Airport road there's a bus turned over Many people died, I guess I should've been a soldier What the hell you know it's not my fault We been stranded here and it's too far to walk It's late afternoon approaching evening now And I'm just sitting in this airport bar wondering how How I got here and how to get home Has anyone around seen a payphone? I gotta get out of here And I'm stranded, the west of my coast I just need to get home And I'll be back here before you know So how about it Mr. Pilot, won't you let my people go? Hungry now get a bite to eat And the pilot sits down to rest his feet A fat man walks into the pizza shop Another little one walks out with nothing... Pretty girl walks by and I say... She turns her back, guess I caught her eye The cripple rolls backwards in a wheelchair And the pretty girl stops to fix her hair And I gotta get out of here 'Cause I'm stranded, the west of my coast And I just need to get home And I'll be back here before you know So how about it Mr. Pilot, won't you let my people go? Cop tackles me down, shouts, "Give me a hand" And his partner comes up and says, "You got the wrong man." So the night grows on and I'm in the ... Call a friend at home, says "I wish you were here Oh how I wish you were here" I talk to a stranger to pass the time, Says, "How are you, boy, 'cause I'm doing fine." Place grows cold so I put a sweater on I turn to reply but the stranger was gone The stranger was gone And I'm stranded, the west of my coast I just need to get home And I'll be back here before you know So how about it Mr. Pilot, won't you let my people go? I take one more drink and I get up from my seat. And I try not to fall asleep The rich push their carts and they prepare to fly As a little boy stops and waves goodbye Stops to wave goodbye Oh and he waves goodbye And I'm stranded, at the west of my coast And I just want to get home And I'll be back here before you know So how about it Mr. Pilot, won't you let my people go?