

Richard Hawley

"Early Morning Rain"

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In the early morning rain without a penny 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 loved ones so
In the early morning 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 ground where the cold winds
blows
But the whiskey tasted good and the women were all
fast
There she goes my friend, oh she's rollin' down at last

Hear the mighty engines roar, see the silver bird on
high
She's away and westward bound high above the cloud
she'll fly
Where the early rain 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 use to me
'Cause I'm stuck here on the ground, cold and drunk as
I might 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
So I'd best be on my way in the early morning rain

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