

Gentle on My Mind

Dean Martin

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 up on some line
That keeps you in the back roads by the rivers of my memory
That keeps you ever gentle on my mind

It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy planted on their 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 by the rivers of my memory
And for hours you're just gentle on my mind

Well I dip my cup of soup back from the gurgling crackling cauldron in some train yard
My beard a roughening coal pile and a dirty hat pulled low across my face

Cupped hands 'round a tin can
I pretend I hold you to my breast and find that you're waving from the back roads by the river of my memory
Ever smiling ever gentle on my mind