Early Morning Rain

Peter, Paul & Mary

In the early morning rain
With a dollar in my hand
And an aching in my heart
And my pockets full of sandIm a long way from home
And I missed my loved one so
In the early morning rain
With no place to goOut on runway number nine
Big 707 set to go
But Im out here on the grass
Where the pavement never growsWell, the liquor tasted good
And the women all were fast
There she goes my friend
Shes rolling down at lastHear the mighty engine roar
See the silver wing on high
Shes away and westward bound
Far above the clouds shell flyWhere the morning rain dont fall
And the sun always shines
Shell be flying over my home
In about three hours timeThis old airport's got me down
Its no earthly good to me
'Cause Im stuck here on the ground
Cold and drunk as I might beYou cant jump a jet plane
Like you can a freight train
So Id best be on my way
In the early morning rainSo Id best be on my way
In the early morning rain

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