## Early Morning Rain by Gordon Lightfoot

- D D A A In the early morning rain
- G G D D With a dollar in my hand
- D D Em Em With an achin' in my heart
- A A D D

And my pockets full of sand

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

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

- D D Em Em I'm a long way from home
- A A D D And I miss my loved ones so
- D D F#m F#m In the early morning rain

G A D D

With no place to go

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 freight train So I'd best be on my way In the early morning rain

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



