

Early Mornin' Rain

The Kingston Trio

In the early morning 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 miss my darlin' so
In the early mornin' rain, with no place to go

Out on runway number nine, big seven-o-seven set to go
But I'm stuck here on the grass where them cold winds blow
Yeah, the liquor tasted good and the women all were fast
Ah, but there she goes, my friend, though she's rollin' out at
last

Hear the mighty engines roar. See the silver wing on high
She's a-
wingin' westward bound. High above the clouds she'll fly
Where the morning rains don't fall and the sun always shines
She'll be flyin' o'er 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 can be
You can't jump a jet plane like you can a freight train
So, I best be on my way in the early mornin' rain