

Early Mornin' Rain

... long –full verse intro A&B

In the early mornin' rain - With a dollar in my hand
And an aching in my heart - And my -pockets full of sand
I'm a long ways from home - And I missed my loved one so
In the early mornin' rain - With no place to go

Out on runway number nine - Big 707 set to go
Well I'm out here on the grass
- Where the pavement never grows
Where the liquor tasted good - & the women all were fast
There she goes my friend - She's rolling out at last

Hear the mighty engines roar - See the silver wing on high
She's away & westward bound - For above the clouds she flies
Where the mornin' rain don't fall – & the sun always shines
She'll be flying over my home - In about three hours time

This ol' airport's got me down - It's no earthly good to me
'Cause I'm stuck here on the ground
- Cold & drunk as I might be
Can't jump a jet plane - Like you can a freight train
So I best be on my way - In the early mornin' rain
So I best be on my way - In the early mornin' rain