

In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning

Simon Carly

When the sun is high in the afternoon sky
You can always find something to do
But from dawn till dusk as the clock ticks on
Something happens to you

In the wee small hours of the morning
While the whole wide world is fast asleep
You lie awake and think about the boy
And never ever think of counting sheep

When your lonely heart has learned its lesson
You'd be his if only he'd call
In the wee small hours of the morning
That's the time you miss him most of all

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