6  
It's knowing that your door is always open  
Dmaj7 Em Em(maj7) Em7 Em(maj7)  
And your path is free to walk

Em Em(maj7) Em7  
That makes me tend to leave my sleeping bag

A D Dmaj7 D6 Dmaj7  
Rolled up and stashed behind your couch

D Dmaj7  
And it's knowing I'm not shackled

D6 Dmaj7  
By forgotten words and bonds

D Dmaj7 Em Em(maj7) Em7 Em(maj7)  
And the ink stains that are dried upon some line

Em Em(maj7)  
That keeps you in the backroads

Em7 A  
By the rivers of my memory

Em A D Dmaj7 D6 Dmaj7  
That keeps you ever gentle on my mind

D Dmaj7  
It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy  
D6 Dmaj7 Em Em(maj7) Em7 Em(maj7)  
Planted on their columns now that bind me

Em Em(maj7)  
Or something that somebody said

Em7 A D Dmaj7 D6 Dmaj7  
Because they thought we fit together walking

D Dmaj7 D6  
It's just knowing that the world will not be cursing

Dmaj7 D Dmaj7 Em Em(maj7) Em7 Em(maj7)  
Or forgiving when I walk along some railroad track and find

Em Em(maj7)  
That you're moving on the backroads

Em7 Em(maj7)  
By the rivers of my memory

Em A D Dmaj7 D6 Dmaj7  
And for hours you're just gentle on my mind

D Dmaj7  
 Though the wheat fields and the clothes lines  
 D6 Dmaj7 Em Em(maj7) Em7 Em(maj7)  
 And the junkyards and the highways come between us  
 Em Em(maj7) Em7  
 And some other woman's cryin' to her mother  
 A D Dmaj7 D6 Dmaj7  
 'Cause she turned and I was gone  
 D Dmaj7 D6 Dmaj7  
 I still might run in silence tears of joy might stain my face  
 D Dmaj7 Em Em(maj7) Em7 Em(maj7)  
 And the summer sun might burn me 'til I'm blind  
 Em Em(maj7) Em7 Em(maj7)  
 But not to where I cannot see you walkin' on the backroads  
 Em A D Dmaj7 D6 Dmaj7  
 By the rivers flowing gentle on my mind  
  
 D Dmaj7 D6  
 I dip my cup of soup back from a gurglin'  
 Dmaj7 Em Em(maj7) Em7 Em(maj7)  
 Cracklin' caldron in some train yard  
 Em Em(maj7)  
 My beard a roughing coal pile, and  
 Em7 A D Dmaj7 D6 Dmaj7  
 A dirty hat pulled low across my face  
 D Dmaj7  
 Through cupped hands 'round the tin can  
 D6 Dmaj7 Em Em(maj7) Em7 Em(maj7)  
 I pretend to hold you to my breast and find  
 Em Em(maj7)  
 That you're waking from the backroads  
 Em7 A  
 By the rivers of my memories  
 Em A D Dmaj7 D6 Dmaj7  
 Ever smilin' ever gentle on my mind  
  
 D Dmaj7 D6 Dmaj7