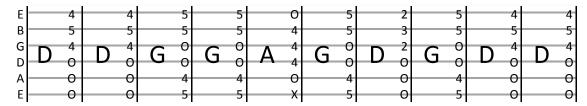
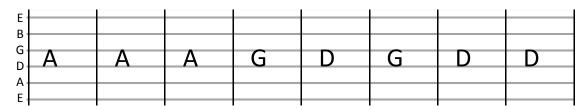
Gordon Lightfoot – Early Mornin' Rain

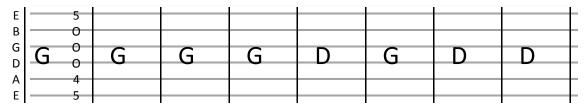




Verse A



Verse B



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.