Griffith Nanci "In The Wee Small Hours Of The Morning"

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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

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