

## Early Mornin' Rain

Bob Dylan

In the early mornin' 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 missed my loved on so  
in the early mornin' rain  
and no place to go

Out on runway number nine  
Big seven-o-seven set to go  
well, I'm stuck here on the ground  
where the cold winds blow  
the liquor tasted good  
and the women all were fast  
there she goes, my friend  
she's a rollin' down at last

Here the mighty engines roar  
see the silver bird on high  
she's away in westward bound  
far above the clouds she'll fly  
where the mornin' rain don't fall  
and the sun always shines  
she'll be flyin' over my home  
in about three hours time

This old airports 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 best be on my way  
in the early mornin' rain