

# Bus Stop

Writer: Graham Gouldman



[Dm] Bus stop wet day she's there I say please share [C] my um[Dm]brella  
Bus stop, bus go, she stays love grows under [C] my um[Dm]brella  
[F] All that [C] summer [Dm] we enjoyed it  
[Gm] Wind and rain and [Am] shine  
[Dm] That umbrella we employed it by August [C] she was [Dm] mine

[F] Every morning [E7] I would see her [Am] waiting at the [F] stop  
Sometimes she'd [E7] shop and she would show me what she [Am] bought  
[A]  
[F] All the people [E7] stared as if we [Am] were both quite in[F]sane  
Someday my [Dm] name and hers are [E7] going to be the [Am] same

[Dm] That's the way the whole thing started silly, [C] but it's [Dm] true  
Thinking of a sweet romance beginning [C] in a [Dm] queue  
[F] Came the [C] sun, the [Dm] ice was melting  
[Gm] No more sheltering [Am] now  
[Dm] Nice to think that that umbrella led me [C] to a [Dm] vow

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