

# 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 sand I'm a long ways from home  
And I missed my loved one so  
In the early mornin' rain  
With no place to go Out on runway number nine  
Big 707 set to go  
Well, Im out here on the grass  
Where the pavement never grows Where the liquor tasted good  
And the women all were fast  
There she goes my friend  
She's rolling out at last Hear 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 flies Where the mornin' rain don't fall  
And the sun always shines  
She'll be flying over my home  
In about three hours time This 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 be Can'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' rain So 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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