EARLY MORNING RAIN (BAR)-Gordon Lightfoot

4/4 1...2...1234

Intro: X2

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

Out on runway number nine,          big 707 set to go
But I'm stuck here on the grass                    where the cold winds blow
Where the liquor tasted good                     and the women all were fast
There she goes my friend,       oh, she's rollin' now at last.
Early Morning Rain

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

She’s a-way and westward bound, high above the clouds she’ll fly

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

She’ll be flyin’ o’er my home in about 3 hours’ time.

This old airport’s got me down, it’s no earthly good to me

‘Cause I’m stuck here on the ground, cold and drunk as I can be

You can’t jump a jet plane like you can a freight train

So I’d best be on my way in the early mornin’ rain

You can’t jump a jet plane like you can a freight train

So I’d best be on my way in the early mornin’ rain

Outro:
EARLY MORNING RAIN - Gordon Lightfoot

4/4  1...2...1234

Intro:  D  D6  DMA7  D6  X2

D     F#m  G     D  D6  DMA7  D6
In the early morning rain, with a dollar in my hand
D                        D6  G6  GMA7  G6     D  D6  DMA7  D6
With an achin’ in my heart, and my pockets full of sand
D                        D6  G6  GMA7  G6     D  D6  DMA7  D6
I’m a long way from home, and I miss my darlin’ so
D     F#m  G     D  D6  DMA7  D6
In the early mornin’ rain, with no place to go.

D     F#m  G     D  D6  DMA7  D6
Out on runway number nine, big 707 set to go
D                        D6  G6  GMA7  G6     D  D6  DMA7  D6
But I’m stuck here on the grass, where the cold winds blow
D                        D6  G6  GMA7  G6     D  D6  DMA7  D6
Where the liquor tasted good, and the women all were fast
D     F#m  G     D  D6  DMA7  D6
There she goes my friend, Oh, she’s rollin’ now at last.

D     F#m  G     D  D6  DMA7  D6
Hear the mighty engines roar, see the silver wing on high
D                        D6  G6  GMA7  G6     D  D6  DMA7  D6
She’s a-way and westward bound, high above the clouds she’ll fly
D                        D6  G6  GMA7  G6     D  D6  DMA7  D6
Where the mornin’ rain don’t fall, and the sun always shines
D     F#m  G     D  D6  DMA7  D6
She’ll be flyin’ o’er my home, in about 3 hours’ time.

D     F#m  G     D  D6  DMA7  D6
This old airport’s got me down, it’s no earthly good to me
D                        D6  G6  GMA7  G6     D  D6  DMA7  D6
‘Cause I’m stuck here on the ground, cold and drunk as I can be
D                        D6  G6  GMA7  G6     D  D6  DMA7  D6
You can’t jump a jet plane, like you can a freight train
D     F#m  G     D  D6  DMA7  D6
So I’d best be on my way, in the early mornin’ rain
D                        D6  G6  GMA7  G6     D  D6  DMA7  D6
You can’t jump a jet plane, like you can a freight train
D     F#m  G     D  D6  DMA7  D6  D  D6  DMA7  D6
So I’d best be on my way, in the early mornin’ rain

Outro:  A7sus  D  D6  DMA7  D6  D  D6  DMA7  D6
A7sus  D  D6  DMA7  D6  D  D6  DMA7  D6  D  DMA7