

## Gentle On My Mind

Henson Cargill

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 bones  
And the ink stains that have dried upon 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 I'd be 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 and find  
That you're moving on the back roads 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 junk yards and the highways come between us  
And some other woman's crying to her mother cause she turned and I was gone  
I still might run in silence tears of joy might stain my face  
And a summer sun might burn me till I'm blind  
But not to where I cannot see you walking on the back roads  
By the rivers flowing gentle on my mind

I dipped my cup of soap back from a gurgling crackling caltron  
in some train yard  
My beard a roughen coal pile and a dirty hat pulled low across my face  
Through 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 rivers of my memory  
Ever smiling ever gentle on my mind