

Gentle On My Mind

Terri Clark

It's knowing that your door is always open and your path is free to walk

But that makes me tend to leave my sleep and bag rolled up and stashed behind your couch

And it's knowing I'm not shackled by forget words and vows and the ink stains that I've dried upon some time

That keeps you in the back rows by the rivers of my memory
That keeps you ever gentle on my mind

It's not clinging to the Brocks and I'll be playing on their 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'll walk along some railroad track and find

That you're moving on the back rows by the rivers of my memory
And for hours you just stumbled on my mind

Now that we feel, time to close the lines and the junkyards and the highways come between us

And some other woman's crying to her mother cause she turned and I was gone

I still might run in silence, tears of joy might sting my face
And the summer sunlight burn me til I'm loved

But not to bear, I cannot see you walking on the back roads by the rivers flowing gentle on my mind

I dipped my cup of soup back from the gerglin crack when Cal runned to some train yard

Might better off, went cold cal and a dirty hair pulled lone across my face

Threw cup cans round the tin can, I'll pretend I'd hold you to my breast and fine

Like you're waving from the back roads by the rivers of my memory

Ever smiling and you're gentle on my mind