

In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning

[Art Blakey](#)

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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