Roy Drusky, Early Morning Rain

(Four o'clock in the morning and it's been raining
Little paddles of water reflect the thousand thin points of color
As neon signs shine and glimmer down into them
There's a sad unshaven face looking back at me
From one of those little ponds that keeps asking how did I get here where can I go
And even if I got there this aching in my heart would go with me)

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 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 stuck here in the grass where the cold wind blows
Now the liquor tasted good and the women all were fast
Well there she goes my friend she's a rolling now at last
[guitar]
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 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