

## Kingston Trio

# "Early Morning Rain"

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In the early morning rain with a dollar in my hand  
With an achin' in my heart and my pockets full of sand  
I'm a long way from home and I miss my darlin' so  
In the early mornin' rain, with no place to go

Out on runway number nine, big seven-o-seven set to  
go  
But I'm stuck here on the grass where them cold winds  
blow  
Yeah, the liquor tasted good and the women all were  
fast  
Ah, but there she goes, my friend, though she's rollin'  
out at last

Hear the mighty engines roar, see the silver wing on  
high  
She's a-wingin' westward bound, high above the clouds  
She'll fly where the morning rains don't fall and the sun  
always shines  
She'll be flyin' 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 can be  
You can't jump a jet plane like you can a freight train  
So, I best be on my way in the early mornin' rain

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