

# Barry Manilow, In The Wee Small Hours Of The Morning

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 would call

In the wee small hours of the morning  
That's the time you miss her most of all  
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