

Nanci Griffith, In The Wee Small Hours Of The M

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'd call
In the wee small hours of the morning
That's the time you miss her most of all

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