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## Foggy Day

Reference number PT0393

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 and had me down.  
I viewed the morning with much alarm,  
The 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