

Bob Dylan

"Early Mornin' Rain"

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In the early mornin' rain
With a dollar in my hand
An achin' in my heart
And my pockets full of sand

I'm a long way from home
And I missed my loved one so
In the early mornin' rain
With nowhere to go

Out on runway number nine
Big 707 set to go
I'm stuck here on the ground
Where the cold winds blow

The liquor tasted good
And the women all were fast
There she goes my friend
She's a rollin' down at last

Here the mighty engine's roar
See the silver bird on high
She's away in westward bound
Far above the clouds she'll fly

Where the mornin' rain don't fall
And the sun always shines
She'll be flyin' over my home
In about three hours time

This old airports got me down
It's no earthly good to me
'Cause I'm stuck here on the ground
Cold and drunk as I might be

You can't hop a jet plane
Like you can a freight train
So I best be on my way
In the early mornin' rain

