

Barbra Streisand, In The Wee Small Hours Of Th

When the sun is high in the afternoon sky
You can always find something to do
But from dusk 'til dawn as the clock ticks on
Something happens to you
In the wee small hours of the morning
While the whole wide world is fast asleep
You lie awake and you think about the man
And never ever think of counting sheep
When your lonely heart has learned its lesson
You'd be his if only he would call
In the wee small hours of the morning
That's the time you miss him most of all
When your lonely heart has learned its lesson
You'd be his if only he would call
In the wee small hours of the morning
That's the time you miss him most of all