

Moxy Fruvous "Early Morning Rain"

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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.

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