

Barbra Streisand

"In the Wee Small Hours"

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When the sun is high
In the afternoon sky
You can always find something to do
But from dusk till 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 thinking of the guy
Never even think of counting sheep

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

When lonely heart has learned it's lesson
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In the wee small hours of the morning
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