



## Early Morning Rain - Gordon Lightfoot (A)

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.

Bm E A  
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.

F#m G A D  
Out on runway number nine, big seven-o-seven set to go,  
Em A D  
But I'm out here on the grass, with a pain that ever grows.  
Em A D  
Well, the liquor tasted good, and the women all were fast,  
F#m G A D  
There she goes my friend, she is rollin' down at last.

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.

F#m G A D  
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.

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

