

Brisk 4/4 time

*(Note ukulele players: Instead of Dmaj7, place your fingers on Dm format then lift pointer finger off F note, the actual Dmaj7 has the notes A D Gb and Db)*INTRO: C Cmaj7 C Cmaj7VERSE I

C Cmaj7 C Cmaj7 Dm Dmaj7 Dm Dmaj7

It's knowing that your door is always open and your path is free to walk

Dm Dmaj7 Dm G C Cmaj7 C Cmaj7

That makes me tend to leave my sleeping bag rolled up and stashed behind your couch

C Cmaj7 C Cmaj7

And it's knowing I'm not shackled by forgotten words and bonds

C Cmaj7 Dm Dmaj7 Dm Dmaj7

And the ink stains that are dried upon some line

Dm G7 Dm G

That keeps you in the backroads, by the rivers of my memory

Dm G7 C Cmaj7 C Cmaj7

That keeps you ever gentle on my mind

VERSE II

C Cmaj7 C Cmaj7 Dm Dmaj7 Dm Dmaj7

It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy planted on their columns now that bind me

Dm G Dm G C Cmaj7 C Cmaj7

Or something that somebody said because they thought we fit together walking

C Cmaj7 C Cmaj7

It's just knowing that the world will not be cursing or forgiving

C Cmaj7 Dm Dmaj7 Dm Dmaj7

When I walk along some railroad track and find

Dm G Dm G

That you're moving on the backroads, by the rivers of my memory,

Dm G C Cmaj7 C Cmaj7

And for hours you're just gentle on my mind

VERSE III

C Cmaj7

Though the wheat fields and the clothes lines

C Cmaj7 Dm Dmaj7 Dm Dmaj7

And the junkyards and the highways come between us

Dm G Dm G C Cmaj7 C Cmaj7

And some other woman's cryin' to her mother 'cause she turned and I was gone

C Cmaj7 C Cmaj7

I still might run in silence tears of joy might stain my face

C Cmaj7 Dm Dmaj7 Dm Dmaj7

And the summer sun might burn me 'til I'm blind

Dm G Dm G

But not to where I cannot see you walkin' on the backroads

Dm G C Cmaj7 C A7

By the rivers flowing gentle on my mind

VERSE IV

D Dmaj7 D Dmaj7 Em A7 Em A7
 I dip my cup of soup back from a gurglin' cracklin' caldron in some train yard
 Em A Em A D Dmaj7 D Dmaj7
 My beard a roughing coal pile, and a dirty hat pulled low across my face
 D D
 Through cupped hands 'round the tin can
 D Dmaj7 Em A7 Em A7
 I pretend to hold you to my breast and find
 Em A Em A7
 That you're waving from the backroads, by the rivers of my memories
 Em A D D D D
 Ever smilin' ever gentle on my mind
 Em A Em A
 Ever smilin' ever gentle, ever smilin' ever gentle
 Em A D Dmaj7 D Dmaj7 D/
 Ever smilin' ever gentle on my mind