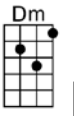
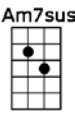
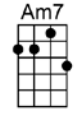
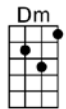
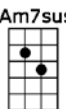
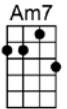
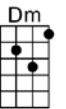
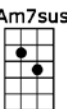
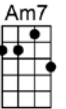
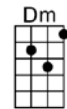
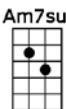
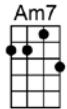
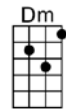


BUS STOP (BAR)-Graham Gouldman

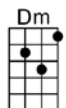
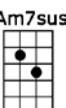
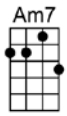
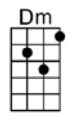
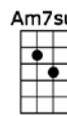
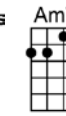
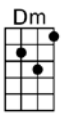
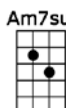
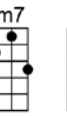
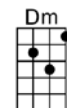
4/4 1...2...1234

(A plain Am7 can be substituted for the Am7sus)

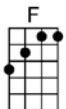
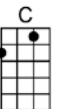
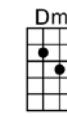
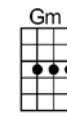
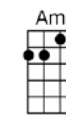
Intro: |  |  |  | (X2)


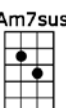
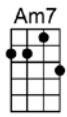
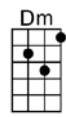
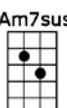
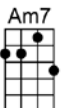
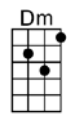
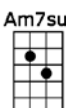
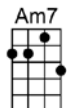
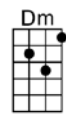
Bus stop, wet day, she's there, I say, "Please share my um - brella."

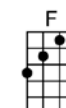
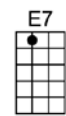
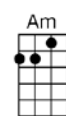

Bus stop, bus goes, she stays, love grows under my um - brella

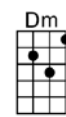
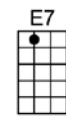
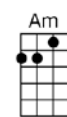
All that summer we enjoyed it, wind and rain and shine

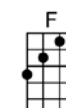
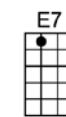
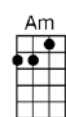
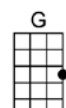

That um-brel - la, we em - ployed it, by August, she was mine

Every morning I would see her waiting at the stop

Sometimes she'd shop and she would show me what she bought

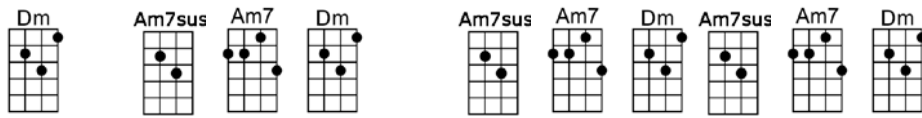
    

Other people stared as if we were both quite in-sane

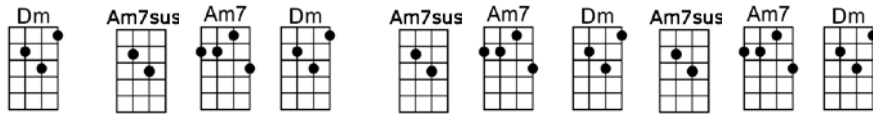
  

Someday my name and hers are going to be the same

p.2. Bus Stop



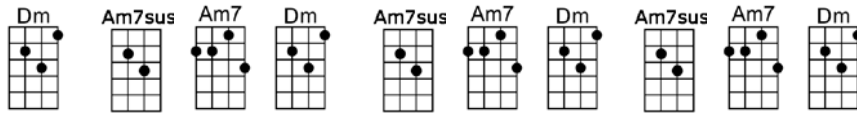
That's the way the whole thing start - ed, silly but it's true



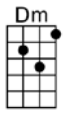
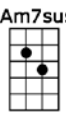
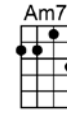
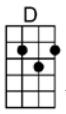
Thinkin' of a sweet ro-mance, be - ginning in a queue



Came the sun the ice was melting, no more sheltering now

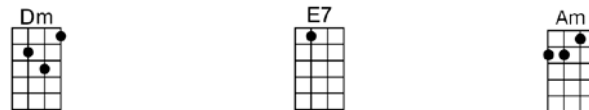


Nice to think that that um-brel - la led me to a vow

Interlude: |  |  |  | (throughout interlude, then end on )
 12 3 4



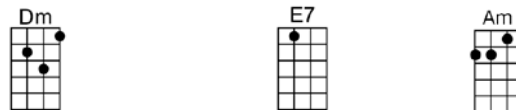
Every morning I would see her waiting at the stop



Sometimes she'd shop and she would show me what she bought



Other people stared as if we were both quite in-sane



Someday my name and hers are going to be the same

Repeat 1st verse

Outro: same as intro

BUS STOP -Graham Gouldman

4/4 1...2...1234

(A plain Am7 can be substituted for the Am7sus)

Intro: | Dm | Am7sus Am7 | (X2)

Dm Am7sus Am7 Dm Am7sus Am7 Dm Am7sus Am7 Dm
Bus stop, wet day, she's there, I say, "Please share my um - brella."

Dm Am7sus Am7 Dm Am7sus Am7 Dm Am7sus Am7 Dm
Bus stop, bus goes, she stays, love grows under my um - brella

F C Dm Gm Am
All that summer we enjoyed it, wind and rain and shine

Dm Am7sus Am7 Dm Am7sus Am7 Dm Am7sus Am7 Dm
That um-brel - la, we em - ployed it, by August, she was mine

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

Dm Am7sus Am7 Dm Am7sus Am7 Dm Am7sus Am7 Dm
That's the way the whole thing start - ed, silly but it's true

Dm Am7sus Am7 Dm Am7sus Am7 Dm Am7sus Am7 Dm
Thinkin' of a sweet ro-mance, be - ginning in a queue
F C Dm Gm Am
Came the sun the ice was melting, no more sheltering now

Dm Am7sus Am7 Dm Am7sus Am7 Dm Am7sus Am7 Dm
Nice to think that that um-brel - la led me to a vow

Interlude: | Dm Am7sus Am7 | (throughout interlude, end on D)
12 3 4

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

Repeat 1st verse, finish with outro (same as intro)