

Grass Roots

"Early Morning Rain"

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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 way from home and I miss my loved one 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 on the grass where the cold winds
they do blow
And where whiskey was and bars and the women they
were fine
There she goes my friend, she rolling down at last
Here the mighty engines roar, see the silver bird on
high
She's away and westward bound, far above the clouds
she'll fly
There the morning rain don't fall and the sun always
shines
She'll be flying over my home in about three hours time
This old airport's got me down it ain't no earthy good to
me
Because I'm stuck here on the ground, cold and drunk
as I can be
You can't hop a jet plane like you can a railroad train
So I'd best be on my way in the early morning rain

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