

Billie Holiday, A FOGGY DAY

George and Ira Gershwin

A foggy day, in London town

It had me low, and it 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, it hadn't past

And suddenly, I saw you standing right there

And in foggy London town, the sun was shining everywhere