

Gentle On My Mind

Aretha Franklin

It's knowing that your
Door is always open
And your path is
Free to walk

That makes me know that
I can leave my sleeping bag
Behind your couch

It's knowing I'm not shackled
By forgotten words and bonds
And your ink stains that
Have dried upon some line

Keeps you on the backroads
By the rivers of my memory
It keeps you ever
Gentle on my mind

It's not clinging to
Some rocks and ivy
Planted on some column now
That binds me, no, it don't

Or something that somebody said
Because they thought we
Fit together walking

It's knowing that the world
Will not be cursing or forgiving
When they turn around and find

That you're
Moving on the backroads
You're still on my memory
You're ever gentle on my mind

(Gentle on my mind, yeah)
(Gentle on my mind, yeah)...