Ella Fitzgerald, A Foggy Day

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 Everywhere