

Chris Botti, 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 that girl
But never ever think of counting sheep
Now when your lonely heart has learned his lesson
You'd be her's if only she would call
In the wee small hours of the morning
That's the time you miss her most of all

Now when your lonely heart has learned his 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
For as now you miss her most
That's the time you miss her most of all