

EARLY MORNING RAIN (GORDON LIGHTFOOT, 1964)

D A G D
In the early morning rain with a dollar in my hand

(D) Em A G D
With an aching in my heart and my pockets full of sand

(D) A G D
I'm a long way from home and I miss my loved ones so

(D) A G D
In the early morning rain with no place to go

Out on runway number nine, big "707" set to go
But I'm stuck here on the grass where the cold wind blows
Well the liquor tasted good and the days flew by so fast
There she goes, my friend, she's rollin' now at last

Hear the mighty engines roar, see the silver wings 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
She'll be flyin' o'er my home in about three hours time

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
So I best be on my way in the early mornin' rain.