

Fred Astaire, A Foggy Day

(from "Damsel in Distress")

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 alarm,
The 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.

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