

# Nanci Griffith, In The Wee Small Hours Of The M

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

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