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A Foggy Day

Reference number pt1081

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