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