

David Gray, 4AM

Four o'clock in the morning
Moon on the sea
The night is rattling
With burglar alarms 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 harbour below

Its 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