

Bus Stop

Sugarplum Fairy

Bus stop, wet day, she's there I say
Please share my umbrella
Bus stop, bus go, she stays love grows
Under my umbrella
All that summer we enjoyed it
Wind and rain and shine
That umbrella we employed 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
All the people stared as if we were both quite insane
Someday my name and hers are going to be the same
That's the way the whole thing started
Silly, but it's true
Thinking 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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