

Early Morning Rain

Orig in F – Play in C – capo 5

Play in Bb – capo 3 – Peter Paul
And Mary

G Bm Am C G

G Bm Am G
In the early mornin' rain, with a dollar in my hand,
Am C G
With an achin' in my heart, and my pockets full of sand
Am C G
I'm a long way from home, Lord I miss my loved ones so
Bm Am G
In the early mornin' rain, with no place to go

G Bm Am G
Out on runway number nine, big seven-o-seven set to go
Am C G
And I'm stuck here in the grass, with a pain that ever grows
Am C G
Now the liquor tasted good, and the women all were fast
Bm Am G
Well there she goes, my friend, she be rollin' down at last

G Bm Am G
Hear the mighty engines roar, see the silver wing on high
Am C G
She's away and westward bound, far above the clouds she'll fly
Am C G
Where the mornin' rain don't fall, and the sun always shines
Bm Am G
She'll be flying o'er my home, in about three hours time

G Bm Am G
This old airport's got me down, it's no earthly good to me
Am C G
And I'm stuck here on the ground, as cold and drunk as I can be
Am C G
You can't jump a jet plane, like you can a freight train
Am C G
So I'd best be on my way, in the early mornin' rain
Am C G
You can't jump a jet plane, like you can a freight train
Am C G
So I'd best be on my way, in the early mornin' rain