

L.A. International Airport by Susan Raye (fast tempo)

**G**  
V1 Standing in that silent hall, waitin' for that final call,  
**G** **D**  
Says he doesn't love me anymore,  
**D**  
Shakin' hands, I pack a bag, tremblin' voice, I call a cab,  
**D** **G**  
Slowly I start walkin' through the door.  
**G** **Em** **G** **Em**  
The cab arrives, he blows his horn, I stumble out in the early morn',  
**G** **D**  
Tell him of the place I've got to go,  
**D**  
Hit a hundred signal lights, Peterbilts in a traffic fight,  
**D** **G** **~G7**  
Gettin' to these doors has been so slow.

----- **C** **D** **G**  
Chorus: L.A. International Airport, ~ where the big jet engines roar.  
**G** **D** **D7** **G**  
L.A. International Airport, ~ I won't see him anymore.

**G**  
V2 Stewardess in a mini-skirt, hippie in a leather shirt,  
**G** **D**  
Starlet on her way to Naples, Rome,  
**D**  
While I'm wonderin' where it's at, I see a Paris diplomat,  
**D** **G**  
College kids are tryin' to get back home.  
**G** **Em** **G** **Em**  
Baggage car goes quickly by, see my case and I start to cry,  
**G** **D**  
Stumble to the lounge to be alone,  
**D**  
And while I'm tryin' to get some rest, I bite my lips and try my best,  
**D** **G**  
To fight the pain that's makin' me leave home. + Chorus

**G**  
V3 With Silver wings across the sky, vapour trails that wave goodbye,  
**G** **D**  
To those below who've got to stay at home,  
**D**  
I wish that I had flown at night, so I could take that Champagne flight,  
**D** **G**  
Rid myself of every tear I own.  
**G** **Em** **G** **Em**  
Soaring high above the heavens in a seven-forty-seven,  
**G** **D**  
Fighting back the tears that curse my eyes,  
**D**  
Captain's voice so loud and clear, amplifies into my ear,  
**D** **G**  
Assuring me I'm flying friendly skies. + Chorus