

In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning

Barry Manilow

In the wee small hours of the morning
While the whole wide world is fast asleep
You lie awake and think about the girl
And never ever think of counting sheep
When your lonely heart has learned its lesson
You'd be hers if only she would call

In the wee small hours of the morning
That's the time you miss her most of all
When the sun is high in the afternoon sky
You can always find something to do
But from dusk till dawn
As the clock ticks on
Something happens to you
When your lonely heart has learned its lesson
You'd be hers if only she would call
In the wee small hours of the morning
That's the time you miss her most of all