Tony Rice, Early Morning Rain

In the early morning 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 ones so In the early morning rain with no place to go

Out on runway number nine big seven-o-seven set to go But I'm stuck here on the ground where the cold winds blow You can't jump on a jet plane like you can a freight train So I'd best be on my way in the early morning rain

Hear the mighty engines roar see the silver bird on high She's away and westward bound far above my home she'll fly Where the morning rain don't fall and the sun always shines She'll be flying past my home in about three hours time

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