

Bobby Bare, 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
I'm a long way from home and I miss my loved ones so
In the early morning rain and no place to go
Out on runway No 9 big 7-0-7 set to go
But I'm standing on the grass where the cold wind blows
Well the liquor tasted good and the women all were fast
There she goes my friend she's a rolling now at last
Hear that mighty engines roar see the silver bird on high
She's away and westward bound far above the clouds she'll fly
Where the morning rain don't fall and the sun will always shine
She'll be flying 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 an old freight train
So I'd best be on my way in the early morning rain
So I'd best be on my way in the early morning rain