



In the Early Morning Rain

Gordon Lightfoot

C Em F C
In the early morning rain, With a dollar in my hand
 Dm G7 C
And an aching in my heart and my pockets full of sand
 Em F C
I'm a long way from my home and I miss my love one so
 Dm G7 C
In the early morning rain, With no place to go.

C Em F C
Out on runway number nine, Big 707 set to go
 Dm G7 C
But I'm stuck here on the ground, Where the pavement never grows.
 Em F C
Well, the liquor tasted good, And the women all were fast
 Dm G7 C
There she goes my friend, She's rolling down at last.

Hear the mighty engines roar, See the silver wing on high
She's away and westward bound, Far above the clouds she'll fly
Where the morning rain don't fall, And the sun always shines
She'll be flying over my home, In about three hours' time.

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

So I'd best be on my way, In the early morning rain.