Early

Greg Brown

Early one morning I walked out alone,
I looked down the street; no one was around.
The sun was just comin' up over my home,
On Hickory Street in a little farm town. And

Oooo-ee, ain't the mornin' light pretty,
When the dew is still heavy, so bright and early.
My home on the range; it's a one-horse town,
And it's alright with me.

Plow broke the prairie, the prairie gave plenty,
The little towns blossomed and soon there were many.
Scattered like fireflies across the dark night,
And one was called Early, and they sure named it right. 'Cause

Oooo-ee, ain't the mornin' light pretty,
When the dew is still heavy, so bright and early.
My home on the range; it's a one-horse town,
And it's alright with me.

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Many dry summers parched all the fields,
They burnt the fine colors and cut down on the yield.
But the rain has returned to wash away our tears,
It's the fullest green summer that
We've seen for years. And

Oooo-ee, ain't the mornin' light pretty,
When the dew is still heavy, so bright and early.
My home on the range; it's a one-horse town,
And it's alright with me.

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