Early Morning Rain

Bob Dylan

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 way from home and I miss my loved one so
In the early morning rain with nowhere to go.
Cut on runway number nine, big 707 set to go
I'm stuck here on the ground, where the cold winds blow
The liquor tasted good and the women all were fast
There she goes, my friend, she's rolling 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
Where 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
Because I'm stuck here on the ground, cold and drunks as I might be
You can't hop a jet plane like you can a freight train
So I'd best be on my way in the early morning rain.

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