

Early Morning Rain

Gordon Lightfoot

C Dm G7 C
In the early mornin' rain, with a dollar in my hand
With an achin' in my heart, and my pockets full of sand
I'm a long way from home, and I miss my loved one so

C Em Dm C
In the early mornin' rain and no place to go

C Dm G7 C
Out on runway number nine, big seven-o-seven set to go
Well I'm standin' on the grass, where the cold wind blows
Well, the liquor tasted good, and the women were all fast

C Em Dm C
Well there she goes, my friend, she's rollin' now at last

C Dm G7 C
Hear the mighty engines roar, see the silver bird on high
She's away and westward bound, far above the clouds she'll fly
Where the mornin' rain don't fall, and the sun always shines

C Em Dm C
She'll be flyin' o'er my home in about three hours' time.

C Dm G7 C
Well this old airport's got me down, it's no earthly good to me
Cause I'm stuck here on the ground, cold and drunk as I can be
You can't jump a jet plane, like you can a freight train

C Em Dm C
So I best be on my way, in the early mornin' rain

