

In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning

Barbra Streisand

When the sun is high in the afternoon sky
You can always find something to do
But from dusk 'til dawn 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 you think about the man
And never ever think of counting sheep

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

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That's the time you miss him most of all