

Early Morning Rain

The High Kings

In the early morning rain with a dollar in my hand
With an aching in my heart and my pockets full of sand
Now, 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 a big 707's 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, well she's going down 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
There the morning rain don't fall and the sun
always shines
She'll be flying over 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 jet plane like you can a freight train
So, I'd best be on my way in the early morning rain
You can't jump a jet plane like you can a freight train
So, I'd best be on my way in the early morning rain
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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