

Gentle On My Mind

Patti Page

It's knowing you don't try to buy my freedom
With some promise made of gold
That for you my door stays open
And our love becomes a simple two way street

And it's knowing we're not shackled
By forgotten words and bonds
And the ink stains that
Have dried upon some line

That keeps you on the back roads
By the rivers of my memory
That keeps you ever gentle on my mind

It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy
Planted on some column now that binds us
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'm drifting through the market place and find

That you're moving on the back roads
By the rivers of my memory
And for hours, you're just gentle on my mind

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

I still might walk for hours
Tears of joy might stain my face
And a summer sun might burn me 'til I'm blind

But not to where I cannot see
You moving on the back roads
By the rivers flowing gentle on my mind

The shutters creek and autumn winds
That make me draw inside myself in silence
Cause now I sit and watch
The endless chase of leaves across my yard

And laying down my hair brush
I lean back within my window seat and find
That your moving on the back roads
By the rivers of my memory, ever smiling
Ever gentle on my mind