## Early Morning Rain

In the early morning rain

With a dollar in my hand

With an achin' in my heart

And my pockets full of sand

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

Big seven-o-seven 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

She'll be rollin' 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

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

You can't jump a (big) jet plane

Like you can a (old) freight train

So I'd best be on my way

In the early morning rain

...

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