

# Chelsea Bridge (1958)

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 blue  
But as I walked through the foggy streets alone  
It turned out to be the luckiest day I've known  
A foggy day, in London town  
Had me low, had me down  
I viewed the morning with much alarm  
British museum had lost its charm  
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 everywhere  
For, suddenly, I saw you there  
And through foggy London town  
The sun was shining everywhere  
Everywhere  
Everywhere

Songwriters

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