

## Early Morning Rain

Gordon Lightfoot

F  
 / / / / X2

F C B<sup>b</sup> F  
 In the early morning rain, With a dollar in my hand  
 F G<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup> F  
 With an aching in my heart, And my pockets full of sand  
 F G<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup> F  
 I'm a long ways from home, And I missed my loved one so  
 F C B<sup>b</sup> F  
 In the early morning rain, With no place to go

F C B<sup>b</sup> F  
 Out on runway number nine, Big 707 set to go  
 F G<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup> F  
 But I'm stuck here on the ground, Where the cold wind blows  
 F G<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup> F  
 Now the liquor tasted good, And the women all were fast  
 F C B<sup>b</sup> F  
 Well there she goes my friend, She's rolling down at last

F C C B<sup>b</sup> B<sup>b</sup> F F

F C B<sup>b</sup> F  
 Hear the mighty engines roar, See the silver bird on high  
 F G<sup>m</sup> B<sup>b</sup> F  
 She's away and westward bound, Far above the clouds she flies

