

Peter, Paul & Mary, Early Mornin' Rain

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 way from home, and I miss my loved one so
In the early mornin' rain with no place to go.

Out on runway number nine, big seven-o-seven set to go
But I'm out here on the grass where the pavement never grows
Well the liquor tasted good and the women all were fast
There she goes my friend, she's rollin' down at last.

Hear the mighty engine roar, see the silver wing on high
She's away and westward bound far above the clouds she'll fly
Where the mornin' rain don't fall and the sun always shines
She'll be flyin' o're 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 might be.
Can't jump a jet plane like you can a freight train
So I'd best be on my way in the early mornin' rain.

So I'd best be on my way in the early mornin' rain