

## A Foggy Day

George Benson

A foggy day, in london town.  
Had me low, had me down.  
I viewed the morning, with much alarm.  
The british museum, had lost it's charm.  
How long I wondered, would this dream last.  
But the age of miracles, hadn't past.  
Then suddenly I saw you there.  
And in that foggy london town, the sun was shining everywhere.

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[Solo]

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