Early Morning Rain

Gordon Lightfoot

C Dm G7
In the early mornin' rain,
With an achin' in my heart,
I'm a long way from home,
C Em Dm

In the early mornin' rain

with a dollar in my hand and my pockets full of sand and I miss my loved one so

and no place to go

C Dm G7

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

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

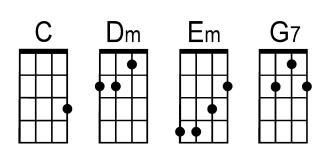
C Em Dm C She'll be flyin' o'er my home in about three hours' time.

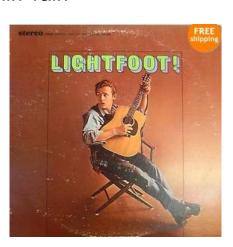
C Dm G7
Well this old airport's got me down,
Cause I'm stuck here on the ground,
You can't jump a jet plane,

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





it's no earthly good to me

cold and drunk as I can be