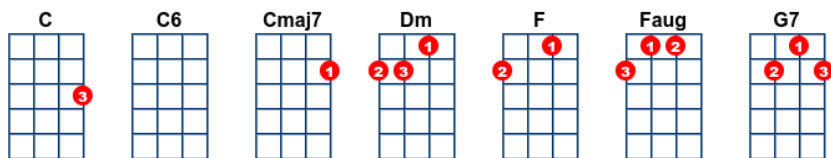


Gentle On My Mind - alt

artist:Glen Campbell writer:John Hartford



Glen Campbell - https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=2A7iuQF_tAc Capo on 3rd fret

A good alternative from Stephen Hayes

It's [C] knowing that your [Cmaj7] door is always [C6] open
And your [Cmaj7] path is free to [Dm] walk [Faug] [F] [Faug]
That [Dm] makes me tend to [Faug] leave my sleeping [F] bag
Rolled up and [G7] stashed behind your [C] couch [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

And it's [C] knowing I'm not [Cmaj7] shackled
by for-[C6]gotten words and [Cmaj7] bonds
And the [C] ink stains that have [Cmaj7] dried if on some [Dm] line [Faug] [F] [Faug]
That [Dm] keeps you in the [Faug] back-roads by the [F] rivers of my [G7] memory
that [Dm] keeps you ever [G7] gentle on my [C] mind [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

It's not [C] clinging to the [Cmaj7] rocks and ivy
[C6] Planted on the [Cmaj7] columns now that [Dm] binds me [Faug] [F] [Faug]
Or [Dm] something that some-[Faug] body said
Be-[F]cause they thought we [G7] fit together [C] walking [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

It's just [C] knowing that the [Cmaj7] world will not be [C6] cursing
Or for-[Cmaj7]giving when I [C] walk along some [Cmaj7] railroad track and [Dm] find [Faug] [F] [Faug]
That you're [Dm] moving on the [Faug] back-roads by the [F] rivers of my [G7] memory
And for [Dm] hours you're just [G7] gentle on my [C] mind [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

[C] Though the wheat fields and the [Cmaj7] clothes lines
And the [C6] junkyards and the [Cmaj7] highways come be-[Dm]tween us [Faug] [F] [Faug]
And some [Dm] other woman's [Faug] cryin' to her [F] mother
Cause she [G7] turned and I was [C] gone [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

I [C] still might run in [Cmaj7] silence, tears of [C6] joy might stain my [Cmaj7] face
And the [C] summer sun might [Cmaj7] burn me 'til I'm [Dm] blind [Faug] [F] [Faug]
But [Dm] not to where I [Faug] cannot see you [F] walkin' on the [G7] backroads
By the [Dm] rivers flowing [G7] gentle on my [C] mind [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

I [C] dip my cup of [Cmaj7] soup back from a [C6] gurglin'
Cracklin' [Cmaj7] cauldron in [C] some [Dm] train yard [Faug] [F] [Faug]
My [Dm] beard a roughening [Faug] coal pile,
And a [F] dirty hat pulled [G7] low across my [C] face [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

Through [C] cupped hands 'round the [Cmaj7] tin can
I pre-[C6]tend to hold you [Cmaj7] to my breast and [Dm] find [Faug] [F] [Faug]
That you're [Dm] wavin' from the [Faug] backroads by the [F] rivers of my [G7] memories
Ever [Dm] smilin' ever [G7] gentle on my mind [C] [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7] [C]