

Early Morning Rain

Neil Young

In the early morning rain with a dollar in my hand
And an aching in my heart and my pockets full of sand
I'm a longway from home and I miss my loved one so
In the early morning rain with nowhere to go

Cut on runway number nine, big 707 set to go
I'm stuck here on the grass, with the pain that ever grows
The liquor tasted good and the women all were fast
Well, there she goes, my friend, she's rolling down at last

Hear the mighty engines roar, see the silver bird on high
She's away and westward bound, far above the cloud 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, cold and drunk as I might be
You can't hop a jet plane like you can a freight train
So I'd best be on my way in the early morning rain