

Gordon Lightfoot

"Early Morning Rain"

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In the early mornin' rain 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 mornin' rain, with no place to go

Out on runway number nine, big seven-o-seven set to
go
And I'm stuck here in the grass with a pain that ever
grows
Oh, the liquor tasted good and the women all were fast
Well, now there she goes, my friend, she'll be rollin'
down at last

Hear the mighty engines roar, see the silver wing on
high
She's a wingin' westward bound, far above the clouds
she'll fly
Where the mornin' rain don't fall and the sun always
shines
She'll be flyin' over my home in about three hours time

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 best be on my way in the early mornin' rain
You can't jump a jet plane like you can a freight train
So, I best be on my way in the early mornin' rain

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