

# 4:AM

## David Gray

Four o'clock in the morning  
Born on the sea  
The night is rattling  
With burglar alarms, oh yeahThe night explode the night explode  
Flower by your window side  
Autumn is graceful unladen with memory  
And the wonders dieSeven o'clock in the evening  
Watching TV show  
Kissing your dark hair it's your head  
Against the sunset and the harbor belowIt's the cruelest thing, the cruelest thing  
That I've ever known  
Just time and circumstance taking their toll  
As the storm beats and rollsYour 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 oilOh seven o'clock in the evening  
Born around the sea  
Night is rattling with burglar alarms  
Oh their ringing out for me, yeahThe cruelest thing, the cruelest thing  
That I've ever known  
Time and circumstance raking their toll  
As the storm beat and roll

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