

## 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.