Early Morning Rain - Gordon Lightfoot (n)

In the early mornin' rain, with a dollar in my hand, 2-5 1

And an aching in my heart, and my pockets full of sand. 2-5 1

I'm a long way from home, and I miss my loved one so, 3-4 5 1

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

Out on runway number nine, big seven-o-seven set to go, 2-5 1

But I'm out here on the grass, with a pain that ever grows. 2-5 1

Well, the liquor tasted good, and the women all were fast, 3-4 5 1

There she goes my friend, she is rollin' down at last.

 $$\rm 2-\ 5$$ So I'd best be on my way, in the early mornin' rain.

A C#m D E A
In the early mornin' rain, with a dollar in my hand,
Bm E A
And an aching in my heart, and my pockets full of sand.
Bm E A
I'm a long way from home, and I miss my loved one so,
C#m D E A
In the early mornin' rain, with no place to go.

C#m D E A

Out on runway number nine, big seven-o-seven set to go,

BM E A

But I'm out here on the grass, with a pain that ever grows.

BM E A

Well, the liquor tasted good, and the women all were fast,

C#m D E A

There she goes my friend, she is rollin' down at last.

A C#m D E A

Hear the mighty engine roar, see the silver wing on high,

BM E A

She's away and westward bound, far above the clouds she'll fly.

BM E A

Where the mornin' rain don't fall, and the sun always shines,

C#M D E A

She'll be flyin' o'er my home, in about three hours time.

C#m D E A
This old airport's got me down, it's no earthly good to me,

Bm E A
Cause I'm stuck here on the ground, cold and drunk as I might be.

Bm E A
You can't jump a jet plane, like you can a freight train,

C#m D E A
So I'd best be on my way, in the early mornin' rain.

 $$\operatorname{\textsc{Bm}}$\ E$$ So I'd best be on my way, in the early mornin' rain.

Early Morning Rain - Gordon Lightfoot (Bb)

Bb
In the early mornin' rain, with a dollar in my hand,
Cm F
And an aching in my heart, and my pockets full of sand.
Cm F
Bb
I'm a long way from home, and I miss my loved one so,
Dm Eb F
Bb
In the early mornin' rain, with no place to go.

Out on runway number nine, big seven-o-seven set to go,

CM F Bb

But I'm out here on the grass, with a pain that ever grows.

CM F Bb

Well, the liquor tasted good, and the women all were fast,

DM Eb F Bb

There she goes my friend, she is rollin' down at last.

Bb
Hear the mighty engine roar, see the silver wing on high,
CM F Bb
She's away and westward bound, far above the clouds she'll fly.
CM F Bb
Where the mornin' rain don't fall, and the sun always shines,
DM Eb F Bb
She'll be flyin' o'er my home, in about three hours time.

Dm Eb F Bb
This old airport's got me down, it's no earthly good to me,

Cm F Bb
Cause I'm stuck here on the ground, cold and drunk as I might be.

Cm F Bb
You can't jump a jet plane, like you can a freight train,

Dm Eb F Bb
So I'd best be on my way, in the early mornin' rain.

Cm F Bb So I'd best be on my way, in the early mornin' rain.

C Em F G C
In the early mornin' rain, with a dollar in my hand,
Dm G C
And an aching in my heart, and my pockets full of sand.
Dm G C
I'm a long way from home, and I miss my loved one so,
Em F G C
In the early mornin' rain, with no place to go.

C Em F G C Hear the mighty engine roar, see the silver wing on high, Dm G C She's away and westward bound, far above the clouds she'll fly. Dm G C Where the mornin' rain don't fall, and the sun always shines, Em F G C She'll be flyin' o'er my home, in about three hours time.

Em F G C
This old airport's got me down, it's no earthly good to me,

Dm G C
Cause I'm stuck here on the ground, cold and drunk as I might be.

Dm G C
You can't jump a jet plane, like you can a freight train,

Em F G C
So I'd best be on my way, in the early mornin' rain.

Dm G C So I'd best be on my way, in the early mornin' rain.

Early Morning Rain - Gordon Lightfoot (D)

D F#m G A D
In the early mornin' rain, with a dollar in my hand,
Em A D
And an aching in my heart, and my pockets full of sand.
Em A D
I'm a long way from home, and I miss my loved one so,
F#m G A D
In the early mornin' rain, with no place to go.

D F#m G A D
Hear the mighty engine roar, see the silver wing on high,

Em A D
She's away and westward bound, far above the clouds she'll fly.

Em A D
Where the mornin' rain don't fall, and the sun always shines,

F#m G A D
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, Em A D Cause I'm stuck here on the ground, cold and drunk as I might be. Em A D You can't jump a jet plane, like you can a freight train, F#m G A D So I'd best be on my way, in the early mornin' rain.

 $$\mathsf{Em}$\ A$$ So I'd best be on my way, in the early mornin' rain.

G Bm C D G
In the early mornin' rain, with a dollar in my hand,
Am D G
And an aching in my heart, and my pockets full of sand.
Am D G
I'm a long way from home, and I miss my loved one so,
Bm C D G
In the early mornin' rain, with no place to go.

Bm C D G
This old airport's got me down, it's no earthly good to me,

Am D G
Cause I'm stuck here on the ground, cold and drunk as I might be.

Am D G
You can't jump a jet plane, like you can a freight train,

Bm C D G
So I'd best be on my way, in the early mornin' rain.

Am D G So I'd best be on my way, in the early mornin' rain.