

Paul Revere And The Raiders "The Great Airplane Strike"

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I was down in L.A. town
When our manager said "jump"
I threw my clothes and my saxophone
In a two by four-bit trunk
I pushed it to the airport
And I ran to the ticket line
Man said "Son, you could have saved the run
Those airplanes just quit flyin'"

If I can't leave here
I just might stay
And that L.A. flyway
Is goin' to be my home

I ran through the terminal building
To fly by my airline
The man said I could ride the wing
And I said that was fine
He said I'll confirm your reservation
And put the plane on hold
He come back and said "Sorry
But that wing space just been sold"

If I can't leave here
I just might stay
And that L.A. flyway
Is goin' to be my home

I walked into the washroom
And I built myself a fire
Threw on lots of paper
And the flames kept gettin' higher
The janitor come runnin' in
So scared his face was white
So, I explained my situation
He said "That's all right"

If I can't leave here
I just might stay
And that L.A. flyway
Is goin' to be my home

Next day I thought that I would leave
So I packed my things again
I waited fourteen hours
For a taxi to come in
I spotted one that wasn't full
And I threw myself in fast
The driver said "I'm sorry
But this taxi's out of gas"

If I can't leave here
I just might stay
And that L.A. flyway
Is goin' to be my home

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