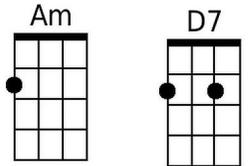
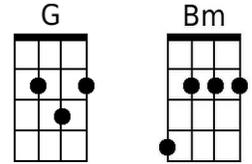


Early Mornin' Rain (Gordon Lightfoot) (G)

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.

