

# 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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