Early Morning Rain

Paul Weller

This is the oneIn 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
Lord, I miss my loved ones so
In the early morning rain
With no place to goOut on runway number nine
Seven-O-seven set to go
But I'm stuck here on the ground
Where the cold wind blows
Now the liquor tasted good
And the women all were fast
There she goes my friend
She'll be rolling down at lastHear the mighty engines roarSee 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 timeSo the airports got me down
It's no earthly good to me
'Cause I'm stuck here on the ground
Bored and drunk as I can be
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

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