

Gentle On My Mind

Roger Whittaker

It's knowin that your door is always open
And you path is free to walk
That makes me tend to keep my sleeping bag rolled up
And stashed behind your couch

It's knowin I'm not shackled
By forgotten words and bonds
And the heat stains that have dried up on some lovin'
That keeps you in the back roads
By the rivers of my memory
It keeps you ever gentle on my mind

It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy
Planted on their columns mellowed by me
Or something that somebody said
Because they thought wed fit together walking
It's just knowing that the world will not be cursin
Or forgiving when I walk along some railroad track 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

Though the wheat fields and the clothes lines
And the junk yards and the highways come between us
And some other womans cryin' to her mother
Cause she turned and I was gone
I still might run in silence
Till the join might stain my face
And the summer sun might burn me till I'm blind
But not to where I cannot see you
Walking in the back roads
By the rivers flowing gently on my mind

I dip my cup of soup from a gurgling,
Cracking cauldron in some train yard
I'm barely runnin cold how
Have a dirty hat pulled low across my face
Who cupped hands around the tin cans
I pretend to hold you to my breast and find
That you're wavin from the back roads
By the rivers of my memory
Ever smiling never changes on my mind