

# In The Wee Small Hours Of The Morning

**Robin Aleman**

In the wee small hours of the morning  
While the whole wide world is fast asleep  
    You lie awake thinking of the girl  
    Never even think of counting sheep  
While the whole wide world has learned it's lesson  
    She'd be yours if only she would call  
In the wee small hours of the morning  
    It's the time I miss her most of all  
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