

Early Mornin' Rain

Words & Music:
Gordon Lightfoot

C Em Dm G7 C [*1st vox note = G*]

C Dm G7 C
In the early mornin' rain, with a dollar in my hand.

Dm G7 C
With an achin' in my heart and my pockets full of sand.

Dm G7 C
I'm a long way from home and I miss my loved one so.

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

Out on runway number nine, big 707 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.
Well, there she goes, my friend, she's rollin' now at last.

Hear the might 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.
She'll be flyin' o'er my home in about three hours' time.

Well, this old airport's go 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 freight train.
So, I best be on my way, in the early mornin' rain.