

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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