

# Bus Stop

FrancisM & Ely Buendia

Bus stop, wet day, she's there, I say  
Please share my umbrella  
Bus stop, bus goes, she stays, love grows  
Under my umbrellaAll that summer we enjoyed it  
Wind and rain and shine  
That umbrella, we employed it  
By August, she was mineEvery mornin' I would see her waiting at the stop  
Sometimes she'd shopped and she would show me what she bought  
All the people stared as if we were both quite insane  
Someday my name and hers are going to be the sameThat's the way the whole thing started  
Silly but it's true  
Thinkin' of a sweet romance  
Beginning in a queueCame the sun the ice was melting  
No more sheltering now  
Nice to think that that umbrella  
Led me to a vowEvery mornin' I would see her waiting at the stop  
Sometimes she'd shopped and she would show me what she bought  
All the people stared as if we were both quite insane  
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