

Simon And Garfunkel

"Wednesday Morning, 3 A.m"

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I can hear the soft breathing of the girl that I love
As she lies here beside me asleep with the night
And her hair in a fine mist floats on my pillow
Reflecting the glow of the winter moonlight

She is soft, she is warm, but my heart remains heavy
And I watch as her breasts gently rise, gently fall
For I know with the first light of dawn I'll be leaving
And tonight will be all I have left to recall

Oh, what have I done; why have I done it
I've committed a crime, I've broken the law
For twenty-five dollars and pieces of silver
I held up and robbed a hard liquor store

My life seems unreal, my crime an illusion
A scene badly written in which I must play
Yet I know as I gaze at my young love beside me
The morning is just a few hours away

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