

Other Hours

Harry Connick, Jr.

Who are you in the other hours
When your hair's undone
And your guard's let down
When you're all alone in your all nightgown
Are you the life of the party then?
Sitting by yourself, again

Where are you in the other hours
Are you in a secret place that calls
When you're by yourself with in your walls
Are you undressed with someplace to go
Off to catch your private show

Why do you greet the morning
Draping your heart in a shroud
Why must your life be a sideshow
Played to an ignorant crowd

How are you, in the other hours
Do you pray for morning to arrive
Do you wonder how you can stay alive
Are you at peace in a troubled mind
Hoping no one else would find
You're only playing dumb
'til the other hours come

Who do you think you're fooling
Turning your face from the light
Clearly you're turning to something
that are revealed by the night

What are you in the other hours
Are you queen of some abandoned song
Thinking how your crown of jewels had shone
You're sitting there with no one to reign
You think no one sees your pain
And no one hears your drum
So the other hours come