

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 way from home
And I missed 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 out here on the grass
Where the cold wind blows

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
See the silver wing on high
She's away and westward bound
Far above the clouds she'll fly

Where 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's no earthly good 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