

## Wednesday Morning, 3 A. M. Paul Simon

	F F Gm Gm Gm Gm F F F F
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.	F Dm Bb Am Am F Gm C C C F Dm Bb Am Am F Gm Bb C
	F F Gm Gm F F
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.	F Dm Bb Am Am F Gm C C C F Dm Bb Am Am F Gm Bb C
	F F Gm Gm F F
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.	F Dm Bb Am Am F Gm C C C F Dm Bb Am Am F Gm Bb C
	F F Gm Gm F F
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.	F Dm Bb Am Am F Gm C C C F Dm Bb Am Am F Gm Bb Bb C C
	F F Gm Gm Gm Gm F

