

## **Tim O'brien**

# **"Early Morning Rain"**

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

In the early morning rain with a dollar in my hand  
And an aching in my heart and my pockets full of sand  
I'm a long 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  
And I'm stuck here on the ground where the cold wind  
blows  
That old liquor tasted good and the women all were  
fast  
Well, there she goes my friend, she's rolling now at last

Here the mighty engine roar, see the silver bird on high  
She's away and westward bound, high above 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  
And I'm stuck here on the ground, as cold and drunk as  
I can 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

Yeah, I'd best be on my way in the early morning rain

Visit [Tim O'brien](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com), to get more lyrics and videos.