

Johnny Hartman

"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 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 her most

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

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 her most of all
That's the time you miss her most of all

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