

Early Morning Rain
Written by Gordon Lightfoot

1. In the early morning rain with a dollar in my hand,
With an aching in my heart and my pockets full of sand,
Now, I'm a long way from home and I miss my loved ones so,
In the early morning rain with no place to go.
2. Out on runway number nine a big 707's set to go,
But, I'm stuck here in the grass where the cold wind blows,
Now, the liquor tasted good and the women all were fast,
Well, there she goes, my friend, well she's going down at last.
3. Hear the mighty engines roar, see the silver bird on high,
She's away and westward bound, far above the clouds she'll fly,
There the morning rain don't fall and the sun always shines,
She'll be flying over my home in about three hours time.
4. This old airport's got me down, it's no earthly good to me,
'cause 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'd best be on my way in the early morning rain.

coda: You can't jump a jet plane like you can an old freight train,
So, I'd best be on my way in the early morning rain.