

Bus Stop

Kyla

Bus stop, wet day, he's there, I say
Please share my umbrella
Bus stop, bus goes, he stays, love grows
Under my umbrella

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

Every morning I would see him waiting at the stop
Sometimes he'd shopped and he would show me what he bought
All the people stared as if we were both quite insane
Someday my name and his are going to be the same

That's the way the whole thing started
Silly but it's true
Thinkin' 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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Bus stop...
Bus stop...
Baby I'll be waiting in for you
I'll be not the same without you
Bus stop...
Bus stop...
Baby I'll be waiting in for you
I'll be quite the same without you