

It's Always 4 A.M.

Shirley Bassey

The world is cold, the night is still
The dream is old, and saws a thrill
Some cool DJ, begins to play, a Wes Montgomerys score
When you're all alone
It's always 4 a.m.
It had to last, it would go on
But once it's passed, it's passed and gone
You just pretend, it didn't end
But make believe the blower
When you're all alone
It's always 4 a.m.

Your thoughts take wings, but nothing brings
That needed bit of slumber
The phone then rings, your pour heart sings
You left the phone, wrong number
The sun is bright, the sky's a blaze
But still it's night, there are no days
And worst of all, right down the hall
There's laughter through the door
When you're all alone
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