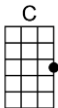
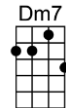
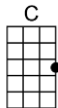
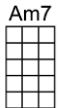
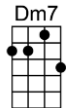
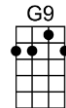
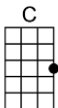
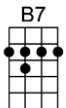
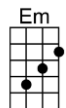
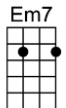
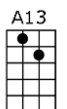


A FOGGY DAY - Ira and George Gershwin

4/4

I was a stranger in the city. Out of town were the people I knew

I had the feeling of self-pity. What to do? What to do? What to do?



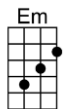
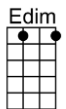
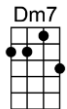
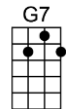
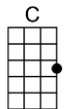
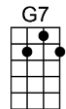


The outlook was de-cidedly blue.

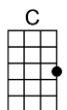
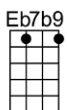
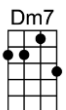
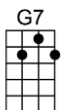
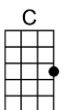
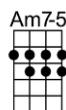
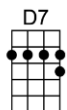
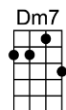
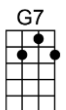




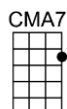
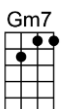
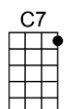


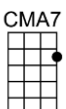
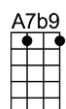
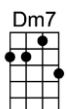
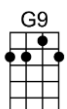

But as I walked through the foggy streets a-lone

It turned out to be the luckiest day I've known

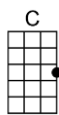
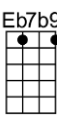
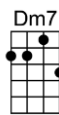
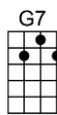










A foggy day in London town had me low and it had me down

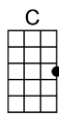
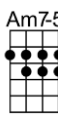
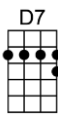
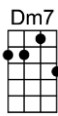
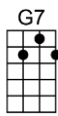
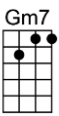
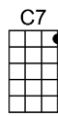
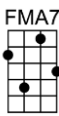
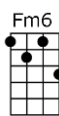










I viewed the morning with a-larm, the British mu-seum had lost its charm

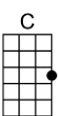
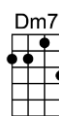
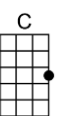
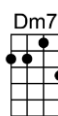

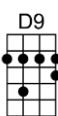
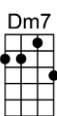
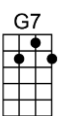
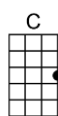
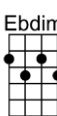
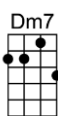
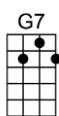
p.2. A Foggy Day

How long, I wondered, could this thing last

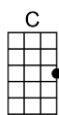
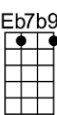
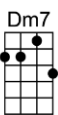
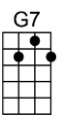
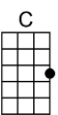
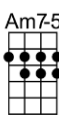
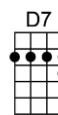
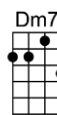
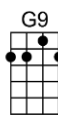










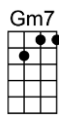
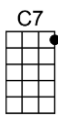
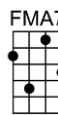
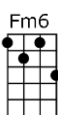
But the age of miracles hadn't passed. For sudden-ly I saw you there

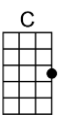
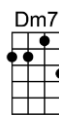
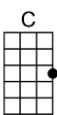
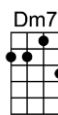
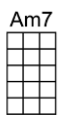
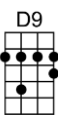
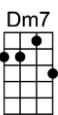
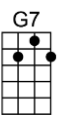
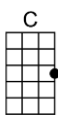

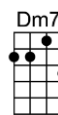
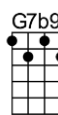
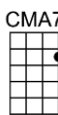
And in foggy London town the sun was shin -ing every -where.

Interlude:

For sudden-ly I saw you there

And in foggy London town the sun was shin - ing every -where.

A FOGGY DAY - Ira and George Gershwin

4/4

C Dm7 C Am7 Dm7 G9
I was a stranger in the city. Out of town were the people I knew

C B7 Em Em7 A13
I had the feeling of self-pity. What to do? What to do? What to do?

Dm7 G7b9 C
The outlook was de-cidedly blue.

Em Em6 Em7 Em6
But as I walked through the foggy streets a-lone

Em Edim Dm7 G7 C G7
It turned out to be the luckiest day I've known

C Eb7b9 Dm7 G7 C Am7b5 D7 Dm7 G7
A foggy day in London town had me low and it had me down

CMA7 Gm7 C7 FMA7 Fm6 CMA7 A7b9 Dm7 G9
I viewed the morning with a-larm, the British mu-seum had lost its charm

C Eb7b9 Dm7 G7 C Am7b5 D7 Dm7 G7
How long, I wondered, could this thing last? But the age of miracles hadn't passed.

Gm7 C7 FMA7 Fm6
For sudden-ly, I saw you there

C Dm7 C Dm7 Am7 D9 Dm7 G7 C Ebdim Dm7 G7
And in fog-gy Lon-don town the sun was shin -ing every-where.

Interlude: C Eb7b9 Dm7 G7 C Am7b5 D7 Dm7 G9

Gm7 C7 FMA7 Fm6
For sudden-ly, I saw you there

C Dm7 C Dm7 Am7 D9 Dm7 G7 C Ebdim Dm7 G7b9 CMA7
And in foggy London town the sun was shin-ing every-where.