

**Early Mornin' Rain**

By: Gordon Lightfoot

Recorded by Bob Dylan for Self Portrait (1970)

C . . . | . . . . | G . . . | . . |  
 C . . . | . . .

In the early morning rain with a dollar in my hand  
 And an aching in my heart and my pockets full of sand  
 I'm a long way from home and I miss my love one so  
 In the early morning rain with nowhere to go.

G C

Out on runway number nine big 707 set to go  
 I'm stuck here on the ground where the cold winds blow  
 The liquor tasted good and the women all are fast  
 There she goes my friend, she's rolling down at last.

G C Dm G C

Hear the mighty engines roar, see the silver bird on high  
 She's away and westward bound far above the clouds she'll fly  
 Where the morning rain don't fall and the sun always shines  
 She'll be flying over my home in about three hours' time.

G C Dm G C

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 hop a jetplane like you can a freight train  
 So I'd best be on my way in the early morning rain.