

## 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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