

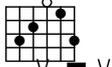
Glenn Cambell

# Gentle On My Mind

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♩ = 108

Capotaster 3. Bund



1. It's know-in' that your door is al-ways  
o-pen and your path is free to walk. That  
makes me tend to leave my sleep-in' bag rolled up and stashed be-hind your couch.  
And it's  
know-in' I'm not shack-led by for got-ten words and bounds and the ink stains that have

Chords: E<sup>b</sup>, E<sup>b</sup>6, E<sup>b</sup>j7, Fm, Fm4, Fmj4, Fm7/4, B<sup>b</sup>7, E<sup>b</sup>

Measure numbers: 6, 11, 17, 21, 25

30 Fm B $\flat$ 7

dried u - pon some  
 online. Fm4 Fmj4 Fm7/4 That  
 B $\flat$

35 Fm B $\flat$ 7 Fm7 B $\flat$ 7 Fm

keeps you in the back roads by the ri - vers of my me - mory that keeps you e - ver

40 B $\flat$ 7 E $\flat$

gen - tle on my mind. 2. It's not

45 E $\flat$  Fm

ching - in' to the rocks and i - vy plant - ed on their co - lumns now that blind me.

50 B $\flat$ 7 Fm B $\flat$ 7

Or some - thing that some - body said be -

55 Fm7 B $\flat$ 7 E $\flat$

cause they bought we fit to - ge - ther walk - in'.

60  $E\flat$

It's just know - ing that the world\_ will not be cur - sing or for giv - ing when I

65 Fm Fm7

walk a - long some rail - road track and find.

70  $B\flat^7$  Fm  $B\flat^7$  Fm7  $B\flat^7$

That you're mov - in' on the back roads by the ri - vers of my me - mory and for

75 Fm  $B\flat^7$   $E\flat$

hou - rs you're just gen - tle on\_ my mind.

80  $E\flat$

3. Though the wheat fields and the clothes lines and the junk - yards and the high - - ways come bet -

85 Fm  $B\flat^7$  Fm  $B\flat^7$

ween us. And some o - thers wo - man's cry - in' to her

91 Fm7 B $\flat$ 7 E $\flat$

mo-ther 'cause she turned and I was gone. I

97

still might run in si-lence tears of joy might stain my face. — And the sum-mer sun might

102 Fm Fm7 B $\flat$ 7 Fm

burn me till I'm blind. But not to where I

108 B $\flat$ 7 Fm7 B $\flat$ 7 Fm B $\flat$ 7

can-not see you walk-ing on the back roads by the ri-vers flow-in' gen-tle on my

113 E $\flat$

mind. 4. I dip my cup of

118 Fm

soup back from a gurg-lin' crack-lin caul-dron in some train yard.

123 B $\flat$ 7 Fm B $\flat$ 7 Fm7

My beard a rust - lin' coal pile and a dir - ty hat pulled

128 B $\flat$ 7 E $\flat$

low a - cross my face. Through cupped hands 'round a

134 Fm

tin can I pre - tend to hold you to my breast and find.

140 B $\flat$ 7 Fm B $\flat$ 7 Fm7 B $\flat$ 7

That you're wai - tin' from the back roads by the ri - vers of my me - mo - ry e - ver

145 Fm B $\flat$ 7 E $\flat$

smi - lin' ev - er gen - tle on my mind.

151