

Early Morning Rain

[A] [D] [E] [D] [A] [D] [A]

In the early morning [E] rain with a [D] dollar in my [A] hand [D] [A]
With an aching in my [D] heart and my pockets full of [A] sand [D] [A]
I'm a long way from [D] home [E] and I miss my loved ones [A] so [D] [A]
In the early morning [E] rain [D] with no place to [A] go [D] [A]

Out on runway number nine, big seven-o-seven set to go
But I'm stuck here in the grass with a pain that evergrows
Now the liquor tasted good and the women all were fast
Well now there she goes my friend, she's a-rolling down at last

Hear the mighty engines roar, see the silver wing 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

This old airport's got me down, it's no earthly good to me
'Cause I'm stuck here on the ground, as cold and drunk as I can be
You can't jump a jet plane like you can a freight train
So I'd best be on my way in the early morning rain