A Foggy Day

Louis Armstrong

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 passed
For suddenly, I saw you there
And through foggy London town
The sun was shining everywhere

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Everywhere
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Everywhere

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