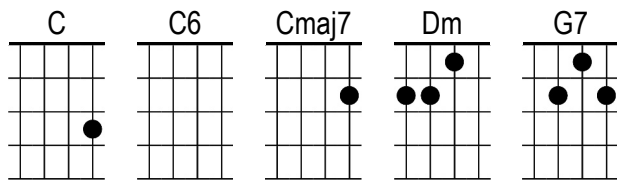


# Gentle On My Mind

Glen Campbell



**C Cmaj7 C6 Cmaj7**

It's **1/2 C** knowin' that your **1/2 Cmaj7** door is always **1/2 C6** open and your **1/2 Cmaj7** path is free to **Dm** walk **G7**  
That **1/2 Dm** makes me tend to leave my **1/2 G7** sleepin' **1/2 Dm** bag rolled up and **1/2 G7** stashed behind your **1/2 C** couch **1/2 Cmaj7 1/2 C6 1/2 Cmaj7**  
And it's **1/2 C** knowin' I'm not **1/2 Cmaj7** shackled by for **1/2 C6** gotten words and **1/2 Cmaj7** bonds and the **1/2 C** ink stains that have **1/2 Cmaj7** dried upon some **Dm** line **G7**

That **1/2 Dm** keeps you in the **1/2 G7** backroads by the **1/2 Dm** rivers of my **1/2 G7** mem'ry, that **1/2 Dm** keeps you ever **1/2 G7** gentle on my **1/2 C** mind **1/2 Cmaj7 1/2 C6 1/2 Cmaj7**

It's not **1/2 C** clingin' to the **1/2 Cmaj7** rocks and ivy **1/2 C6** planted on their **1/2 Cmaj7** columns now that **Dm** bind me **G7**  
Or **1/2 Dm** something that some **1/2 G7** body said be **1/2 Dm** cause they think we **1/2 G7** fit together **1/2 C** walkin' **1/2 Cmaj7 1/2 C6 1/2 Cmaj7**

It's just **1/2 C** knowin' that the **1/2 Cmaj7** world will not be **1/2 C6** cursin' or for **1/2 Cmaj7** givin', when I **1/2 C** walk along some **1/2 Cmaj7** railroad track and **Dm** find **G7**

That **1/2 Dm** you're movin' on the **1/2 G7** backroads by the **1/2 Dm** rivers of my **1/2 G7** mem'ry, and for **1/2 Dm** hours you're just **1/2 G7** gentle on my **1/2 C** mind **1/2 Cmaj7 1/2 C6 1/2 Cmaj7**

Though the  $\frac{1}{2}C$  wheat fields and the  $\frac{1}{2}Cmaj7$  clothes lines and the  $\frac{1}{2}C6$   
 junkyards and the  $\frac{1}{2}Cmaj7$  highways come between  $Dm$  us  $G7$   
 And some  $\frac{1}{2}Dm$  other woman's  $\frac{1}{2}G7$  cryin' to her  $\frac{1}{2}Dm$  mother, 'cause she  
 $\frac{1}{2}G7$  turned and I was  $\frac{1}{2}C$  gone  $\frac{1}{2}Cmaj7$   $\frac{1}{2}C6$   $\frac{1}{2}Cmaj7$   
 I  $\frac{1}{2}C$  still might run in  $\frac{1}{2}Cmaj7$  silence, tears of  $\frac{1}{2}C6$  joy might stain my  
 $\frac{1}{2}Cmaj7$  face, and the  $\frac{1}{2}C$  summer sun might  $\frac{1}{2}Cmaj7$  burn me 'till I'm  
 $Dm$  blind  $G7$   
 But  $\frac{1}{2}Dm$  not to where I  $\frac{1}{2}G7$  cannot see you  $\frac{1}{2}Dm$  walkin' on the  $\frac{1}{2}G7$   
 backroads, by the  $\frac{1}{2}Dm$  rivers flowin'  $\frac{1}{2}G7$  gentle on my  $\frac{1}{2}C$  mind  
 $\frac{1}{2}Cmaj7$   $\frac{1}{2}C6$   $\frac{1}{2}Cmaj7$   
 I  $\frac{1}{2}C$  dip my cup of  $Cmaj7$  soup back from the  $\frac{1}{2}C6$  gurglin', cracklin'  
 $\frac{1}{2}Cmaj7$  cauldron in some  $Dm$  trainyard  $G7$   
 My  $\frac{1}{2}Dm$  beard a roughnin'  $\frac{1}{2}G7$  coal pile and a  $\frac{1}{2}Dm$  dirty hat pulled  
 $\frac{1}{2}G7$  low across my  $\frac{1}{2}C$  face  $\frac{1}{2}Cmaj7$   $\frac{1}{2}C6$   $\frac{1}{2}Cmaj7$   
 Through  $\frac{1}{2}C$  cupped hands 'round a  $\frac{1}{2}Cmaj7$  tin can I  $\frac{1}{2}C6$  pretend I hold  
 you  $\frac{1}{2}Cmaj7$  to my breast and  $Dm$  find  $G7$   
 That you're  $\frac{1}{2}Dm$  wavin' from the  $\frac{1}{2}G7$  backroads by the  $\frac{1}{2}Dm$  rivers of my  
 $\frac{1}{2}G7$  memory, ever  $\frac{1}{2}Dm$  smilin' ever  $\frac{1}{2}G7$  gentle on my  $\frac{1}{2}C$  mind  
 $\frac{1}{2}Cmaj7$   $\frac{1}{2}C6$   $\frac{1}{2}Cmaj7$   
 $\frac{1}{2}C$   $\frac{1}{2}Cmaj7$   $\frac{1}{2}C6$   $\frac{1}{2}Cmaj7$   $C\downarrow$