

Early Morning Rain

Gordon Lightfoot

In the early mornin' rain,
with a dollar in my hand,
With an achin' in my heart,
and my pocket's full of sand.

I'm a long way from home,
and I miss my loved one so,
In the early mornin' rain,
with no place to go.

Out on runway number nine,
big 707 set to go.
But I'm out here on the grass,
with a pain that ever grows.

Well the liquor tasted good,
and the women all were fast.
There she goes my friend,
she's rollin' down at last.

Hear the mighty engines roar,
see the silver wing on high.
She's away and westward bound,
far above the clouds she flies.

Where the mornin' rain don't fall,
and the sun always shines.
She'll be flyin' o'er my home,
in about three 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 might 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. :|