

In The Wee Small Hours Of The Morning

Astrud Gilberto

In the wee small hours of the morning
When 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 would call
In the wee small hours of the morning
That's the time you miss him most of all

In the wee small hours of the morning
That's the time you miss him most of all