

# Gentle on My Mind

Alison Krauss

It's knowing that your 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 are dried up on some line

That keeps you in the backroads  
By the rivers of my memory  
And keeps you ever gentle on my mind

It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy  
Planted on their columns now that bind 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're moving on the backroads  
By the rivers of my memory  
And for hours you're just gentle on my mind

Though the wheat fields and the clothes lines  
And the junkyards and the highways come between us  
And some other woman's crying to her mother  
'Cause she turned and you were gone

I still might run in silence  
Tears of joy might stain my face  
And the summer sun might burn me 'til I'm blind

But not to where I cannot see  
You walking on the backroads  
By the rivers flowing gentle on my mind

You dip your cup of soup, back from a gurgling  
Crackling caldron, in some train yard  
Your beard a roughening coal pile  
And a dirty hat pulled low across your face

Through cupped hands 'round the tin can  
I pretend to hold you to my breast and find

That you're waiting from the backroads  
By the rivers of my memories  
Ever smiling, ever gentle on my mind