

Susan Raye, L.A. International Airport

Standing in the silent hall waitin' for the final call
Says he doesn't love me anymore
Shaking hands I pack a bag trembling voice I call a cab
Slowly I start walking to the door
The cab arrives he blows his horn I stumble at in the early morn
Tell him of the place I've got to go
Cared a hundred single nights paid her bills and a traffic fine
Gettin' through these doors that's been so slow
LA International Airport where the big jet engines roar
LA International Airport I won't see him anymore

The stewardess in a miniskirt a hippie in a leather shirt
I started on the way to Naples Row
While I'm wondering where it's at I see a Paris diplomat
Call his kids while trying to get back home
Baggage car goes quickly by see my face and start to cry
Stumble to the lounge to be alone
And while I'm trying to get some rest I bite my lips and try my best
To fight the pain that's making me leave home
LA International Airport...

With silver wings across the sky paper trails and wave goodbye
To those below who've got to stay at home
I wish that I had flown at night so I could take that champagne flight
Rid myself of every tear I own
Soaring high above the heaven in a 747 fighting back the tears that curse my eyes
Captain's voice so loud and clear amplifies into my ear
Insuring me and flying friendly skies
LA International Airport...