

Fruvous Moxy

"Early Morning Rain"

Visit "[Early Morning Rain](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Originally done by Gordon Lightfoot

In the early morning rain

With a dollar in my hand

With an aching in my heart

And my pockets full of sand

I'm a long, 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 707 set to go

But I'm stuck here in the grass

Where the cold winds blow

Well the liquor tasted good

And the women all were fast

There she goes, my friend

She's rolling down at last

Hear the mighty engine roar

Speed the silver bird on high

She's away and westward bound

Out among the clouds she'll fly

Where the morning rain don't fall
And the sun always shines
She'll be flying o'er my home
In about three hours time
This old airport's got me down
It's no earthly good to me
'Cause I'm stuck here on the ground
Cold and drunk as I could 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
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

Visit [Fruvous Moxy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.