Early Mornin' Rain

Tony Rice

In the early mornin' rain
With a dollar in my hand
And an aching in my heart
And my pockets full of sandI'm a long ways from home
And I missed my loved one so
In the early mornin' rain
With no place to goOut on runway number nine
Big 707 set to go
Well, Im out here on the grass
Where the pavement never growsWhere the liquor tasted good
And the women all were fast
There she goes my friend
She's rolling out at lastHear the mighty engines roar
(Hear the mighty engines roar)
See the silver wing on high
(See the silver wing on high)
She's away and westward bound
For above the clouds she fliesWhere the mornin' rain don't fall
And the sun always shines
She'll be flying over my home
In about three hours timeThis ol' airports got me down
It's no earthly good to me
'Cause Im stuck here on the ground
Cold and drunk as I might beCan't jump a jet plane
(Can't jump a plane)
Like you can a freight train
(Like a freight train)
So I best be on my way
In the early mornin' rainSo I best be on my way
In the early mornin' rain
So I best be on my way
In the early mornin' rain

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