

Chelsea Bridge

Ben Webster

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, had me down
I viewed the morning with much alarm
British museum had lost it's charmHow 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 everywhereFor, suddenly, I saw you there
And through foggy London town
The sun was shining everywhereEverywhere
Everywhere
Everywhere

Songwriters
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