

Early Morning Rain

[**Ruben Hein**](#)

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 and no place to go
Out on runway No 9 big 7-0-7 set to go
But I'm standing on the grass where the cold wind blows
Well the liquor tasted good
And the women all were fast
There she goes my friend
She's a rolling now at last

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 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
So I'd best be on my way
In the early morning rain

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