A Foggy Day

Oscar Peterson

I was a stranger in the city
Out of town were the people I knew
I had that feeling of self pity
What to do, what to do, what to do

The outlook was decidedly blueBut as I walked through the foggy streets alone It turned out to be the luckiest day I've knownA foggy day, in London town

Had me low and had me down

I viewed the morning, with alarm

The British museum, had lost its charmHow long I wondered

Could this thing last

But the age of miracles, hadn't past

Yes, for suddenly, I saw you there

And through the foggy London town

The sun was shining everywhere A foggy day, in London town

Had me low and it had me down

I viewed the morning, with alarm

The British museum, had lost its charmHow long, how long I wondered

Could this thing last

But the age of miracles, hadn't past

For suddenly, I saw you there

And through foggy London town

The sun was shining everywhereHow long, I wondered

Could this thing last

But the age of miracles, hadn't past

For suddenly, I saw you there

And through foggy London town

The sun was shining everywhere

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