

# Bus Stop

## The Hollies

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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