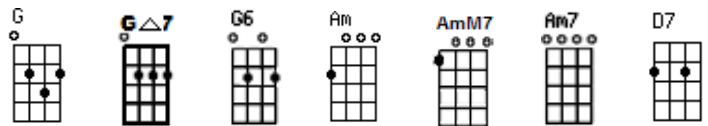


Gentle On My Mind – Glen Campbell



G                      GΔ7                      G6                      GΔ7                      Am AmM7 Am7 AmM7  
 It's knowing that your door is always open and your path is free to walk  
 Am                      AmM7                      Am7                      D7                      G                      GΔ7 G6 GΔ7  
 That makes me tend to leave my sleeping bag rolled up and stashed behind your couch  
 G                      GΔ7                      G6                      GΔ7  
 And it's knowing I'm not shackled by for-gotten words and bonds  
 G                      GΔ7                      Am AmM7 Am7 AmM7  
 And the ink stains that have dried upon some line  
 Am                      AmM7                      Am7                      D7  
 That keeps you in the backroads, by the rivers of my mem'ry  
 Am                      D7                      G                      GΔ7 G6 GΔ7  
 That keeps you ever gentle on my mind

G                      GΔ7                      G6                      GΔ7                      Am AmM7 Am7 AmM7  
 It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy planted on their columns now that binds me  
 Am                      AmM7                      Am7                      D7                      G                      GΔ7 G6 GΔ7  
 Or something that somebody said because they thought we fit together walk-in'.  
 G                      GΔ7                      G6                      GΔ7  
 It's just knowing that the world will not be cursing or forgiving,  
 G                      GΔ7                      Am AmM7 Am7 AmM7  
 When I walk along some railroad track and find  
 Am                      AmM7                      Am7                      D7  
 That you're moving on the backroads by the rivers of my mem'ry,  
 Am                      D7                      G                      GΔ7 G6 GΔ7  
 And for hours you're just gentle on my mind

G                      GΔ7                      G6                      GΔ7                      Am AmM7 Am7 AmM7  
 Though the wheat fields and the clothes lines and the junkyards and the highways come between us,  
 Am                      AmM7                      Am7                      D7                      G                      GΔ7 G6 GΔ7  
 And some other woman's crying to her mother 'cause she turned and I was gone.  
 G                      GΔ7                      G6                      GΔ7  
 I still might run in silence, tears of joy might stain my face,  
 G                      GΔ7                      Am AmM7 Am7 AmM7  
 And the summer sun might burn be 'till I'm blind,  
 Am                      AmM7                      Am7                      D7  
 But not to where I cannot see you walkin' on the backroads,  
 Am                      D7                      G                      GΔ7 G6 GΔ7  
 By the rivers flowing gentle on my mind

G                      GΔ7                      G6                      GΔ7                      Am AmM7 Am7 AmM7  
 I dip my cup of soup back from the gurglin', cracklin' cauldron in some rainyard:  
 Am                      AmM7                      Am7                      D7                      G                      GΔ7 G6 GΔ7  
 My beard a roughning coal pile and a dirty hat pulled low across my face.  
 G                      GΔ7                      G6                      GΔ7                      Am AmM7 Am7 AmM7  
 Through cupped hands 'round a tin can I pretend I hold you to my breast and find  
 Am                      AmM7                      Am7                      D7  
 That you're waving from the backroads by the rivers of my memory,  
 Am                      D7                      G                      GΔ7 G6 GΔ7 G  
 Ever smilin' ever gentle on my mind.