

# Elvis Presley, Early Morning Rain

(Gordon Lightfoot)

In the early mornin' rain  
With a dollar in my hand  
And an aching in my heart  
And my -pockets full of sand  
I'm a long ways from home  
And I missed my loved one so  
In the early mornin' rain  
With no place to go

Out on runway number nine  
Big 707 set to go  
Well I'm out here on the grass  
Where the pavement never grows  
Where the liquor tasted good  
And the women all were fast  
There she goes my friend  
She's rolling out at last

Hear the mighty engines roar  
See the silver wing on high  
She's away and westward bound  
For above the clouds she flies  
Where the mornin' rain don't fall  
And the sun always shines  
She'll be flying over my home  
In about three hours time

This ol' 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  
Can't jump a jet plane  
Like you can a freight train  
So I best be on my way  
In the early mornin' rain  
So I best be on my way  
In the early mornin' rain  
So I best be on my way  
In the early mornin' rain