

## Wednesday Morning 3 Am

I can hear the soft breathing of the girl that I love,  
As she lies here beside me asleep with the night,  
And her hair, in a fine mist floats on my pillow,  
Reflecting the glow of the winter moonlight.  
She is soft, she is warm, but my heart remains heavy,  
And I watch as her breasts gently rise, gently fall,  
For I know with the first light of dawn I'll be leaving,  
And tonight will be all I have left to recall.  
Oh, what have I done, why have I done it,  
I've committed a crime, I've broken the law,  
For twenty-five dollars and pieces of silver,  
I held up and robbed a hard liquor store.  
My life seems unreal, my crime an illusion,  
A scene badly written in which I must play,  
Yet I know as I gaze at my young love beside me,  
The morning is just a few hours away.