

# Gentle On My Mind - clawhammer

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Tuning eAEG#B  
(three steps below drop C tuning gCGBD)

Chord notation: first letter shows the actual pitch of the chord, the letter inside the brackets show the chord s  
Verse (can be used as break or accompaniment)  
A(C)  
A\_maj7 (C\_maj7)

5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5

It's know - ing that your door is al - ways

A6(C6) A6(C6) Bm7 (Dm7) Bm6 (Dm6)

5 5 5 5 7 5 5 0 0 1 2/3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3

o - pen and your path is free to walk

Bm7 (Dm7) Bm6 (Dm6) Bm (Dm) Bm\_maj7 (Dm\_maj7)

9 3

That makes me tend to leave my sleep - ing

Bm7 (Dm7) E7 (G7) A(C) A6(C6)

13 3 3 3 5 2 0 0 0 1 0 0 1/2 2 1 0 2 1 0 1 2 2 1 2

bag rolled up and stashed be - hind your couch

A\_maj7 (C\_maj7) A6(C6) A(C) A6(C6)

17 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5

And it's know - ing I'm not shack - led by for -

A\_maj7 (C\_maj7) A6(C6) A\_maj7 (C\_maj7) A6(C6)

21 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 7 5 5 0 0 1

got - ten words and bonds, and the ink - stains that have dried up - on some

Bm (Dm) Bm6 (Dm6) Bm7 (Dm7) Bm6 (Dm6)

25 2/3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 3 1 1 3 1 3 0 3 3 0 3

line That



61 A6(C6) Bm (Dm) Po Bm6 (Dm<sup>6</sup>) Po Bm7 (Dm<sup>7</sup>) Po

65 Bm6 (Dm6) Bm7 (Dm7) Bm7 (Dm7) Bm6 (Dm6)

69 Bm6 (Dm6) Bm7 (Dm7) E7 (G7) A(C)

73 A6(C6) A\_maj7 (C\_maj7) A6(C6)

77

It's knowing that your door is always open  
 and your path is free to walk,  
 that makes me tend to leave my sleeping bag  
 rolled up and stashed behind your couch.  
 And it's knowing I'm not shackled  
 by forgotten words and bonds  
 and the ink stains that have dried if on some line,  
 that keeps you in the backroads  
 by the rivers of my mem'ry  
 that keeps you ever gentle on my mind.

It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy  
 planted on the columns now that binds me,  
 or something that somebody said  
 because they thought we fit together walking.  
 It's just knowing that the world will not be cursing  
 or forgiving when I walk along some railroad track  
 and find that you are moving on the backroads  
 by the rivers of my mem'ry  
 and for hours you're just gentle on my mind.

Though the wheat fields and the clothes lines  
 And the junkyards and the highways come between us

And some other woman's cryin' to her mother  
'cause she turned and I was gone  
I still might run in silence  
Tears of joy might stain my face  
And the summer sun might burn me till I'm blind  
But not to where I cannot see  
You walkin' on the back roads  
By the rivers flowin' gentle on my mind

I dip my cup of soup back from a gurglin' cracklin' cauldron  
In some train yard  
My beard a rustlin' coal pile  
And a dirty hat pulled low across my face  
Through cupped hands 'round a tin can  
I pretend to hold you to my breast and find  
That you're waitin' from the back roads  
By the rivers of my memory  
Ever smilin', ever gentle on my mind