

# Matt Dusk, In The Wee Small Hours Of The Morning

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

When your lonely heart has learned its lesson,  
You'd be hers if only she would call,  
In the wee small hours of the morning,  
That's the time you miss her most of all.

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