

Early Morning Rain by Gordon Lightfoot

C In the early morning **Em** rain **Dm** with a **G7** dollar in my **C** hand
With an aching in my **Dm** heart **G7** and my pockets full of **C** sand
I'm a long way from **Dm** home **G7** and I miss my loved ones **C** so
In the early morning **Em** rain **Dm** with **G7** no place to **C** go

Out on runway number **Em** nine **Dm** big 7-0- **G7** 7 set to **C** go
But I'm standing on the **Dm** grass **G7** where the pavement never **C** goes
Well, the liquor tasted **Dm** good **G7** and the women all were **C** fast
There she goes my **Em** friend **Dm** she's a **G7** rolling now at **C** last

Hear the mighty engines **Em** roar **Dm** see the **G7** silver wing on **C** high
She's away and westward **Dm** bound **G7** far above the clouds she'll **C** fly
Where the morning rain don't **Dm** fall **G7** and the sun always **C** shines
She'll be flying o'er my **Em** home **Dm** in a- **G7** bout three hours **C** time

This old airport's got me **Em** down **Dm** it's no **G7** earthly good to **C** me
Cause I'm stuck here on the **Dm** ground **G7** cold and tired as I can **C** be
You can't jump a big jet **Dm** plane **G7** like you can an old freight **C** train
So I'd best be on my **Em** way **Dm** in the **G7** early morning **C** rain
So I'd best be on my **Dm** way **G7** in the early morning **C** rain