

Misty Shapes

Verse 1 Looking through the window,
Fog is everywhere,
Like a thick and heavy cloud,
Drifting slowly through the air.

Chorus *Misty shapes pass one by one.
Now you see them, now they’re gone!
Fog rolls in and hangs about.
Something we could do without!*

Verse 2 Looking through the window,
Very, very grey,
Dim and dull and damp outside,
Wish that fog would go away!

Chorus *Misty shapes pass one by one.
Now you see them, now they’re gone!
Fog rolls in and hangs about.
Something we could do without!
Fog rolls in and hangs about.
Something we could do without!*