

In the Wee Small Hours of the Morning

Judd McKinnon

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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