

Early Morning Rain

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

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

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

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

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So, I'd best be on my way in the early morning rain