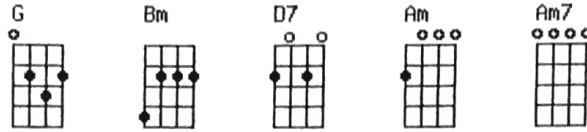


Early Mornin' Rain

Words and Music by Gordon Lightfoot 1964



Starting note: D

G **Bm D7** **G**
 In the early mornin' rain . . . with a dollar in my hand,
 (G) **Am / Am7 / D7** **G**
 With an achin' in my heart and my pockets full of sand,
 (G) **Am / Am7 / D7** **G**
 I'm a long way from home and I miss my loved one so,
 (G) **Bm Am D7** **G**
 In the early mornin' rain . . . and no place to go.

G **Bm D7** **G**
 Out on runway number nine . . . big 707 set to go,
 (G) **Am / Am7 / D7** **G**
 Well, I'm standin' on the grass where the cold wind blows,
 (G) **Am / Am7 / D7** **G**
 Well, the liquor tasted good and the women were all fast,
 (G) **Bm Am D7** **G**
 Well, there she goes my friend . . . she's rollin' now at last.

G **Bm D7** **G**
 Hear the mighty engines roar . . . see the silver bird on high,
 (G) **Am / Am7 / D7** **G**
 She's away and westward bound far above the clouds she'll fly,
 (G) **Am / Am7 / D7** **G**
 Where the mornin' rain don't fall and the sun always shines,
 (G) **Bm Am D7** **G**
 She'll be flyin' o'er my home . . . in a-bout three hours' time.

G **Bm D7** **G**
 Well, this old airport's got me down . . . it's no earthly good to me,
 (G) **Am / Am7 / D7** **G**
 'Cause I'm stuck here on the ground as cold and drunk as I can be,
 (G) **Am / Am7 / D7** **G**
 You can't jump a jet plane like you can, a freight train,
 (G) **Bm Am D7** **G**
 So, I best be on my way . . . in the early mornin' rain.