

Grey Foggy Day

Eddie Coffey

$\text{♩} = 170$ C F C

I'ts been some years a - go Since I left from my is - land to
You wake in the early morn to the sound of the old fog horn and
As long as my heart don't break from those old mem - ories Old

8 G7 C

go to the main - land Like the old folks would say. As I
wait for the men to return With their boats in the bay. All those
lovers and old used/to/ bes I'll come home for to stay. I can

16 F C

walked up the gang - way And I stood on the star - burd And I
things I don't see no more When I lived on the old cape shore. As I
still hear the ocean roar Through the hills of the old cape shore. There are

24 G7 C

Chorus

gazed at the har - bur On a grey fog - gy day. Sum - mer
gazed on the boats on/the moors. On a grey fog - gy day.
no fish - ing boats any more. On a grey fog - gy day.

32 F C

days they were warm - er then, When we laughed with the old fish - er men, and they

40 G7 C

cursed when the fog rolled in Then they made up the hay It's been

48 F C

more than a long, long time, Since I held you and called you mine And we
And as

56 G7 C

wait - ed for the sun to shine On a grey fog - gy day.

1. 2. Fine D.S. al Fine