

# Early Morning Rain

[Gordon Lightfoot](#)

In the early mornin' 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, Lord I miss my loved ones so  
In the early mornin' rain, with no place to go  
Out on runway number nine, big seven-o-seven set to go  
And I'm stuck here in the grass with a pain that ever grows  
Oh, the liquor tasted good and the women all were fast  
Well, now there she goes, my friend, she'll be rollin' down at last  
Hear the mighty engines roar, see the silver  
wing on high  
She's a wingin' westward bound, far above the clouds she'll fly  
Where the mornin' rain don't fall and the sun always shines  
She'll be flyin' over my home in about three hours time  
This old airport's got me down, it's no earthly good to  
me  
And I'm stuck here on the ground as cold and drunk as I can be  
You can't jump a jet plane like you can a freight train  
So, I 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 best be on my way in the early mornin' rain

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