

The Kingston Trio

"Early Mornin' Rain"

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Gordon Lightfoot

Chorus:

In the early morning 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 and I miss my darlin' so. In
the early mornin' rain, with no place to go.

Out on runway number nine, big seven-o-seven set to
go but I'm stuck here on the grass where them cold
winds blow.

Yeah, the liquor tasted good and the women all were
fast. Ah, but there she goes, my friend, though she's
rollin' out at last.

Hear the mighty engines roar. See the silver wing on
high. She's a-wingin' westward bound. High above the
clouds she'll fly

Where the morning rains don't fall and the sun always
shines. She'll be flyin' o'er my home in about three
hours time.

This old airport's got me down. It's no earthly good to
me 'cause I'm stuck here on the ground 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.

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