

David Gray

"4:am"

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Four o'clock in the morning
Born on the sea
The night is rattling
With burglar alarms, oh yeah

The night explode the night explode
Flower by your window side
Autumn is graceful unladen with memory
And the wonders die

Seven o'clock in the evening
Watching TV show
Kissing your dark hair it's your head
Against the sunset and the harbor below

It's the cruelest thing, the cruelest thing
That I've ever known
Just time and circumstance taking their toll
As the storm beats and rolls

Your bed was a warm bed, warm bed in the cold room
Always the same pictures on the wall
With some love in the morning with your dog at your
pillow
And a half empty bottle of baby oil

Oh seven o'clock in the evening
Born around the sea
Night is rattling with burglar alarms
Oh their ringing out for me, yeah

The cruelest thing, the cruelest thing
That I've ever known
Time and circumstance raking their toll
As the storm beat and roll

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