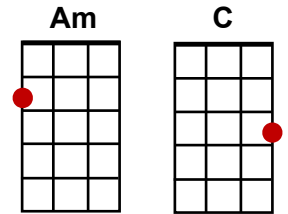


Bus Stop

(The Hollies, 1966)

INTRO: Dm C (x2)

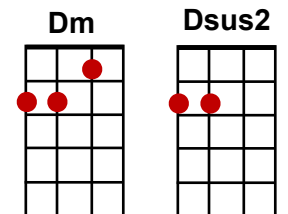
Dm C Dm C Dm
 Bus stop, wet day, she's there, I say please share my umbrella
 Dm C Dm C Dm
 Bus stop, bus goes, she stays, love grows under my umbrella



F C Dm
 All that summer we enjoyed it

Gm Am
 Wind and rain and shine

Dm C Dm C Am Dm Dsus2
 That umbrella, we employed it, by August she was mine

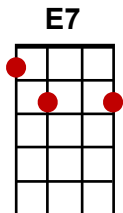


F E7 Am G F
 Every morning I would see her waiting at the stop

Dm E7 Am E7
 Sometimes she'd shopped and she would show me what she'd bought

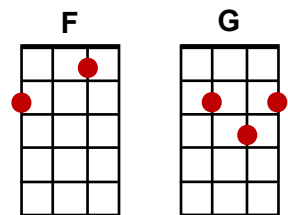
F E7 Am G F
 All the people stared as if we were both quite insane

Dm E7 Am Am
 Someday my name and hers are going to be the same



Dm C Dm C Dm
 That's the way the whole thing started, silly but it's true

Dm C Dm C Dm
 Thinkin' of a sweet romance beginning in a queue



F C Dm
 Came the sun the ice was melting,

Gm Am
 No more sheltering now,

Dm C Dm C Am Dm Dsus2
 Nice to think that that umbrella led me to a vow



