

Bus Stop

Graham Gouldman

Bus stop, wet day
She's there, I say
Please share my umbrella

Bus stops, bus goes
She stays, love grows
Under my umbrella

All that summer we enjoyed it
Wind and rain and shine
That umbrella we employed it
By August she was mine

Every morning I would see her
Waiting at the stop
Sometimes she'd shop
And she would show me what she'd bought

Other people stared
As if we were both quite insane
Someday my name and hers
Are going to be the same

That's the way the whole thing started
Silly but it's true
Thinking of our sweet romance
Beginning in a dew

Came the sun
The ice was melting
No more sheltering now
Nice to think that that umbrella
Led me to avow

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