

Early Morning Rain

Judy Collins

In the early morning rain with a dollar in my hand
With an aching in my heart and my pockets full of sand
I'm a 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 grass where the cold winds blow
Well, the liquor tasted good and the time went fast
Well, there she goes my friend, there she's rolling now at last
Hear the mighty engines roar, see the silver bird 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
Well, this old airport's got me down, it ain't no earthly good
to me
'Cause I'm stuck here on the ground, this cold and drunk as I c
an be
You can't jump the jet plane like I can a freight train
So I'd best be on my way in the early morning rain