

## Wednesday Morning, 3 A.M.

Simon & Garfunkel

1. I can hear the soft breathing of the girl that I love  
as she lies here beside me asleep with the night  
and her hair in a fine mist floats on my pillow  
reflecting the glow of the winter moonlight.
2. She is soft she is warm but my heart remains heavy  
and I watch as her breasts gently rise gently fall  
for I know with the first light of dawn I'll be leaving  
and tonight will be all I have left to recall.
3. Oh what have I done why have I done it  
I've committed a crime I've broken the law  
for twenty-five dollars and pieces of silver  
I held up and robbed a hard liquor store.
4. My life seems unreal my crime an illusion  
a scene badly written in which I must play  
yet I know as I gaze at my young love beside me  
the morning is just a few hours away.