

Bus Stop

Words & Music:
The Hollies

Am
Bus stop, wet day. She's there, I say, "Please share my umbrella."
Am G
Bus stop, bus go. She stays love grows under my umbrella.
C G Am Dm Em Am
All that summer we enjoyed it, wind and rain and shine.
Am Em Am
That umbrella we employed it; by August she was mine.

CHORUS:

C B7 Em C
Every morning I would see her waiting at the stop.
Am B7 Em
Sometimes, she'd shop 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 same.

That's the way the whole thing started; silly, but it's true.
Thinking of a sweet romance beginning in a queue.
Came the sun, the ice was melting no more sheltering, now.
Nice to think that that umbrella led me to a vow.

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