

IN THE EARLY MORNING RAIN

G Bm C G Am C G

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

Out on runway number nine a big 707 set to go
And, I'm stuck here in the grass where the pavement never
grows
Now, the liquor tasted good and the women all were fast
Well, there she goes, my friend, she'll be rolling down at last

Hear the mighty engines roar, see the silver wing 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
And 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

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