

Jeff Buckley, Twelfth Of Never

You ask 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 till the bluebells forget to bloom;
I'll love you till the clover has lost its perfume.
I'll love you till the poets run out of rhyme,
Until the twelfth of never and that's a long, long time.

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