

# Early Morning Rain

[Eva Cassidy](#)

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, big 7 0 7 set to go  
But I'm stuck here on the ground with a cold wind that grows  
You can't jump a jet plane like you can a freight train  
So I'd best be on my way in the early morning rain  
Hear the mighty engines roar, see the silver bird on high  
She's away and westward bound, far above my home she'll fly  
Where the morning rain don't fall and the sun always shines  
She'll be flying that's my home in about three hours time  
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  
In the early morning rain with no place to go

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