Early Mornin' Rain (Gordon Lightfoot) (G)

G   Bm   Am   D7   G
In the early mornin' rain, with a dollar in my hand,
    Am   D7   G
With an achin' in my heart, and my pockets full of sand.
    Am   D7   G
I'm a long way from home, and I miss my loved ones so,
    Bm   Am   D7   G
In the early mornin' rain, with no place to go.

G   Bm   Am   D7   G
Out on runway number nine, big seven-o-seven set to go,
    Am   D7   G
But I'm stuck here in the grass, where the cold wind blows.
    Am   D7   G
Now the liquor tasted good, and the women all were fast,
    Bm   Am   D7   G
Well there she goes, my friend, she's rollin' now at last.

G   Bm   Am   D7   G
Hear the mighty engines roar, see the silver bird on high,
    Am   D7   G
She's away and westward bound, far above the clouds she'll fly,
    Am   D7   G
Where the mornin' rain don't fall, and the sun always shines,
    Bm   Am   D7   G
She'll be flying o'er my home, in about three hours' time.

G   Bm   Am   D7   G
This old airport's got me down, it's no earthly good to me,
    Am   D7   G
'Cause I'm stuck here on the ground, as cold and drunk as I can be.
    Am   D7   G
You can't jump a jet plane, like you can a freight train,
    Bm   Am   D7   G
So I'd best be on my way, in the early mornin' rain.

(Repeat Verse 1)

G   Bm   Am   D7   G
So I'd best be on my way, in the early mornin' rain.