

Early Mornin' Rain

Bob Dylan

In the early mornin' 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 missed my loved on so
in the early mornin' rain
and no place to go

Out on runway number nine
Big seven-o-seven set to go
well, I'm stuck here on the ground
where the cold winds blow
the liquor tasted good
and the women all were fast
there she goes, my friend
she's a rollin' down at last

Here the mighty engines roar
see the silver bird on high
she's away in westward bound
far above the clouds she'll fly
where the mornin' rain don't fall
and the sun always shines
she'll be flyin' over my home
in about three hours time

This old airports 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 hop a jet plane
like you can a freight train
so I best be on my way
in the early mornin' rain