

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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