

Wee Small Hours

Astrud Gilberto

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 even 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 him most of all

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