



Intro:
[C] [C] [Dm] [G7]

Verse 1:
It's [C] knowing that your [Cmaj7] door is always [C6] open
And your [Cmaj7] path is free to [Dm] walk [Faug] [F] [Faug]
That [Dm] makes me tend to [Faug] leave my sleeping [F] bag rolled up
And [G7] stashed behind your [C] couch [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]
And it's [C] knowing I'm not [Cmaj7] shackled by for - [C6] gotten words and [Cmaj7] bonds
And the [C] ink stains that have [Cmaj7] dried upon some [Dm] line [Faug] [F] [Faug]
That [Dm] keeps you in the [Faug] back roads by the [F] rivers of my [G7] mem'ry
That [Dm] keeps you ever [G7] gentle on my [C] mind [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

Verse 2:
It's not [C] clinging to the [Cmaj7] rocks and ivy
[C6] Planted on their [Cmaj7] columns now that [Dm] bind me [Faug] [F] [Faug]
Or [Dm] something that some - [Faug] body said
Be - [F] cause they thought we [G7] fit together [C] walkin' [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]
It's just [C] knowing that the [Cmaj7] world will not be [C6] cursing or for - [Cmaj7] giving
When I [C] walk along some [Cmaj7] railroad track and [Dm] find [Faug] [F] [Faug]
That you're [Dm] moving on the [Faug] back roads by the [F] rivers of my [G7] mem'ry
And for [Dm] hours you're just [G7] gentle on my [C] mind [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

Verse 3:
Though the [C] wheat fields and the [Cmaj7] clotheslines and the [C6] junkyards
And the [Cmaj7] highways come be - [Dm] tween us [Faug] [F] [Faug]
And some [Dm] other woman's [Faug] crying to her [F] mother
'Cause she [G7] turned and I was [C] gone [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]
I [C] still might run in [Cmaj7] silence, tears of [C6] joy might stain my [Cmaj7] face
And the [C] summer sun might [Cmaj7] burn me 'til I'm [Dm] blind [Faug] [F] [Faug]
But [Dm] not to where I [Faug] cannot see you [F] walkin' on the [G7] back roads
By the [Dm] rivers flowing [G7] gentle on my [C] mind [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]

Last Verse:
I [C] dip my cup of [Cmaj7] soup back from a [C6] gurgling', cracklin' [Cmaj7] cauldron
In some [Dm] train yard [Faug] [F] [Faug]
My [Dm] beard a roughnin' [Faug] coal pile
And a [F] dirty hat pulled [G7] low across my [C] face [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7]
Through [C] cupped hands, 'round a [Cmaj7] tin can, I pre - [C6] tend
To hold you [Cmaj7] to my breast and [Dm] find [Faug] [F] [Faug]
That you're [Dm] waving from the [Faug] back roads by the [F] rivers of my [G7] memories
Ever [Dm] smilin', ever [G7] gentle on my [C] mind [Cmaj7] [C6] [Cmaj7] [C ↓]