

# Dianne Reeves, The Twelfth Of Never

You ask me how much I need you, must I explain?  
I need you, oh my darling, like roses need rain  
You ask how long I'll love you, I'll tell you true  
Until the Twelfth of Never, I'll still be loving you  
Hold me close, never let me go  
Hold me close, melt my heart like April snow  
I'll love you 'til the bluebells forget to bloom  
I'll love you 'til the clover has lost its perfume  
I'll love you 'til the poets run out of rhyme  
Until the Twelfth of Never and that's a long, long time  
Until the Twelfth of Never and that's a long, long time