

Early Morning Rain

Neil Young

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 ones so
In the early morning rain with no place to go Out on runway number nine, 707's set to go
And I'm stuck here in the grass where the cold wind blows
And the liquor tasted good and the women all were fast
Yeah, there she goes my friend, she's going down at last Hear the mighty engines roar, see the silver bird on high
She's away in westward bound, far above the clouds she'll fly Where the morning rain don't fall, where the sun
always shines
She'll be flying over my home in about three hours time

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