

Gentle on my mind

Glen Campbell

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 have dried if 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.