

EARLY MORNING RAIN

Gordon Lightfoot

D Fm Em A D

Verse 1

D Fm

In the early morning rain

Em A D

With a dollar in my hand

Em

With an aching in my heart

A D

And my pockets full of sand

Em

I'm a long ways from home

A D

And I missed my loved one so

Fm

In the early morning rain

Em A D

With no place to go

Verse 2

Out on runway number nine

Big 707 set to go

But I'm stuck here in the grass

Where the cold wind blows

Now the liquor tasted good

And the women all were fast

Well there she goes my friend

She's rolling down at last

Verse 3

Hear the mighty engines roar

See the silver bird on high

She's away and westward bound

Far above the clouds she flies

Where the morning rain don't fall

And the sun always shines

She'll be flying over my home

In about three hours time

Verse 4

This old airport's got me down

It's no earthly good to me

'Cause I'm stuck here on the ground

As cold and drunk as I can be

You can't jump a jet plane

Like you can a old freight train

So I best be on my way

In the early morning rain