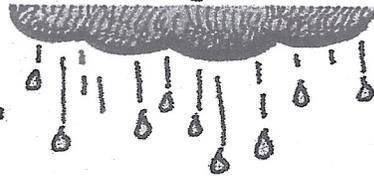


Early Morning Rain

by Gordon Lightfoot



Intro: F Gm C7 F

F Am Gm C7 F
 In the early mornin' rain, with a dollar in my hand,
 F Gm C7 F
 With an achin' in my heart, and my pocket's full of sand.
 F Gm C7 F
 I'm a long way from home, Lord I miss my loved one so,
 F Am Gm C7 F
 In the early mornin' rain, with no place to go.

F Am Gm C7 F
 Out on runway number nine, big 707 set to go.
 F Gm C7 F
 And I'm stuck here in the grass, with a pain that ever grows.
 F Gm C7 F
 Now the liquor tasted good, and the women all were fast.

Well F Am Gm C7 (F Bb | C7 Bb | F Bb | F)
 There she goes my friend, She'll be rollin' down at last. 2 2 2 2 2 1

F Am Gm C7 F
 Hear the mighty engines roar, see the silver wing on high.
 F Gm C7 F
 She's away and westward bound, far above the clouds she'll fly.
 F Gm C7 F
 Where the mornin' rain don't fall, and the sun always shines.
 F Am Gm C7 (F Bb | C7 Bb | F Bb | F)
 She'll be flyin' o'er my home, in about three hours time. 2 2 2 2 2 1

F Am Gm C7 F
 This old airport's got me down, it's no earthly good to me.
 F Gm C7 F
 Cause I'm stuck here on the ground, cold and drunk as I can be.

F Gm C7 F
 You can't jump a jet plane, like you can a freight train.

F Am Gm C7 F
 So I'd best be on my way, in the early mornin' rain. repeat last 2 lines

2nd time: (F Bb | C7 Bb | F Bb | F)
 2 2 2 2 2 2 1