

EARLY MORNING RAIN – Gordon Lightfoot

In the early mornin' rain – with a dollar in my hand
And an achin' in my heart – and my pockets full of sand.
I'm a long way from home – and I miss my loved one so
In the early mornin' rain – with no place to go

Out on runway number nine – big 707 set to go
But I'm stuck here on the ground – where the cold wind blows.
Well the liquor tasted good – and the women all were fast.
There she goes my friend – she's rollin down at last.

Hear the mighty engines roar – see the silver wings on high
She's away and westward bound – high above the clouds she'll fly.
Where the mornin' rain don't fall – and the sun always shines
She'll be flyin' o'er my home – in about three hours' time.

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 can be.
I can't jump a jet plane – like I can a freight train,
So I best be on my way – in the early mornin' rain.

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And an achin' in my heart – and my pockets full of sand.
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Composed and recorded by Gordon Lightfoot. Written in 1964, the song appeared on his 1966 debut album.