Early Morning Rain

(Gordon Lightfoot)

D /// / / / F#m /// / / / Em /// A7 /// D /// Dsus4 ///

D / F#m Em A7 D /// Dsus4 ///
In the early morning rain— with a dollar in my hand—

D / Em A7 D /// Dsus4 ///
And an aching in my heart—, and my pockets full of sand—

D / Em A7 D /// Dsus4 ///
I'm a long way from home—, and I missed my loved one so—

D / F#m Em A7 D /// Dsus4 ///
In the early morning rain— with no place to go—

D / F#m Em A7 D /// Dsus4 ///
Out on runway number nine—, big 707 set to go—

D / Em A7 D /// Dsus4 ///
But I’m out here on the grass— where the pavement never grows—

D / Em A7 D /// Dsus4 ///
Well, the liquor tasted good—, and the women all were fast—

D / F#m Em A7 D /// Dsus4 ///
There she goes my friend— she's rolling down at last—

D / F#m Em A7 D /// Dsus4 ///
Hear the mighty engine roar—, see the silver wing on high—

D / Em A7 D /// Dsus4 ///
She's away and westward bound— far above the clouds shell fly—

D / Em A7 D /// Dsus4 ///
Where the morning rain don't fall—, and the sun always shines—

D / F#m Em A7 D /// Dsus4 ///
She'll be flying o'er my home— in about three hours' time—

D / F#m Em A7 D /// Dsus4 ///
This old airport's got me down—, It's no earthly good to me—

D / Em A7 D /// Dsus4 ///
'Cause I’m stuck here on the ground—, cold and drunk as I might be—

D / Em A7 D /// Dsus4 ///
You can’t jump a jet plane—, like you can a freight train—

D / F#m Em A7 D /// Dsus4 ///
So, I’d best be on my way— in the early morning rain—

D / Em A7 D /// Dsus4 /// D /// D—
So, I’d best be on my way—, in the early morning rain—