

# George Hamilton IV, 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 with no place to go

Out on runway No 9 big 7-0-7 set to go  
But I'm standin' on the grass where the cold winds blow  
Where the liquor tasted good and the women all were fast  
There she goes my friend she's a rolling now 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 morning rain don't fall and the sun 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 as 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