

Gordon Lightfoot – Early Mornin’ Rain

Capot 022222.

Intro

E	4	4	5	5	0	5	2	5	4	4
B	5	5	5	5	4	5	3	5	5	5
G	D	D	G	G	A	G	D	G	D	D
D	0	0	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	0
A	0	0	4	4	0	4	0	4	0	0
E	0	0	5	5	X	5	0	5	0	0

Verse A

E							
B							
G	A	A	A	G	D	G	D
D							
A							
E							

Verse B

E	5						
B	0						
G	G	G	G	G	D	G	D
D	0	0	0	0	0	0	0
A	4						
E	5						

Verse 1

In the early mornin’ rain (B)
 With a dollar in my hand
 With an achin' in my heart
 and my pockets full of sand
 I'm a long way from home
 Lord I miss my loved ones so
 In the early morning rain
 with no place to go.

Verse 2

Out on runway #9
 Big 707 set to go
 And I'm stuck here in the grass
 with a pain that ever grows
 Now the liquor tasted good
 and the women all were fast
 Hell no there she goes my friend
 She'll be rollin' down at last

Verse 3

Hear the mighty engine roar
 See the silver wing on high
 She's away and westward bound
 Far above the clouds she'll fly
 Where the morning rain don't fall
 And the sun always shines
 She'll be flyin' o'er my home
 in about three hours' time.

Verse 4

This old airport's got me down
 It's no earthly good to me
 And 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.