

Girl On The Bus

Cliff Richard

Sometimes when I look from my window I'll see
A beautiful stranger who beckons to me
I know where she comes from
But where does she go
One day I'll go with her and then I shall know

Each day when she passes at ten twenty-three
Her eyes find my window
She's smiling at me
I run to the stairs
But too late she is gone
She'll back tomorrow at a quarter past one

On Sundays I miss her
She doesn't come back
I don't know the reason
Guess I'll never know why
She may go away for the weekend
But then she'll come back on Monday at twenty past ten

The week passes quickly and often I'll see
That beautiful stranger who beckons to me
She stands on an island surrounded by sea
And the smile on her lip says fly B.O.A.C.