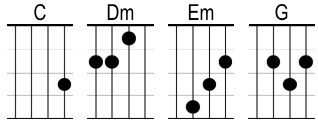


Gentle On My Mind

Glen Campbell



C |

It's $\frac{1}{2}$ C knowin' that your $\frac{1}{2}$ Em door is always $\frac{1}{2}$ C open and your $\frac{1}{2}$ Em path
is free to Dm walk |

That | makes me tend to leave my sleepin' $\frac{1}{2}$ Dm bag rolled up and $\frac{1}{2}$ G stashed
behind your $\frac{1}{2}$ C couch $\frac{1}{2}$ Em $\frac{1}{2}$ C $\frac{1}{2}$ Em

And it's $\frac{1}{2}$ C knowin' I'm not $\frac{1}{2}$ Em shackled by for $\frac{1}{2}$ C gotten words and $\frac{1}{2}$ Em
bonds and the $\frac{1}{2}$ C ink stains that have $\frac{1}{2}$ Em dried upon some Dm line |

That | keeps you in the backroads by the | rivers of my mem'ry, that $\frac{1}{2}$ Dm keeps
you ever $\frac{1}{2}$ G gentle on my $\frac{1}{2}$ C mind $\frac{1}{2}$ Em $\frac{1}{2}$ C $\frac{1}{2}$ Em

It's not $\frac{1}{2}$ C clingin' to the $\frac{1}{2}$ Em rocks and ivy $\frac{1}{2}$ C planted on their $\frac{1}{2}$ Em
columns now that Dm bind me |

Or | something that somebody said be $\frac{1}{2}$ Dm cause they think we $\frac{1}{2}$ G fit together
 $\frac{1}{2}$ C walkin' $\frac{1}{2}$ Em $\frac{1}{2}$ C $\frac{1}{2}$ Em

It's just $\frac{1}{2}$ C knowin' that the $\frac{1}{2}$ Em world will not be $\frac{1}{2}$ C cursin' or for $\frac{1}{2}$ Em
givin', when I $\frac{1}{2}$ C walk along some $\frac{1}{2}$ Em railroad track and Dm find |

That | you're movin' on the backroads by the | rivers of my mem'ry, and for $\frac{1}{2}$ Dm
hours you're just $\frac{1}{2}$ G gentle on my $\frac{1}{2}$ C mind $\frac{1}{2}$ Em $\frac{1}{2}$ C $\frac{1}{2}$ Em

Though the $\frac{1}{2}$ C wheat fields and the $\frac{1}{2}$ Em clothes lines and the $\frac{1}{2}$ C junkyards
and the $\frac{1}{2}$ Em highways come between Dm us |

And some | other woman's cryin' to her $\frac{1}{2}$ Dm mother, 'cause she $\frac{1}{2}$ G turned and I
was $\frac{1}{2}$ C gone $\frac{1}{2}$ Em $\frac{1}{2}$ C $\frac{1}{2}$ Em

I $\frac{1}{2}$ C still might run in $\frac{1}{2}$ Em silence, tears of $\frac{1}{2}$ C joy might stain my $\frac{1}{2}$ Em
face, and the $\frac{1}{2}$ C summer sun might $\frac{1}{2}$ Em burn me 'till I'm Dm blind |

But | not to where I cannot see you | walkin' on the backroads, by the $\frac{1}{2}$ Dm rivers
flowin' $\frac{1}{2}$ G gentle on my $\frac{1}{2}$ C mind $\frac{1}{2}$ Em $\frac{1}{2}$ C $\frac{1}{2}$ Em

I $\frac{1}{2}$ C dip my cup of $\frac{1}{2}$ Em soup back from the $\frac{1}{2}$ C gurglin', cracklin' $\frac{1}{2}$ Em
cauldron in some Dm trainyard |

My | beard a roughnin' coal pile and a $\frac{1}{2}$ Dm dirty hat pulled $\frac{1}{2}$ G low across my
 $\frac{1}{2}$ C face $\frac{1}{2}$ Em $\frac{1}{2}$ C $\frac{1}{2}$ Em

Through $\frac{1}{2}$ C cupped hands 'round a $\frac{1}{2}$ Em tin can I $\frac{1}{2}$ C pretend I $\frac{1}{2}$ Em hold
you $\frac{1}{2}$ C to my $\frac{1}{2}$ Em breast and Dm find |

That you're | wavin' from the backroads by the | rivers of my memory, ever $\frac{1}{2}$ Dm
smilin' ever $\frac{1}{2}$ G gentle on my $\frac{1}{2}$ C mind $\frac{1}{2}$ Em $\frac{1}{2}$ C $\frac{1}{2}$ Em

$\frac{1}{2}$ C $\frac{1}{2}$ Em $\frac{1}{2}$ C $\frac{1}{2}$ Em $\frac{1}{2}$ C $\frac{1}{2}$ Em C↓

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