Early Morning Rain

George Hamilton IV

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 goOut 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 timeThis 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

Songwriters
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