

Gentle on My Mind

It's knowing that door is always open

And your path is free to walk,

That makes me tend to leave my sleeping bag

Rolled up and stashed behind your couch

And it's knowing I'm not shackled

By forgotten words and bonds

And the ink stains that have dried on some line

That keeps you in the backroads

By the rivers of my mem'ry

That keeps you ever gentle on my mind.

It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy

Planted on the columns now that binds me

Or something that somebody said

Because they thought we fit together walking

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

Or forgiving when I walk along some railroad track

And find that you are moving on the backroads

By the rivers of my mem'ry

And for hours you're just gentle on my mind.