

# Early Morning Rain

by Gordon Lightfoot (1966)

*G* *G* *Bm* *Bm*  
In the early morning rain  
*C* *D* *G* *G*  
With a dollar in my hand  
*G* *G* *Am* *Am*  
With an achin' in my heart  
*D* *D* *G* *G*  
And my pockets full of sand

*G* *G* *Am* *Am*  
I'm a long way from home  
*D* *D* *G* *G*  
And I miss my loved ones so  
*G* *G* *Bm* *Bm*  
In the early morning rain  
*C* *D7* *G* *G*  
With no place to go

Out on runway number nine  
Big seven-o-seven set to go  
But I'm stuck here in the grass  
Where the cold wind blows

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

Now the liquor tasted good  
And the women all were fast  
Well there she goes my friend  
Well she's rollin' down at last

You can't jump a jet plane  
Like you can a freight train  
So I'd best be on my way  
In the early morning rain.

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  
She'll be flyin' o'er my home  
In about three hours time