David Gray, 4 AM

Four o'clock in the morning Born on the sea The night is rattling With burglar alarm oh yeah The night explode The night explode Flower by your window side Autumn is graceful Unladen with memory And the wonders die Seven o'clock in the evening Watching TV show Kissing your dark hair Its your head against the sunset And the harbor below It's the cruelest thing The cruelest thing That I've ever known Just time and circumstance Taking their toll As the storm beats and rolls Your bed was a warm bed Warm bed in the cold room Always the same pictures on the wall With some love in the morning With your dog at your pillow And a half empty bottle of baby oil Oh seven o'clock in the evening Born around the sea Night is rattling With burglar alarms Oh their ringing out for me The cruelest thing The cruelest thing That I've ever known Time and circumstance Taking their toll As the storm beat and roll