

On a sunday morning
The bus is stopping
At the espresso bar
She's stepping out
Into the light and disappears
Christine you're in a dream
Oh Christine
'I like to buy a postcard
Of the falls
And send it home
When he calls
I will keep it as a bookmark
For I keep forgetting all the words'
Christine you're in a dream
Oh Christine
On a sunday night
The bus is leaving
At the espresso bar
She sits behind the window
And waves 'goodbye'
Christine you're in a dream
Oh Christine