

Gentle on My Mind

Alison Krauss

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 are dried up on some line

That keeps you in the backroads
By the rivers of my memory
And keeps you ever gentle on my mind

It's not clinging to the rocks and ivy
Planted on their columns now that bind 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're moving on the backroads
By the rivers of my memory
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 crying to her mother
'Cause she turned and you were gone

I still might run in silence
Tears of joy might stain my face
And the summer sun might burn me 'til I'm blind

But not to where I cannot see
You walking on the backroads
By the rivers flowing gentle on my mind

You dip your cup of soup, back from a gurgling
Crackling caldron, in some train yard
Your beard a roughening coal pile
And a dirty hat pulled low across your face

Through cupped hands 'round the tin can
I pretend to hold you to my breast and find

That you're waiting from the backroads
By the rivers of my memories
Ever smiling, ever gentle on my mind