Early Morning Rain

In the early mornin' rain With a dollar in my hand And an aching in my heart And my -pockets full of sand I'm a long ways from home And I missed my loved one so In the early mornin' rain With no place to go

Out on runway number nine Big 707 set to go Well I'm out here on the grass Where the pavement never grows Where the liquor tasted good And the women all were fast There she goes my friend She's rolling out at last

Hear the mighty engines roar See the silver wing on high She's away and westward bound For above the clouds she flies Where the mornin' rain don't fall And the sun always shines She'll be flying over my home In about three hours time

This ol' 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 Can't jump a jet plane Like you can a freight train So I best be on my way In the early mornin' rain So I best be on my way In the early mornin' rain So I best be on my way In the early mornin' rain

Elvis Presley