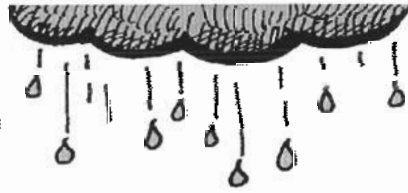


Early Morning Rain

by Gordon Lightfoot



Intro: F Am Gm C7 F

F Am Gm C7 F
 In the early mornin' rain, with a dollar in my hand,
 F Gm C7 F
 And an achin' in my heart, and my pocket's full of sand.
 F Gm C7 F
 I'm a long way from home, and I miss my loved one so,
 F Am Gm C7 F
 In the early mornin' rain, with no place to go.

F Am Gm C7 F
 Out on runway number nine, big 707 set to go.
 F Gm C7 F
 But I'm out here on the grass, where the pavement never grows.
 F Gm C7 F
 Well the liquor tasted good, and the women all were fast.
 F Am Gm C7 F
 There she goes my friend, she's rollin' down at last.

F Am Gm C7 F
 Hear the mighty engines roar, see the silver wing on high.
 F Gm C7 F
 She's away and westward bound, far above the clouds she flies.
 F Gm C7 F
 Where the mornin' rain don't fall, and the sun always shines.
 F Am Gm C7 F
 She'll be flyin' o'er my home, in about three hours time.

F Am Gm C7 F
 This old airport's got me down, it's no earthly good to me.
 F Gm C7 F
 Cause I'm stuck here on the ground, cold and drunk as I can be.
 F Gm C7 F
 You can't jump a jet plane, like you can a freight train.
 F Am Gm C7 F
 So I'd best be on my way, in the early mornin' rain.

F Am Gm C7 F
 So I'd best be on my way, in the early mornin' rain.