

Benni Hemm Hemm, Early Morning Rain

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

Out on runway number nine, big 707 set to go
But I slept here on the grass where the winds blow
Where the whiskey it was boss and the women all were fine
Well there she goes my friend, now there she's rolling down the line

Hear the mighty engines roar, see the silver bird on go
She's away and westward bound, far above the clouds she'll fly
Where 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, cold and drunk as I can be
You can't jump the jet plane like you can an old freight train
So I best be on my way in the early morning rain