

Grey Foggy Day

Grey Foggy Day

Eddie Coffey

FF Version

Fast Waltz



1. It's been some years a - go Since I left from my is -
 2. To wake in the ear - ly morn To the sound of the old fog
 3. And as long as my heart does-n't break from those old mem or -

land To go to the main - land, Like the old folks would
 horn, And wait for the men to re - turn With their boats in the
 ies, Old lov - ers and old use - to - be's, I'll come home for to

say; As I walked up the gang - way And I
 bay; All these things I don't see no more When I
 stay; I can still hear the o - cean roar Through the

stood on the star - board And I gazed on the har - bour
 lived on the old cape shore, And I gazed on the boats on their moor
 hills on the old cape shore, There are no fish - ing boats a - ny - more,

On a grey fog - gy day. Summer days they were warm - er
 On a grey fog - gy day.
 But it's a grey fog - gy day.

then When we laughed with the old fisher - men, And they cursed when the

fog rolled in, Then they made up the hay; It's been

49  D G D
more than a long, long time Since I held you and called you mine, And we

57  D A A⁷ D G D
waited for the sun to shine On a grey foggy day. And I

66  D A A⁷ D G D
pray that the sun will shine On this grey fog-gy day.

Playing Notes: none.

Grey Foggy Day

by Eddie Coffey

Been some years ago
Since I left from my island
To go to the mainland,
Like the old folks would say;
As I walked up the gangway
And I stood on the starboard
And I gazed on the harbour
On a grey foggy day.

Chorus:

Summer days they were warmer then
When we laughed with the old fishermen,
And they cursed when the fog rolled in,
Then they made up the hay;
It's been more than a long, long time
Since I held you and called you mine,
And we waited for the sun to shine
On a grey foggy day. (Chorus)

To wake in the early morn
To the sound of the old fog horn,
And wait for the men to return
With their boats in the bay;
All these things I don't see no more
When I lived on the old cape shore,
And I gazed on the boats on their moor
On a grey foggy day. (Chorus)

And as long as my heart
Doesn't break from those old memories,
Old lovers and old use-to-be's,
I'll come home for to stay;
I can still hear the ocean roar
Through the hills on the old cape shore,
There are no fishing boats anymore,
But it's a grey foggy, foggy day. (Chorus)

And I pray that the sun will shine
On this grey foggy day.