

Early Mornin' Rain

Gordon Lightfoot

In the early mornin' rain
With a dollar in my hand
With an aching in my heart
And my pockets full of sand
I'm a long ways from home
And I missed my loved one so
In the early mornin' rain
With no place to go Out on runway number nine
Big seven o seven set to go
Well I'm stuck here on the grass
Where the pavement never grows
Where the liquor tasted good
And all the women all were fast
There, there she goes my friend
She's rolling down at last Hear the mighty engines roar
See the silver wing on high
She's away and westward bound
For above the clouds she'll fly
Where the mornin' rain don't fall
And the sun always shines
She'll be flying over my home
In about three hours time This ol' airport's got me down
It's no damn good to me
And I'm stuck here on the ground
As cold and drunk as I can be
Can't jump a jet plane
Like you can a freight train
So I best be on my way
In the early mornin' rain
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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