

IN THE WEE SMALL HOURS OF THE MORNING

Words by BOB HILLIARD
Music by DAVID MANN

Slowly, with restraint

When the sun is high in the af - ter - noon sky, you can

al - ways find some - thing to do. But from dusk till dawn, as the

clock ticks on, some - thing hap - pens to you. In the

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wee small hours — of the morn - ing, — while the whole wide world is fast a -

Cmaj7 C7 C6 C+ C C+

sleep, you lie a - wake and think a - bout the { girl, } and

Dm/C G9/B Gm/Bb A7

{ boy, }

nev - er ev - er think of count - ing sheep. When your lone - ly heart has learned its

Am6/C B7 Em G7 Cmaj7 C7/G

les - son — you'd be { hers } if on - ly { she } would call. In the

C6 C+ Gm/Bb Cmaj7 A7

{ his }

{ he }

wee small hours of the morn - ing, that's the

Dm7 D#dim7 C/E Gm/Bb A7

time you miss { her } most of all. In the time you miss { her } { him }

1 Dm7 Dm7/G G7b9 C6 G7 2 Dm7

most of all.

D7sus/A D7/A Db7#9 C6 F Cmaj7